

# SCREENLAND

MAY, 1927

PRICE 25 CENTS

V. 15 #1

## Special PERSONALITIES" Number

Intimate  
INTERVIEWS  
with the  
SCREEN PLAYERS

ROB WAGNER  
writes about  
WILL ROGERS



JOAN CRAWFORD, Painted by Jay Weaver

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for  
Booklet*

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High Tide in Thrills  
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Entertainment —*

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Ask at your Local Theatre  
When*



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Joan Crawford, the girl on the cover, the star of "The Taxi Dancer", and the donor of SCREENLAND's gift this month is adept in the Terpsichorean Art.



# SCREENLAND

May, 1927

"The Spirit of the Movies"

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
VOL. XV, No. 1

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Walter G. Springer, Publisher

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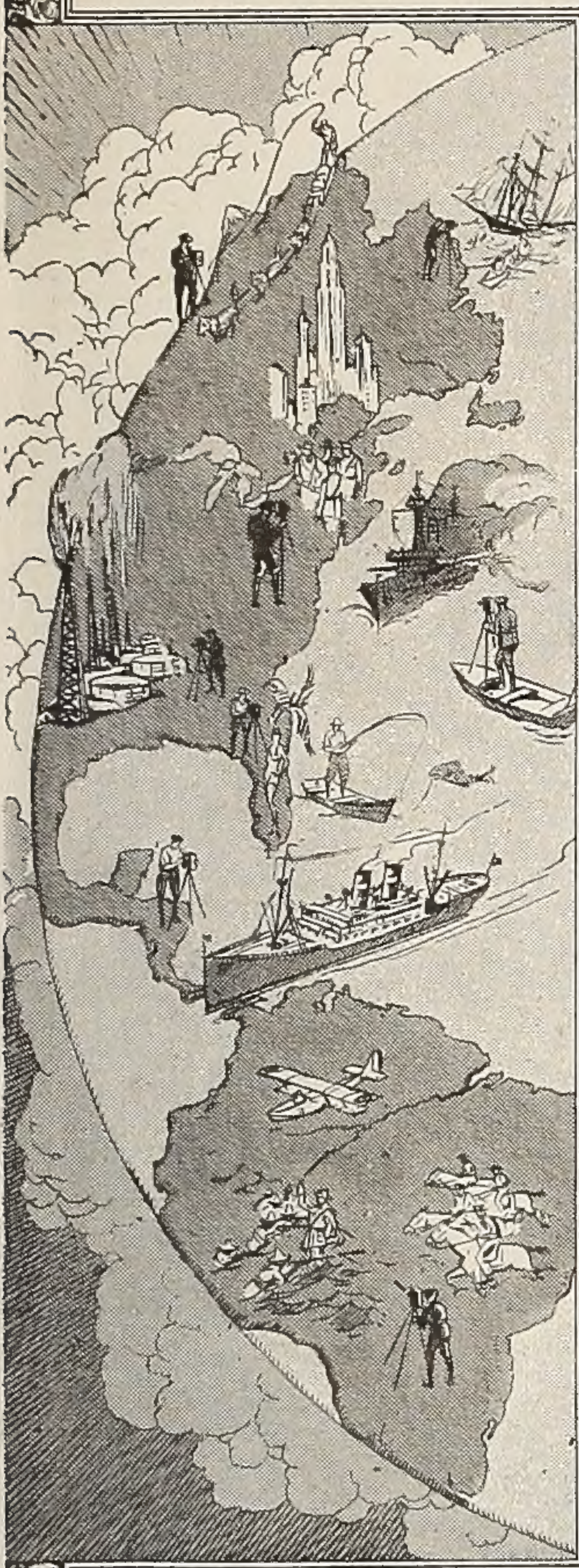
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## Coming Soon! The Twice-a-Week *Paramount News*



Beginning in August and twice weekly thereafter, the name of a new and greater news reel will flash on the screens of thousands of theatres—PARAMOUNT NEWS. It is backed by the power and resources of the largest motion picture organization on earth and produced under the direction of Emanuel Cohen, acknowledged the world's foremost news reel expert. Ask your Theatre Manager to book Paramount News and PARAMOUNT COMEDIES (once a week) and PARAMOUNT NOVELTIES. Only now can you see short features of the same high standard set by Paramount in feature pictures. Watch for them.



## Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

### Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

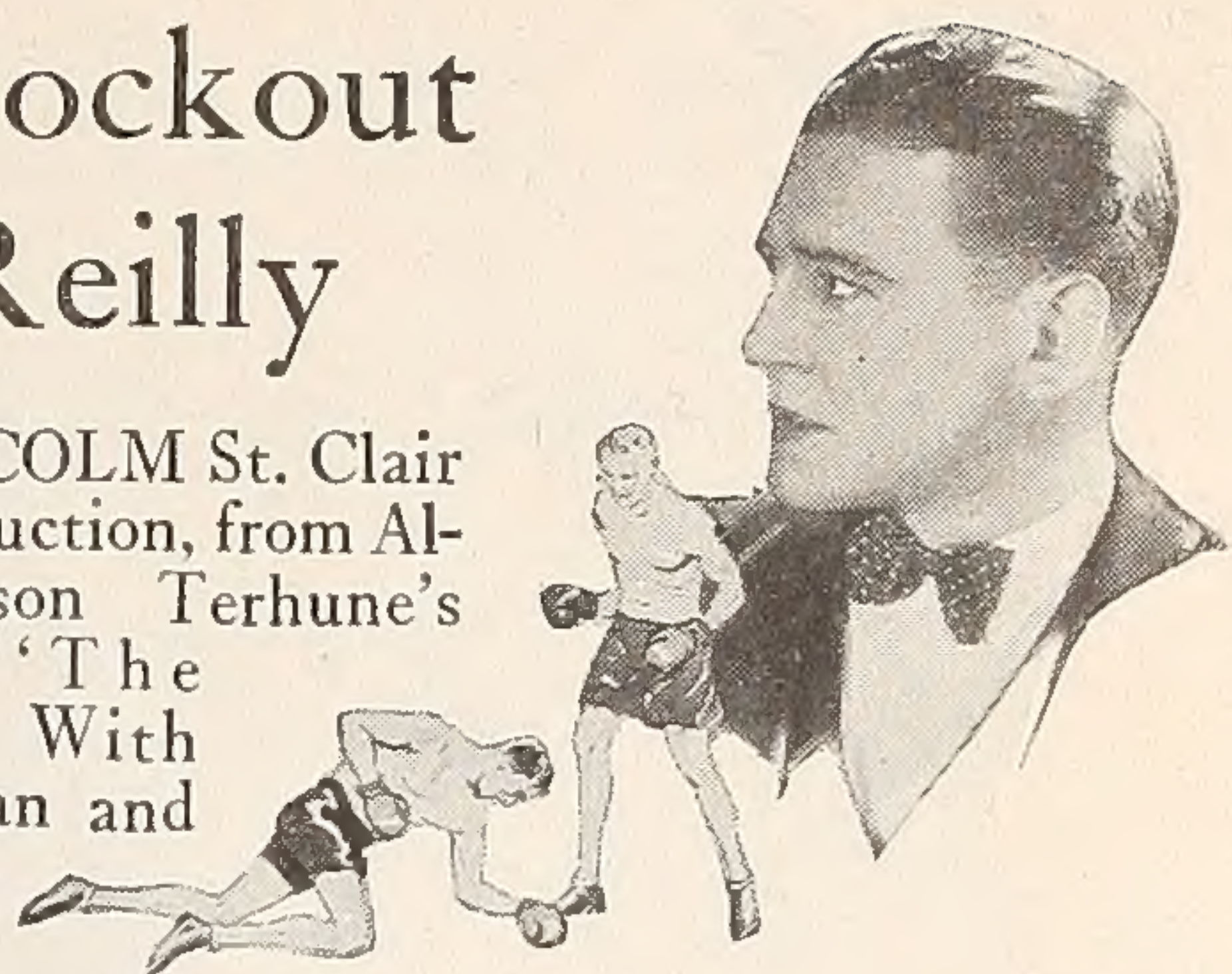
Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BEERY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts, Sterling Holloway, Iris Stuart. Directed by Monty Brice.	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks. Directed by Luther Reed.	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Donald Keith, Jobyna Ralston and William Powell. Directed by William Goodrich.	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore, Chester Conklin and Mona Palma. Directed by Robert Vignola.	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray, Hale Hamilton. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook. Directed by E. H. Griffith.	
TOO MANY CROOKS	With Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes, George Bancroft and El Brendel. Directed by Fred Newmayer.	
ARIZONA BOUND	Starring GARY COOPER. With Betty Jewel. Directed by John Waters.	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON. With Einar Hanson and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall. Directed by Richard Rosson.	
CHILDREN OF DIVORCE	Starring CLARA BOW and ESTHER RALSTON. With Gary Cooper, Einar Hanson and Norman Trevor. Directed by Frank Lloyd.	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	Charles Rogers, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Richard Arlen and Debutantes of 1927. Directed by Monty Brice.	
WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Ford Sterling. Directed by Erle Kenton.	
TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. Directed by Luther Reed.	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

## Richard Dix in Knockout Reilly

A MALCOLM St. Clair Production, from Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." With Mary Brian and Jack Renaut.



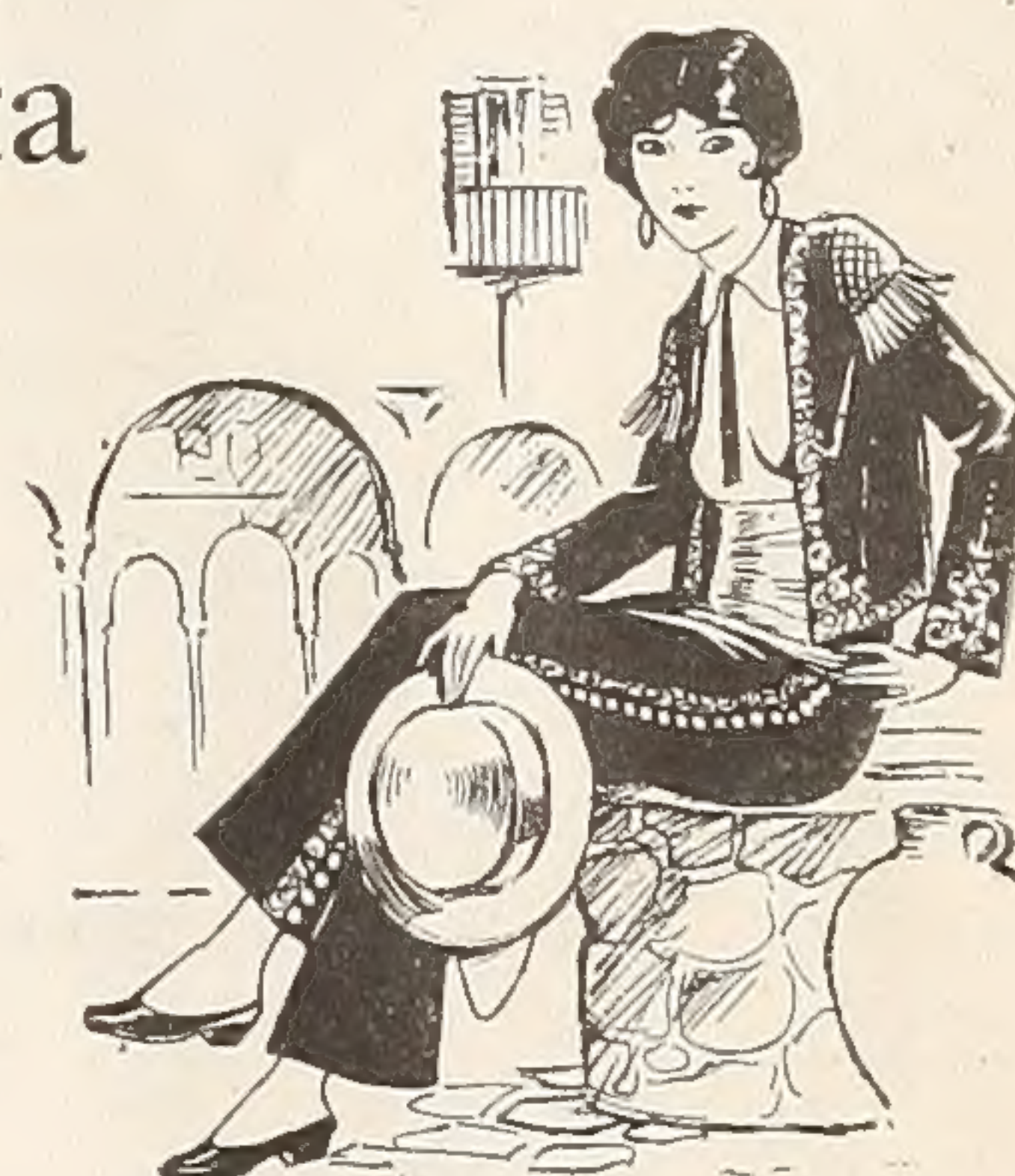
## Clara Bow in Rough House Rosie



FROM the Sat. Eve. Post story by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Frank Strayer. With REED HOWES and all-star cast.

## Bebe Daniels in Señorita

THOUGH they called her senorita Bebe preferred being just Bebe, and you know what that meant. With James Hall and William Powell. Directed by Clarence Badger.



## The Whirlwind of Youth with Lois Moran

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production from "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Vera Voronina, Donald Keith and Alyce Mills.



## Ed Wynn in Rubber Heels



EDWYNN, famous musical comedy star, as detective who solves a mystery through sheer stupidity. With Chester Conklin and Thelma Todd. Directed by Victor Heerman.





## THIS SIMPLE WAY TO HAVE *Eyes that speak!*

The beauty of eyes is really the beauty of lashes. If your lashes look long and luxuriant, your eyes have a charm that thrills. For it is the frame of dark lashes that gives to your eyes the fairy play of lights and shadows.

Make your lashes appear longer and thicker merely by darkening your lashes with WINX, the waterproof liquid. Applied with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly, is harmless, and will not rub or smear.

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Enclosed are 12c. for a sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge.

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City..... State.....

Please PRINT name.



Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow and Wally Beery discuss whose knees are prettiest. The postman won in a walk.

An Answer Page of Information.  
Address:

MISS VEE DEE, SCREENLAND,  
49 West 45th Street  
New York City.

**A**THLETE. Yes sir, that's your Babe—Babe Ruth, in a First National picture which will be released soon. Just now it is called "Babe Comes Home", and it is, strangely enough, a tale of the diamond. Metro-Goldwyn says "Women Love Diamonds" and now Mr. Ruth will prove that gentlemen do, too—the baseball variety. "The Babe", while making his motion picture at the Burbank, California, studios, trained daily with the result that before long he became quite svelte—for the Babe. Anna Querentia Nilsson plays opposite him—I suppose he wins the game and gets the girl, and why not? The movies seem to have captured all the famous athletes—Gene Tunney in Pathe's serial, "The Fighting Marine"; Red Grange in his F. B. O. pictures, and now the Bambino.

Joan N., Toronto. Your friends are very very much mistaken if they think I don't answer letters from Canada. I always do—what's more, I like to, for you and your

countrymen seem to me extraordinarily polite and charming. Now, bow! I'm sure Vilma Banky will appreciate your drawing of her. Did you send it care Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal.? Vilma is not married or even engaged. Stranger still, she hasn't even been the heroine of one of those betrothal rumors. Let's start one!

F. B. I have no pamphlet entitled "Getting Into the Movies", but how I should love to write one! But you wouldn't like mine. It would consist of one word: "Don't". I think what's the matter with me is that no producer has ever pointed at me and said: "You—yes, you over there! I want you for my next super-special, 'The Split-Second'." (Yes, one of those sex dramas.) Darn it! Sure, I'd be in the movies if I could—who wouldn't? Richard Talmadge is not really a Talmadge, you see, which explains why he isn't related to Norma and Connie and Peg, etc. Richard's real name is something else. He's Italian. Clara Bow, Mary Brian, and Betty Bronson all work at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Clara is about twenty-six; Mary and Betty around sweet nineteen. Jackie Coogan is with Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.



Can a truly  
Great Love  
ever turn  
to Hate?

*Does a girl  
despise the man  
whose love has  
degraded her?*

INSPIRATION PICTURES INC and EDWIN CAREWE present

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# RESURRECTION

by COUNT LEO TOLSTOY  
with

DOLORES DEL RIO

An EDWIN CAREWE production  
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

Great human drama! You'll find it in RESURRECTION, one of the classic romances of the century—famous the world over for its vibrant people—its striking picture of Old Russia under the Cossack lash—Its revelry, debauchery, cruelty—and heroism!

Sensation wherever it plays . . . it will be shown at your theatre soon!







## The Eyes of Cleopatra

**H**AIR touched with the gold of morning's sunshine . . .

Face so radiantly beautiful that no man ever saw and forgot her . . .

Eyes tender, alluring, shining with an intensely magnetic personality... *Did Cleopatra dim them with twin panes of glass?*

### The Soul of a Woman

projects itself through her eyes. It is Soul which attracts. All women may become attractive.

It is Soul that dominates personality. SOUL... that wonderful thing that peers from behind the curtain of consciousness through the eyes of a woman... is always dominant.

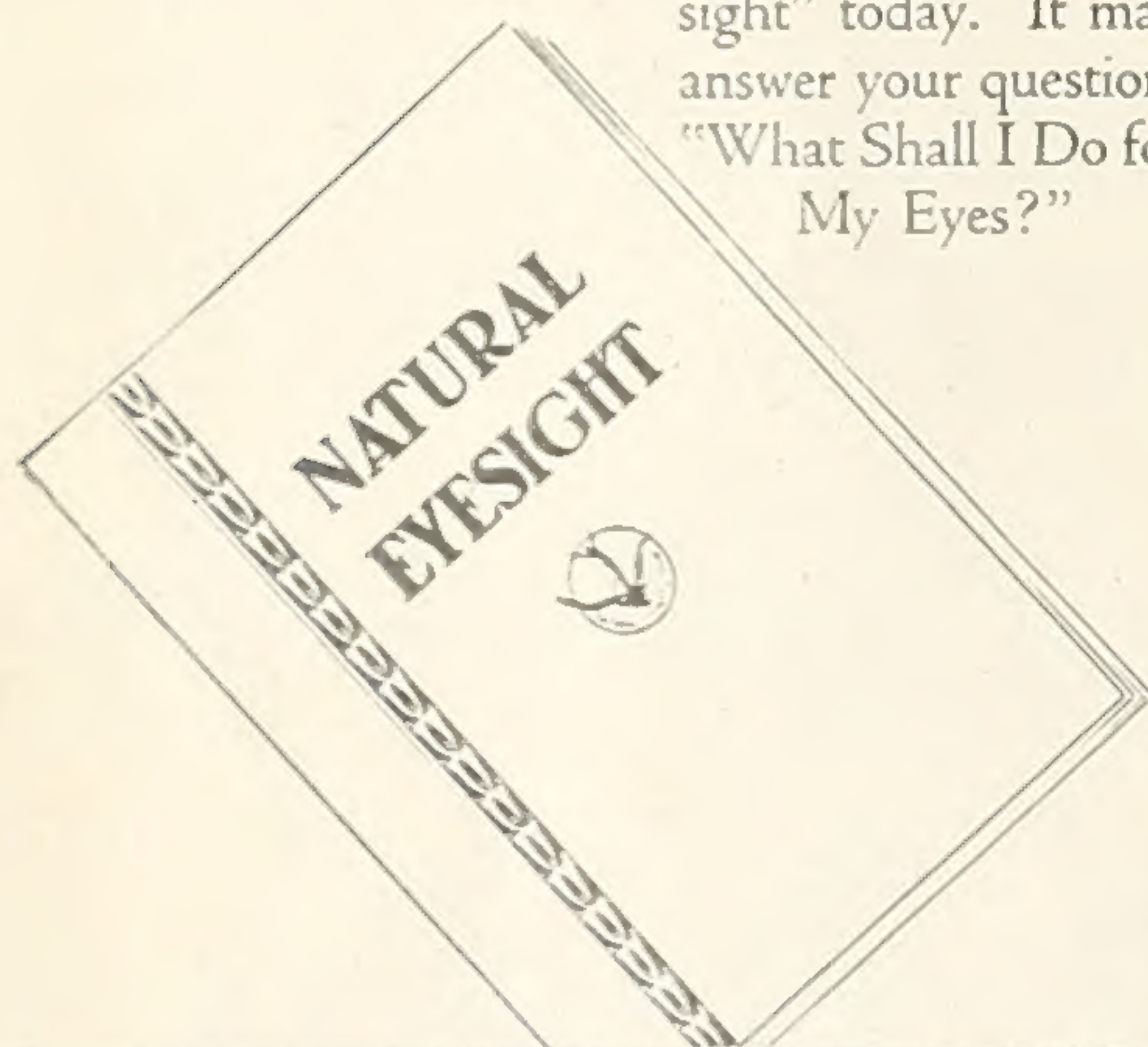
### To Influence People

you must bring them into contact with your Soul. The Soul is contacted only through the eyes. Just as you look out through your eyes to see me, so must I look in through your eyes to see You.

Make your eyes mean more. Learn the new secret of regaining and maintaining the lustre and loveliness of your natural eye, undimmed by time.

"Natural Eyesight," a beautiful book, tells in word and picture of this New Knowledge of the Eye that marks the dawn of the New Age of Vision. It is FREE! The coupon below, is for your convenience in sending for it.

Send for your FREE copy of "Natural Eyesight" today. It may answer your question, "What Shall I Do for My Eyes?"



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Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free book "Natural Eyesight."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1927

**Teddy.** Sorry to blast your beautiful dream; but those love scenes between Ronnie and Vilma are just—acting; nothing more and nothing less. They like each other, of course; but all their love, love, lovin' takes place before the camera. Too bad. Another illusion busted! Mr. Colman is one of those quiet, moody Englishman but I'm sure he'll be glad to hear from you and may even answer—be still, fluttering heart! The great lovers'—at least, two of them—address is given elsewhere.

**Ralph Graves Admirer.** What a lucky break for you! I hear that Ralph was all set recently to desert acting for directing and his first effort was to be a picture called "The Fast Mail"—not Male—for Columbia Pictures. Then the producer couldn't seem to find a leading man to suit him, so he grabbed the megaphone away from Ralph and ordered him back into harness—or make-up. Now what do you think of that? Address Mr. Graves, care Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

**Josher.** Don't you wise-crack me. I know a couple of nifties myself. Just the same, your letter tickled me; and don't you know you shouldn't tickle a lady? Your idol, Shirley Mason, is married—so there! That's revenge for you. Her new husband is a director for the films—Sidney Landfield by name. They were married at the home of Shirley's sister, Vi Dana. Shirley's first husband, director Bernard Durning, died several years ago. Incidentally, Miss Mason, or Mrs. Landfield, has just signed a new starring contract. No undiluted domesticity for little Shirley, bless her heart.

**H. O. H.** Also hah-hah, and hee-hee. All I know about Alice Terry? Well, to deliver a blow right off the bat—right now she's in far-off Africa, in the Garden of Allah, to be accurate, with Ivan Petrovitch. But before you judge her too harshly, remember that husband Rex Ingram knows, and approves—in fact, he's there, too, directing like mad. Alice, Ivan and Rex are engaged in re-making that good old passion-classic, "The Garden of Allah". Lest you forget—Alice has blue eyes, is five feet six inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, and has pretty, reddish-brown hair. That's a blonde wig she wears in her pictures—except in "The Arab", in which she appeared in her own auburn tresses.

**Mickey.** I apologize. I said Raymond Keane is twenty-one and he's only twenty. In fact, he told you so himself. So it must be true. And you've met him and everything. Lucky you!

**Fenton Fans.** Leslie has been and gone and done it, in the language of the poets—free-verse poets. He married Marie Astair, on February third, in Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. Fenton is a screen actress, though I can't seem to find out in what films she has appeared. Bet she's proud of her husband's performance in "What Price Glory?" Mr. Fenton combines stage and screen work—and he's swell at both.

**Too Curious.** Curiosity may have killed that cat, but it can't kill us, can it? I should say not. If it weren't for curiosity, where would Miss Vee Dee be, anyway? And Miss Vee Dee's docile lizzie? Thanks for inquiring about Lizzie. She looks very pretty in her new gray coat—of paint. I only wish she would get over her distressing asthma. How that flivver does wheeze! You seem to care for Ramon Novarro. His first name is José, but he doesn't use it for screen purposes. He has brown hair and brown eyes—and what hair, what eyes! If he's in love he hasn't taken me into his confidence. (That's one way of putting it.) His latest is "Old Heidelberg" with young Norma Shearer. Whether or not he is sarcastic is a matter you'll have to take up with Ramon himself. And I hope you find out.

**Brown Eyes.** Why are you blue? Just so they're not black. So Larry Gray is your one best bet. He was born in San Francisco and is now working at Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. He isn't married but the report that he's engaged to Marion Coakley, New York stage actress, persists. It's Mr. Gray's real name as far as I'm able to find out, and you know how far that is. If it isn't, all will be discovered when, and if, Larry signs the license. Come again.

**Pat, Houston.** Lloyd Hughes' clean-cut good looks seem to have found as many followers as some of the more dashing boys. Lloyd is a First National featured player; married to Gloria Hope, who used to be in the movies herself, and the father of little Donald Hughes. Write to Lloyd care First National, Burbank, Cal. Gloria won't mind.

(Continued on page 103)



Ⓐ The training camp of "Knockout Reilly" was as realistic as the popularity of Richard Dix himself.





## WILLIAM HAINES in SLIDE KELLY SLIDE

**LISTEN** to that roaring grand stand,

**SPRINGTIME'S** here, Oh boy!

**BASEBALL**, romance, love and laughter . . . .

**REMEMBER** William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?

**THAT** was one glorious football picture!

**AND** now this happy, handsome star appears in

**THE** epic picture of the great National pastime

**WITH** lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!

**MIKE** Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the

**MEUSELS** (Irish and Bob) themselves.

**FOLLOW** the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide

with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY

An Edward Sedgwick Production

An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER

Titles by JOE FARNHAM

Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK



# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

## A Priceless Prize for the Keenest Eyes!

from Ramon Novarro

**YOU** attend an exhibition of a truly wonderful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Settings, action, titles pass swiftly before your eyes. You marvel at them. But when you get home how much of the performance can you remember—and enjoy over and over again?

It's largely a matter of—*eyes*, alert vision, keen observations. Things you merely glance at you rarely remember. But when you really *see* something it stays with you. I want to help you to see—and thus enjoy—more of what M-G-M directors and we ourselves strive to put into our portrayals.

Here are five questions. The best set of answers to them will win a prize that money could not buy. The man who sends the best set of answers will receive the guitar I used in "Lovers" and a cash prize of \$50.

And for the best set of answers from a woman, Alice Terry will give the earrings she wore in the same picture and a cash prize of \$50. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph especially autographed by yours cordially,

*Ramon Novarro*

## Ramon Novarro's Five Questions

**1** In what recent production does Lon Chaney appear without his usual makeup?

**2** What do you think of M-G-M "Historical Westerns" such as "War Paint" and "Winners of the Wilderness" starring Tim McCoy? (Not more than 50 words.)

**3** Who directed "Flesh and the Devil"? and name two of his previous productions.

**4** Name a brother or sister of the following screen players, Marceline Day, Lionel Barrymore and Owen Moore.

**5** What photoplay holds the world's record for length of run and name two other pictures next in length of run.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York**. All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

**NOTE:** If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

**Winners of the Marion Davies  
Contest of January**

**RUTH TRAENKLE**

36 Delaware St. Albany, N. Y.

**RICHARD T. COINER, Jr.**

1091 Vaughn St. Portland, Ore.

Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.





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City.....State.....

## Books for Fans



Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge enact the beautiful tragedy of Camille's love.

## The REAL "Camille"

By Carolyn Darling

LIKE all great actresses Norma Talmadge has added "The Lady of the Camellias" to her list of roles. Strangely enough of all the actresses who have ever played this part, Miss Talmadge is probably the only one who almost exactly fits the description of the real Marie Duplessis, whom Dumas called Marguerite Gautier. According to Jules Janin, the celebrated critic of the Journal des Debats, "Her face was of an oval shape, rather pale, her eyes almost black and her lips scarlet. Her manner was dignified, yet gracious, and there was a charm about her like an indescribable perfume." What romance and tragedy her name evokes!

Few realize that this frail heroine, whose mysterious charm captured the imagination of all Paris, actually lived and suffered and that her name was Alphonsine Plessis, and that she was known in Paris as Marie Duplessis. She was born in 1824 and died on the 3rd of January, 1847—just 23 years of age. Dumas knew Marie Duplessis and was so interested in her unusual qualities, in the sad, sweet dignity of her personality, that upon hearing of her death, he went to St. Germain and wrote his novel in less than three weeks—on the back of envelopes, on any scraps of paper that he could find, so vividly had the story of this young French girl's life captured his imagination.

She lived around 1830, in a house in Paris near the Madeleine, a house which still stands with the little god of Love over the garden gate. "She was either a duchess or a courtesan," that was a man's description of her when he first saw her.

"I remember meeting her for the first time," Jules Janin wrote, "in an abominable green room of a theatre on the Boulevards

of Paris. Everyone was there, from a working man to a gentleman. The general conversation was about everything, from dramatic art to fried potatoes, but when this young woman appeared it seemed as if she illumined us all with a glance of her lovely eyes. She walked on the muddy floor as if she was traversing the Boulevards on a rainy day. She raised her dress intuitively in order not to touch the dried up mud, without thinking of showing us—for what would have been the good of it?—a neatly shod foot and a well-rounded leg covered by a silk stocking. She entered the room and went, with head erect, through the astonished crowd.

"Lizst, the great composer, and myself were very much surprised when she came and sat down familiarly at our table, for neither he nor I had ever spoken to her. She immediately addressed the great artist, and informed that she had once heard him play, and that he had set her dreaming. . . . With the marvelous instinct which was peculiar to him, he tried to discover who this woman could be who was so familiar and so dignified, spoke to him first, and who, after the first words had been exchanged, treated him with a certain hauteur, as if he had been presented to her at a levee in London, or at a party given by the Duchess of Sutherland.

"Meanwhile, the three solemn knocks of the prompter resounded through the theatre, and the critics left the room as well as the crowd of spectators. The unknown lady alone remained with us; she drew near the fire and shivering, placed her feet near the small log, so that we could observe with the greatest ease, from the embroidered

(Continued on page 102)



*Another picture triumph  
from the De Mille studios*

# JETTA GOUDAL *in* "White Gold"

with  
KENNETH THOMSON & GEORGE BANCROFT  
Adapted by Garrett Fort and Marion Orth  
from the play by J. Palmer Parsons  
Supervised by C. GARDNER SULLIVAN  
A WILLIAM K. HOWARD PRODUCTION  
Produced by De Mille Pictures Corporation



*The amazing revelation  
of a woman's soul!*

STARK - REALISTIC - BREATH-TAKING



KENNETH THOMSON

"Where you go  
I shall go"

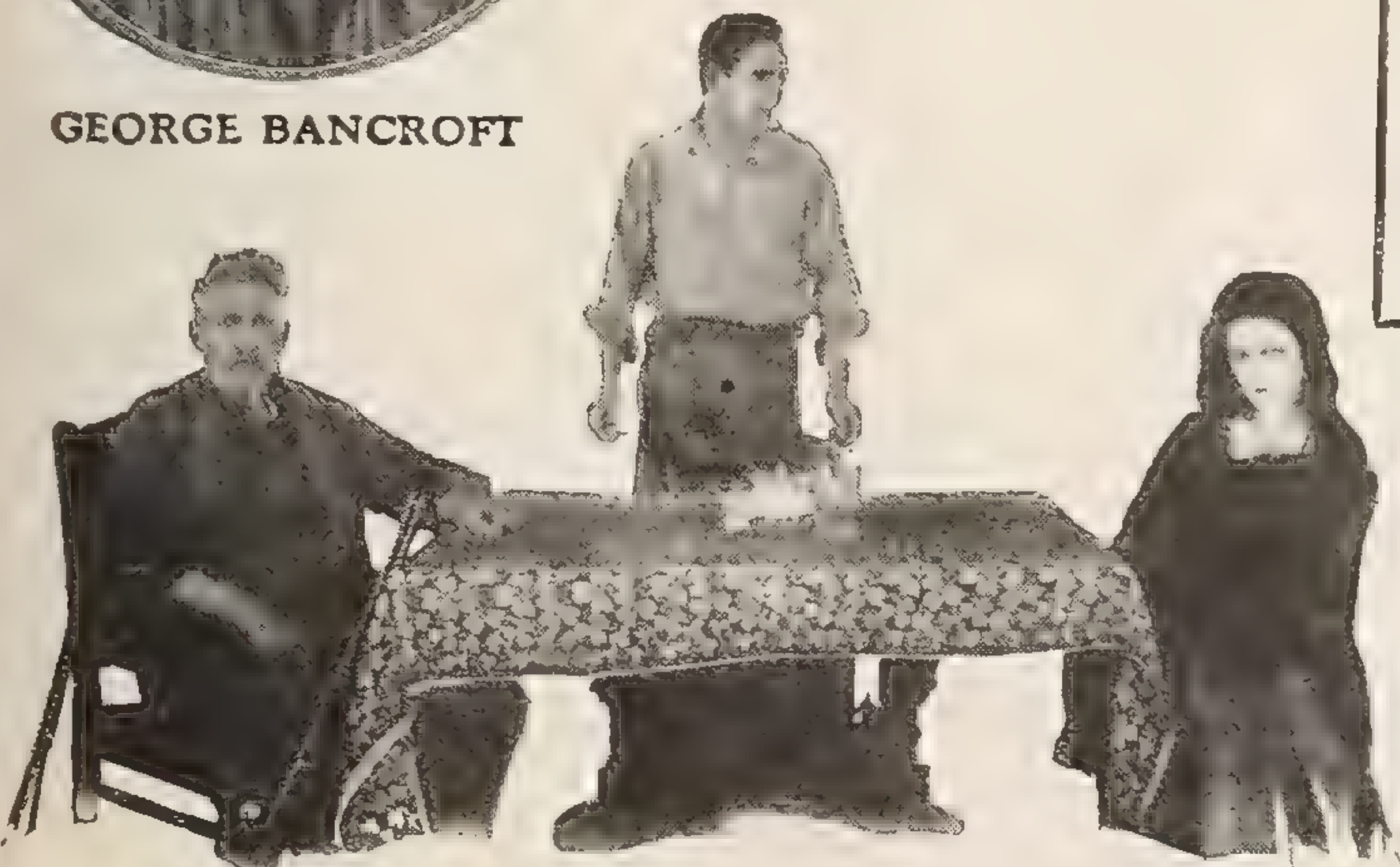


GEORGE BANCROFT

NEVER has such a tremendous conflict of human and elemental emotions been depicted on the screen—the stark drama of a beautiful woman and three men—one who loved her, one who wanted her and one who hated her—played out in graphic realism on the lonely plains.

Monroe Lathrop, Dramatic Critic of the Los Angeles Evening Express says:—

*"a masterpiece—one of the ten best pictures I ever saw, and I find it hard to recall one which so gripped me in every foot of its progress. Such a co-ordination of brilliant direction and forceful acting is rare indeed, with thought, imagination and fidelity to truth in every scene."*



Coming to Keith-Albee-Orpheum  
and other first-run theatres

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING  
CORPORATION

JOHN C. FLINN, General Manager





THE authentic human side of one of our greatest actors.

Mr. Ullman's book is illustrated by photographs from the author's private library.

His sentence to jail; his reason for wearing a slave bracelet; his reported engagement to Pola Negri; these and scores of other interesting things about him are told in a manner in which only a close friend and adviser could tell them.

There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.

Here's what eminent critics have to say about the book.

"An interesting and exciting book. It is easy to read, a dignified, plausible story." — HARRY HANUN,  
*New York World.*

"Ullman's story is well worth reading." — WARD MARSH,  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Has an excellent flavor, interesting and authentic." — LUCILLA PARSONS,  
*Los Angeles Examiner.*

This publishing hit is being offered by SCREENLAND and by no other magazine at the publisher's regular price, \$2.00.

SCREENLAND Book Department, Desk 5

19 West 45th Street, New York City.

Please send me a copy of "Valentino as I Knew Him".

# SCREEN NEWS from Broadway

HAROLD LLOYD and Mildred Davis came to town for a grand vacation just in time to celebrate Mid-die's birthday at one of the ultra-expensive and exclusive jewelry shops on Fifth Avenue. Harold hustled his pretty blonde wife right over and presented her with a magnificent birthday present—a thing-a-magig of emeralds with a few diamonds thrown in. He designed the necklace himself, and it became really precious in Mildred's eyes the minute he told her so. Little Mrs. Lloyd admitted she was glad to be back in pictures again and hopes we'll all like "Too Many Crooks". She will make her second starring feature when, and not before, she finds a suitable story.

\* \* \*

Does Louise Brooks really like Hollywood or is she homesick for New York? The friends she left behind her are wondering, especially since she wired someone—and from beautiful Coronado Beach, California, too—"How can you people live back there in those awful cities when out here we have the birds and the bees and the flowers?"

\* \* \*

Those famous commuters, Samuel Goldwyn and Frances Howard, spent some time here. Though Goldwyn's productions are made in California, he has so many interests in the east that he makes the trip every few months. Besides, Mrs. Goldwyn is a New York girl, and there's nothing like a visit to the old home town. The little Goldwyn, Sam Jr., like Mildred Gloria Lloyd the Second, had to be left in California: but his pictures, like the Lloyd baby's, were much in evidence in the luxurious hotel suite occupied by mama and papa. Who says picture people are not domestic?

\* \* \*

Natacha Rambova is the leading woman of a new mystery play on Broadway, called "Set a Thief". The statuesque lady with her coils of blue-black hair, her Egyptian eyes, and her gorgeous gowns, is reported to be trying hard to win an important name for herself without relying upon the publicity which is hers because she was Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. The idea that she might be trading upon the fame of the late movie idol is extremely distasteful to her, especially in view of the fact, as she says, that she had carved a career for herself before she ever met the beloved actor. He belongs entirely to her private life and for professional purposes she wants to be known only as Miss Rambova. She is said still to believe in psychic research and spirit communication with the late star.

\* \* \*

Vaudeville has called and several of our players have answered. Lou Tellegen, Betty



Sally Rand's name is embroidered right across our hearts too.

Compson, Bessie Love, Dustin Farnum, Eugene O'Brien, Anna May Wong and Elliott Dexter were, at last reports, all ready to take a "flyer" into the varieties. But they'll be back.

\* \* \*

Although Paramount is said to have dangled tempting offers before her big brown eyes, Madge Bellamy departed for California upon completion of the Herbert Brenon picture she came east to make. Madge says she has been under a long-term contract most of her professional career and she would like to try her wings as a freelance player for a change, so that she can pick the parts that appeal to her. Madge and her mother, who is almost as young and pretty as the star, had a good time while they were here. They are pals.

\* \* \*

Poor Richard! It does seem that he has the darndest luck, and all because he refuses to let anybody "double" for him in more-or-less dangerous scenes. It wasn't so long ago that Rich broke several fingers doing a stunt. Now he has finished "Knockout Riley" with a broken rib. The injury was sustained while making a boxing scene "opposite" Jack Renault, professional pugi-





## A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!

**A** GOOD hearty laugh is the greatest tonic in the world—the magic key to eternal youth. It is laughter that helps us to forget our cares, laughter that banishes wrinkles, laughter that brightens our day.

In these nerve-racking modern days the world needs laughter. Each one of us needs it. So if by any chance you've forgotten how to laugh—or think you have—see one of *Educational's Comedies*. You'll find yourself laughing unconsciously, naturally, easily, just as you did in childhood. More, you'll carry the laughs home with you.

The reason for the popularity of *Educational's Comedies* is not hard to seek—they provide a never-failing laugh treat. Most people *do* like to laugh. Convincing proof of this is the fact that in this country alone the number of individuals who see—and laugh over—these sure-fire comedies every day runs into the millions.

*Educational's Comedies* are featured in the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. They lead the field because they

deserve to lead. Never has time, talent or money been spared to make them the best that could be produced. For clean, wholesome fun they are without a peer.

Why not take the whole family to see one of *Educational's Comedies* tonight? Dad and mother and the children. Let them all have a good hearty laugh. It will do them good—and it will do *you* good to watch *their* enjoyment. Laughs are meant to be shared.

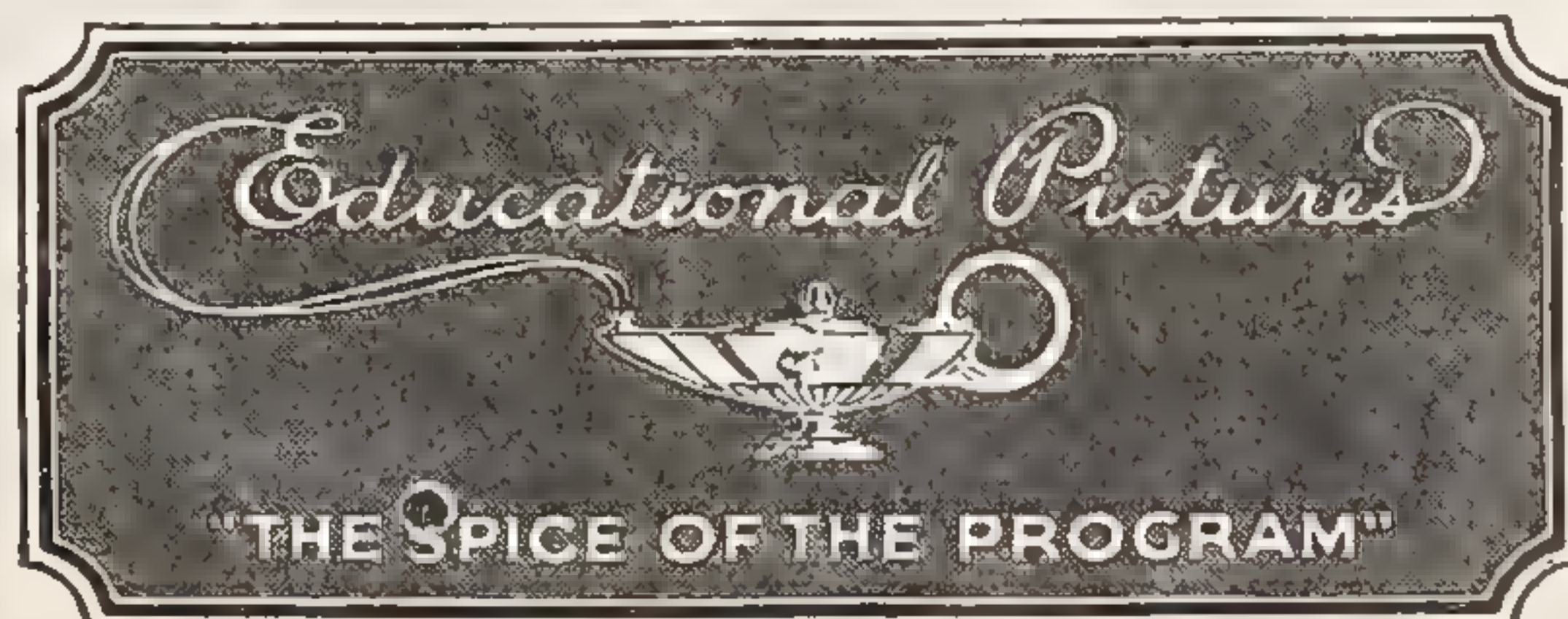
\* \* \*

*Educational's* supremacy in the Short Subject field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is world-famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. These, no less than the mirth-provoking comedies, have earned for *Educational Pictures* the right to be called "The Spice of the Program."

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.  
E. W. Hammons, President  
Executive Offices  
Paramount Building,  
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HAMILTON COMEDIES  
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BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES  
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES  
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES  
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(Jack White Productions)  
CHRISTIE COMEDIES  
JUVENILE COMEDIES  
With "Big Boy"  
TUXEDO COMEDIES  
CAMEO COMEDIES  
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE  
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS  
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## *Billie Dove*

SCREENLAND'S  
*Honor Page Portrait Series*

*From the color sketch by Arnold Weston*



# Screenland

## HONOR PAGE

### Billie Dove

SINCE that beautiful film, "Wanderers in the Wasteland" was shown with its gorgeous color, Billie Dove has exerted a fascination upon us. She is so pretty and formed so neatly, so wholesome in her smiling mood and so capable in her acting that her latest performance in "An Affair of the Follies" comes not as a surprise but as an inevitable achievement. In the curious way that fate directs the tides of our destinies, the wave of popularity has just now picked up beautiful Billie Dove and it is our sincere belief that Billie is on her way to being our most popular screen girl. If she finds the right story and is surrounded with the right people, the next few pictures will be tremendous successes. In any event Billie Dove is a charming actress cast in a perfect mould, an honor to our Honor Page.



Billie Dove, bewigged and bewitching.



Graceful, beautiful and mistress of her emotions, Billie Dove in "An Affair of the Follies".





Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil", a picture of a very tempting lady with no morals whatever.

## *The Discoverers*

By Eliot Keen

ON another page is "Stark Love", a picture of the unfrequented mountains. As "Grass" took us to live with nomads and "Nanook" rushed us to barren ice packs so again within the confines of a camera we, the stay-at home millions, see the world.

The unknown areas of the soul however, are as much the Creator's handiwork as the little traveled regions of the earth. Life holds its secret guardedly and the camera master who penetrates to the wastes of the human heart finds treasure as interesting as the globe trotter. Perhaps the reason for our delight in "So This Is Paris", or "Flesh and the Devil" lies in the fascinating thought that to these strange nights and days of feelings and thrills, to these oceans of gayety and mountains of delirium, we too may one day voyage.

There is no life so dull, so cramped in the routine of business but *may* be a player in a drama that will hold the whole world breathless, and no quiet dreamy day but holds enough hours for Adventure to keep its rendezvous.

If life holds nothing for you it is because you have locked your door and the key is on the inside.



*The most remarkable film of the month*



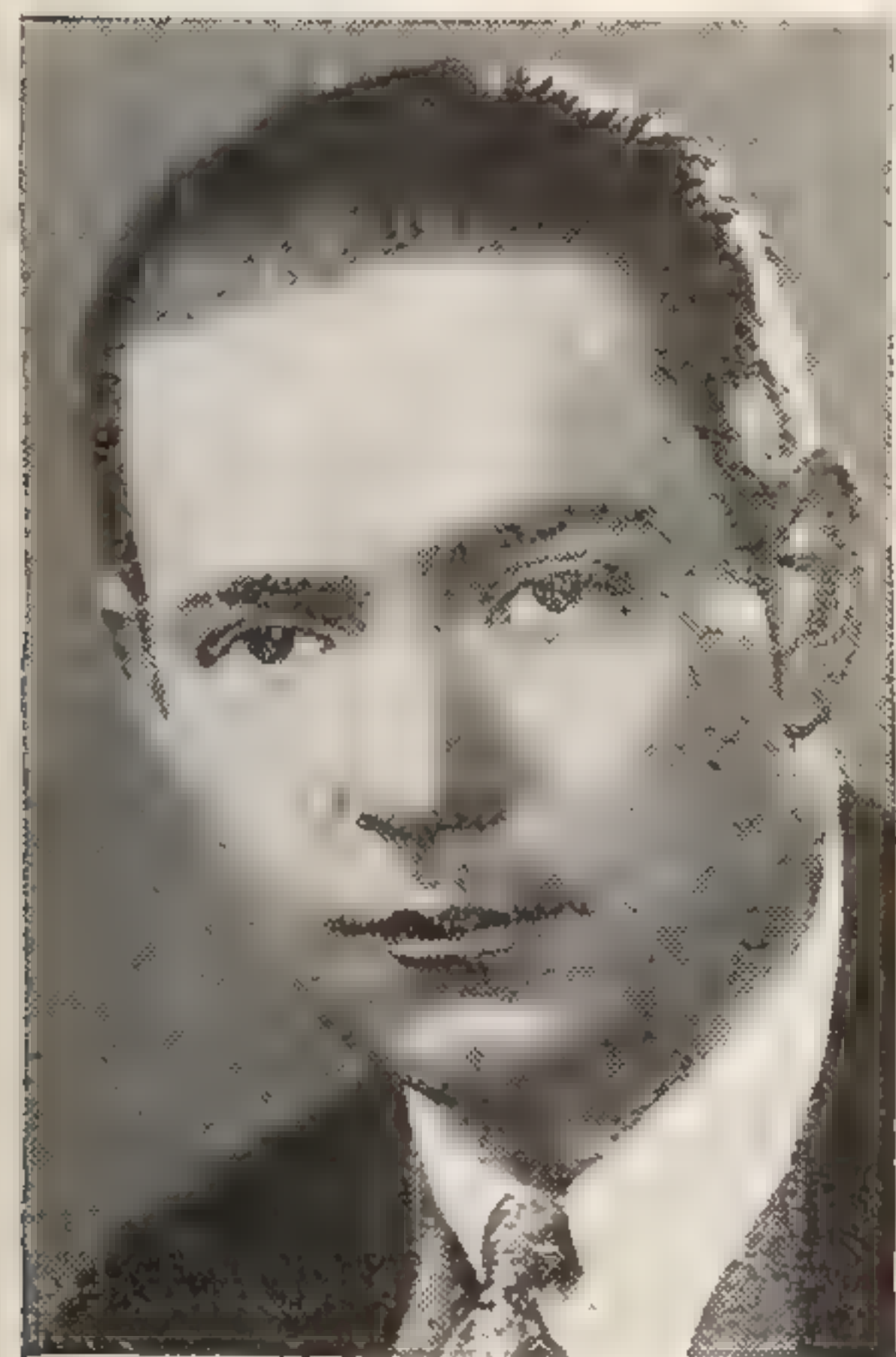
☞ In the Carolina mountains where man is master.

# STARK LOVE

By Delight Evans

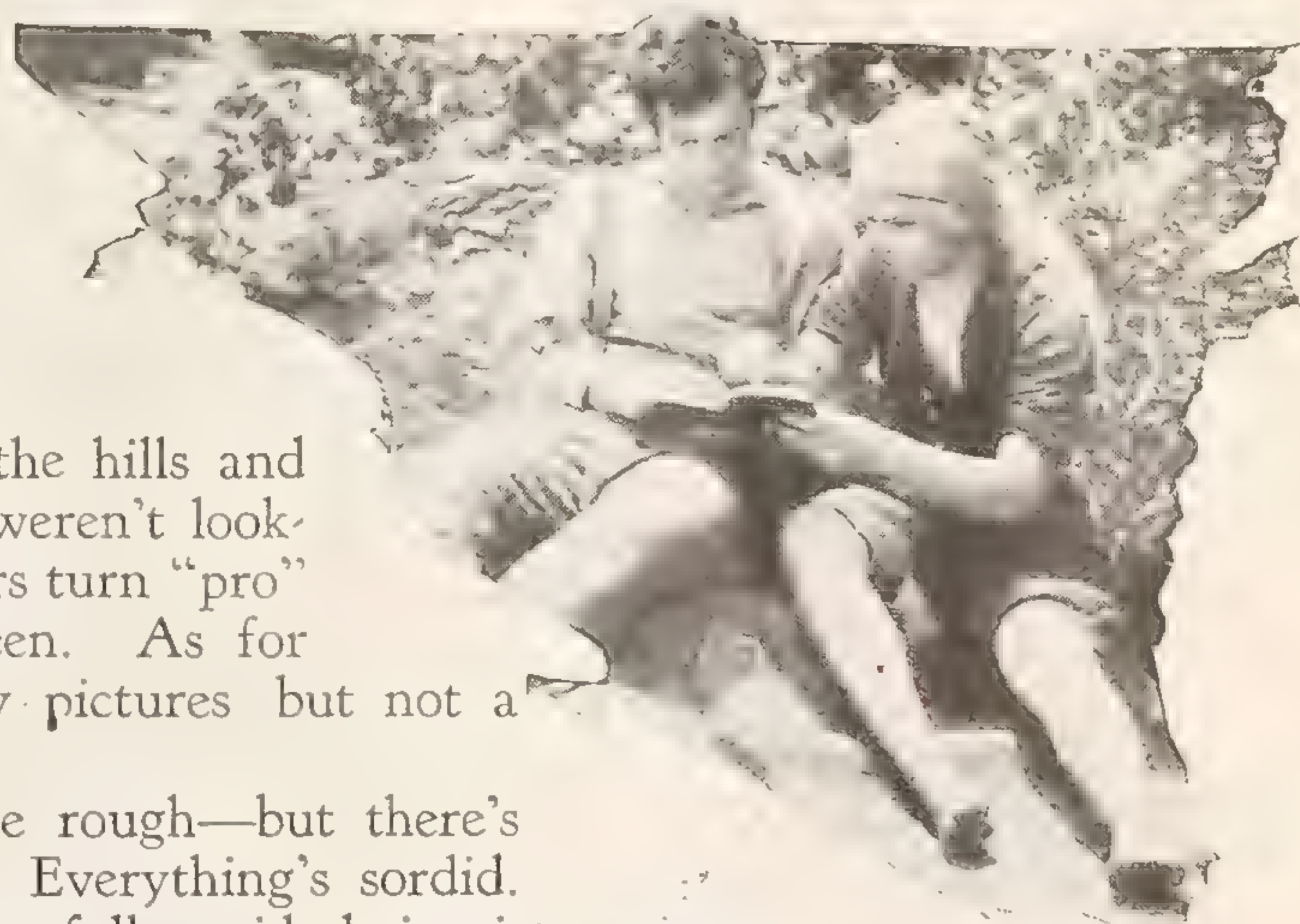
A PICTURE  
OF VIRGIN  
BEAUTY

YOU'RE going to get a shock when you see "Stark Love". It's a mountaineer picture without a feud. The reason is—it's a *real* mountaineer picture. Karl Brown took his little camera down to North Carolina, made friends with the sturdy sons of the hills and then took pictures of them when they weren't looking. I'll bet at least several mountaineers turn "pro" when they see themselves on the screen. As for the scenery—it's just filled with lovely pictures but not a single still.



☞ Karl Brown, the pioneer director.

It's one of these slices of life in the rough—but there's no golf in those hills. Oh dear, no. Everything's sordid. The everyday existence of the mountain folk amid their picturesque surroundings is faithfully portrayed. You see the drab women going about their back-breaking and soul-stifling tasks while the men-folks doze in the sun. But you see, too, the awakening of one lad, with imagination and spirit, who dreams and finally breaks away from the deadly monotony, taking his girl with him. You will not, I think, be enchanted with the mountaineers of "Stark Love" as you were by Robert J. Flaherty's ingratiating Eskimos in "Nanook of the North" or his lovable natives in "Moana of



☞ The mystery of the printed page which opens the door of the world for Rob and Barbara (Forrest James and Helen Mundy).

(Cont. on page 100)



# "Smile, darn you



☞ Dolores Costello has her next year's coat with her and her most seductive smile.



☞ Johnny Hines' smile is spontaneous.



☞ Lois Moran has the sweetest smile.



☞ Louise Brooks has a fresh, impish wholly irresistible smile.

SELL it with smiles. Whatever it is, prepare your sales-talk in front of a big mirror—any old mirror will do, just so it's new, and not one of the crinkly kind that makes you look like Lon Chaney doing an imitation of himself as a chinaman. Whatever you're selling, sell it with a smile.

I know. Believe me, I do. I know what I'm talking about *this* time. If it hadn't been for a certain party's infectious smile, I



# SMILE

”

By  
Delight Evans

☞ *Personality shines out in a smile.  
No screen-star is more winning  
than his smile, nor greater than  
his grin.*



☞ Phyllis Haver's smile is coquettish and charming.



☞ Charles Ray has a shy smile.

☞ Renee Adoree's smile is friendly and confiding.

☞ Ronald Colman has the kindest smile I ever saw. It's a sort of saintly smile.

would not now be the more or less proud possessor of a zither. What did I want with a zither? I didn't. I never ordered it. The darn thing was wished on me. I don't know what to do with it now that I've got it. It sits there in a corner looking neglected, and there's nothing so pathetic as a neglected zither. It's a good zither, too, as far as it goes—which is far enough as far as my neighbors are concerned, since I started to learn to play "Beautiful Heaven" and they all wished I would go there. But a zither, I have decided, isn't a thing that one cannot do without.

Just the same, every time I look at it, I have to smile. That's what he did—the salesman, I mean. He smiled. Before I knew it he had smiled himself in the door, smiled himself into the most comfortable chair and, still smiling, played "Valencia" so brilliantly on the zither, that I began to smile, too. And when he explained to me how a working knowledge of the zither, or bell harp, was an indispensable part of every person's cultural education, I fell for it. He said it with smiles—charming smiles, and who was I to hinder him from putting that smile through col-

lege? I didn't. I bought the zither that he told me, smilingly, I was incomplete without. I bought it—and I'll bet you buy one, too, if he ever knocks at your door and flashes that smile at you. The personality behind that smile will be a credit to any college. By this time I suppose it's sending all his brothers and sisters through, too. As for me, I have my zither—darn right. I speak to it kindly *en passant*, and call it my dear little bell harp, and that's all the good it does me. Still, it made me stop and think—and smile. Yes sir, a smile is your best seller. How are you smiling today, anyway? Let's see! First, let everything go. Relax those muscles. Turn up the corners of the mouth. Open the mouth wide—wider. Show those pretty teeth. What good will all that do? Not a thing; if it comes that hard, it's no use. You haven't a smile in your system.

Other people have. Look at that collection of real, from-the-heart smiles! Where, in the old plush album? Wrong the first time. In the movies. Movie stars are super-salesmen. They have high-powered personalities to sell, and they know that the face (Cont. on page 95)



# WILL ROGERS

He **R**OPES Them In and  
Strings 'Em  
Along



¶ The cowboy who is our most famous humorist and philosopher, described by the man who directed him in the first satirical comedy.

¶ Will Rogers and Rob Wagner, his director, while making the burlesque of "The Covered Wagon."



¶ Will Rogers and some of the chips from the old block.

¶ Among the millions who enjoy Will Rogers are the Follies audiences, the Saturday Evening Post Readers, the Prince of Wales, the patrons of the movies and our own President.



# By Rob Wagner



☞ Directors resigned and camera men grew old while Will Rogers went on exuberantly raising the devil.

**M**Y first morning as Will Rogers' new director did not start propitiously.

Arriving gaily, I was met by a sad-eyed ruin with a battered megaphone. "I hope you know what you are letting yourself in for," he said as he saw my beaming smile. "Three of his former directors are now gibbering idiots in the goosegow and if I'd have stuck it out one more picture, I'd have lost the last of my buttons."

"And see these gray hairs," added the director of the Kid Komedies. "I got them trying to handle little boys, and take it from me, Willic Rogers is forty years younger than my youngest."

"I'll say he's sumthin' awful," piped up the cameraman. "He won't make up, absolutely refuses closeups, and won't give you entrances and exits. Ask the cutters what they think of him."

"And the worst of it all is," put in the studio manager, "he won't stick to the story. When that bunch of firecrackers he uses for brains begins to go off, the story goes with 'em."

Evidently the Roping Philosopher was not getting on well in the Temple of Custard.

"Will," I said as I joined him in his dressing room, "it seems that you are unhappy here. What's the matter?"

"Well," he drawled in between gum chews as he sat opening his fan mail. "Goldwyn played me as a char-



☞ Will Rogers in make-up as he caricatures Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon".



acter actor, an' I'm a rotten actor. An' these birds are playin' me as a red-nosed comical. All I do is to run around barns an' lose m'pants. I've made ten two-reelers here an' in every one I've lost m'pants."

Then one of those miracles of Movieland happened. A director was struck with an intelligent idea. Why not play Will Rogers and try to get on the screen what the Follies were paying him \$3500 a week for?

When I mentioned it to Will, and suggested that we write our own story and then go crazy, he let out a whoop that could have been heard in Oklahoma. We did both. And as a vehicle within which the great comedian could get off some of his classic satire, we decided to kid The Covered Wagon.

"Let's get away from here," said Will after our script was prepared, "or these birds will start buildin' barns fer me to run around an' lose the only pair o' pants I got left."

And so, with a cast of 75, an ox-team and a bunch of horses, we set off for a location a hundred miles from the studio, where we began on a comedy in which nobody threw a pie, sat on a bee or lost his pants. It was called: "Two Wagons—Both Covered." And it was just as well that we went far away, for I soon learned that the crepe-hangers

were right. Will was all the things they said, and we certainly needed room in which to get acquainted.

In order to kid from two points of view, Will played the parts of both Kerrigan and Torrence. The former, the beautiful hero with the long hair and smart Stetson, and the latter, the short, bearded part of the rough Scout. And it was in the introductory spots of these two characters that I ran up against his first complex.

"Say, whatcha movin' them cameras up on me for? I ain't no dimpled film favorite."

"You don't need to tell us you're no Novarro," I said consolingly. "But the purpose of close-ups is not to reveal your dimples to sentimental school-marms. They are to give dramatic emphasis to the action. Even Lon Chaney has to have 'em."

"And that's why you've gotta make up better," added Otto, the camera man. "You don't want to look like Topsy Duncan, do you?"

"Aw, you fellas make me tired!" Will exploded, and then set sail on an argument you could hear a mile.

"Boys," I said to the two camera men, "Will can talk louder than any one of us, but he can't talk louder than all three. So if you'll join me, we'll lick him by sheer noise."

(Continued on page 94)



☞ Will Rogers filmed while visiting Dublin. Will's sympathy and understanding are revealed by this glimpse of his face.



☞ The home of Will Rogers in Beverly Hills over which community he has recently been elected mayor. "Politicians must fight for the common people but there ain't no common people in Beverly Hills so I guess I'll get along all right," says Will.





*The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*

KENNETH HARLAN *and* BETTY COMPSON  
*in*  
*"Cheating Cheaters"*

*Hedge-cricket sing, and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft.*

KEATS





**B**EAUTIFUL JACQUELINE GADSDEN, a newcomer, will have the feminine lead in "*The Thirteenth Hour*"—a mystery picture.

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull







**O**LIVE BORDEN gives to the screen charm, personality and unbobbed hair. She's the joy in "*The Joy Girl*."

Photograph by Hal Phyfe







**W**HY is it that everyone likes to talk about Patsy Ruth Miller? Her engagement has been rumored, whispered and denied but little Patsy is still heart whole.

*Photograph by Nickolas Muray*



# 'Applegreen for Patsy'

Q Patsy Ruth Miller hangs the walls of her dressing room with her favorite color and all the orchards of California are proudly smiling.

By Dot Marion

AT THE farthest and darkest corner of one of Warner Bros. immense stages — unfrequented, and hidden from view behind ropes, boards, and old scenery, is a DESERTED STAIRCASE.

Like Field's "Little Toy Dog" it is "covered with dust but sturdy and staunch it stands!"

It is as much as your life is worth to find it in the gloom. Cautiously you feel your way—over and under things—until finally you stumble against a step. Darkness folds about you like a mystic maze. There seems no way ahead, nor yet behind.

But the magic "charm" that leads you safely through is the hand of a "beautiful lady", for Patsy Ruth Miller knows all its ups and downs. And she



Q Every good screen player must have the soul of an artist, and Patsy Ruth Miller's love for color is her natural heritage.

calls it her "secret stairway".  
Led by her, you creep up into the blackness. Then suddenly you round a corner . . . and find yourself on the threshold of a doorway.

Someone must have rubbed Alladin's lamp. For after the dusty cobwebby darkness, you step into a room filled with light—and mirrors—and the soft color of apple-green.

Green swirls of silken curtains... cushions... drapes.

And all because Pat, one  
(Cont. on page 92)



Q Patsy Ruth Miller's next picture is "What Every Girl Should Know".



# Will YOU Loan

IF you own a dog you can enter this contest. Here is what you have to do to win the \$300.

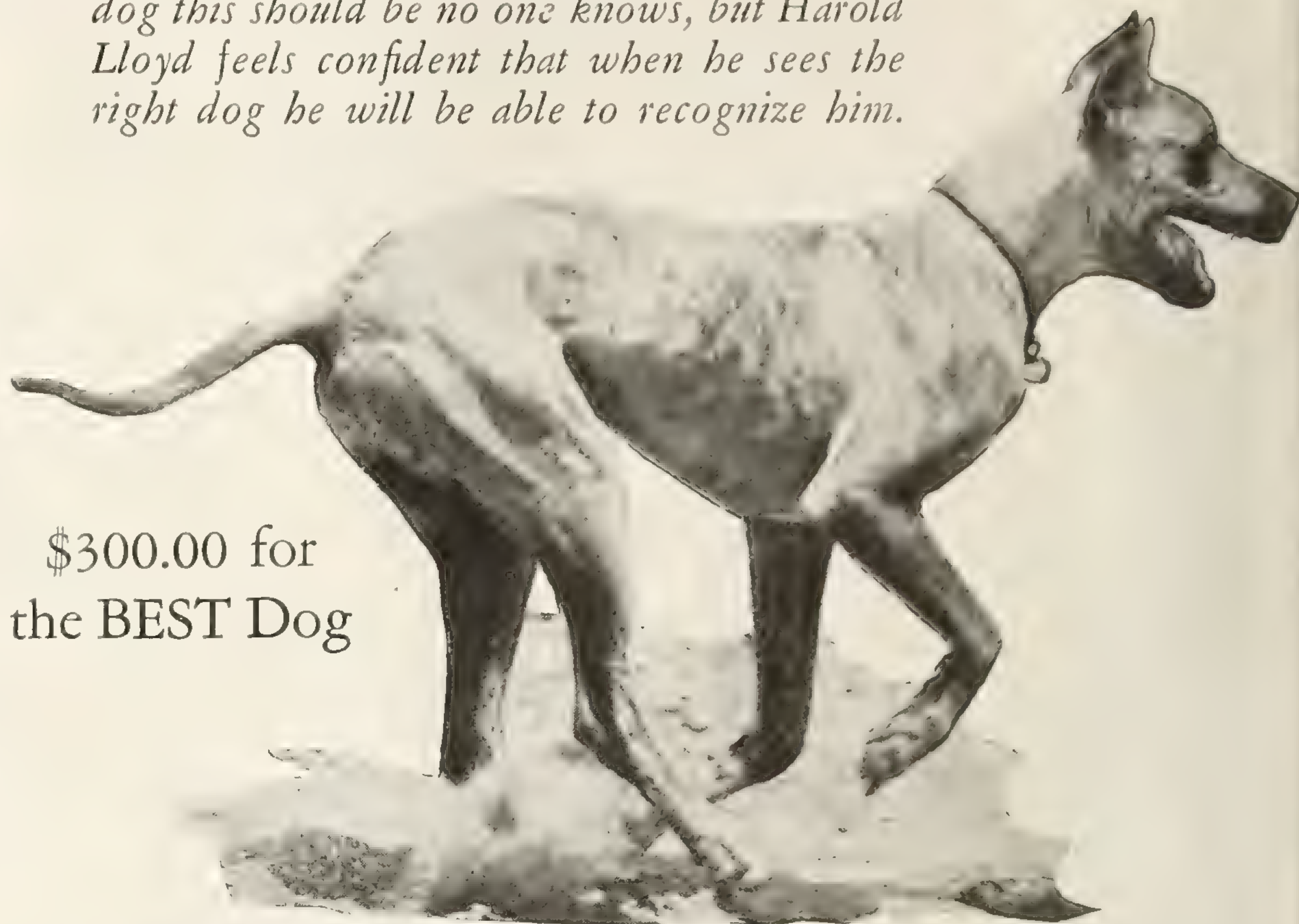
Send a photograph of the dog with your name and address on the back of the photograph. If you send more than one photograph be sure that your name and address is on the back of each.

IT is not necessary—

To know the breed or pedigree, age or tricks of your dog nor is it essential to tell his color as the print will show how he photographs.

No Photographs will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into with regard to this contest. If you have a dog that you believe is suitable enter his photograph in this contest and you may win \$300.00 at least.

“The famous comedian is anxious to procure the best dog in the world for a film that he has in mind. Just which breed, kind or variety of dog this should be no one knows, but Harold Lloyd feels confident that when he sees the right dog he will be able to recognize him.



\$300.00 for  
the BEST Dog



HAROLD LLOYD's kennels at Westwood, California, have many noble St. Bernards and the greatest of all Great Danes. But to Harold Lloyd each one of these dogs has a distinct personality and not one of them seems to him to be quite perfect for the comedy film that he has in mind.

If you own a dog and will loan him to Harold Lloyd he will gladly pay you for his services at the rate of \$100.00 a week and in order to bind the bargain he will send \$300.00 in cash to the person sending in the photograph of his dog which seems to Lloyd the best for his purpose.

Through SCREENLAND Lloyd is offering \$300.00 to the owner of the dog which nearest meets the requirements he has established as qualification for his choice. He is not seeking another Rin-Tin-Tin. All he wants is just an everyday dog with “personality”, with the something different we repeatedly read that producers want in the way of human talent. Harold does not want to buy this dog. He

knows that no lover of dogs would part with his pet for any monetary consideration. He merely wants to engage him for a period of weeks as he would engage any human actor. The prize money of \$300 would be paid in advance to the owner of the successful entrant as salary for the first

“Many a little dog's heart is set on winning the great honor of being an actor with Harold Lloyd.

“Harold Lloyd's prize Great Dane, the finest specimen of its kind. While this noble animal cost Harold \$3,500 he does not seem to the famous young man with the horned rimmed spectacles to be the “best” for a comedy dog actor.



# HAROLD LLOYD *your* DOG?



☞ Harold Lloyd, dog lover and screen comedian, who wants a dog for a comedy part—will a mutt or a thoroughbred win?

three weeks the dog is used. For each succeeding week, the Harold Lloyd Corporation would pay \$100 a week as long as the dog was needed for the picture. The prize money \$300.00 will be awarded to the winning owner, irrespective of whether Mr. Lloyd uses his dog or not.

All one has to do to try for the Lloyd honors, is to send a photograph of his or her dog to Mr. Lloyd in care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE. The contest will be open for two months at the end of which time a decision will be reached as soon as possible and the money sent to the winning owner.

Address—

**HAROLD LLOYD**  
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPT.  
49 West 45th St., New York City  
Contest closes June 15th, 1927



☞ Harold and Prince his blue ribbon Great Dane.





☞ Dainty Marian Nixon is busily engaged on her new picture "The Chinese Parrot".

# *The Fascinating* **MARIAN** *NIXON*



By  
Ralph E. P. Lund

☞ How often have we said "her life is like a character in a book". Marian Nixon is living a best seller.

☞ When Marian Nixon goes on location all the wise trout and pickerel go to the movies.



# TRUE *Life Story* of

Told in the form  
of fiction.

One of the daintiest  
parts that Marian  
Nixon ever played  
was "Spangles".



"HEY, MICKSY!"

Marian Nixon turned and faced the leather lunged lad who had just demonstrated his idea of how a future screen star should be addressed. The freckled youth stopped running as he approached her, all out of breath. She set her little lunch box on the sidewalk while the boy from next door held out a dirty hand in which he had been clutching a small piece of narrow pink ribbon.

"Your mother says for you to bring home two feet of this for your——"

"Don't you mean two yards?"

"Yes. Two yards of this for your——"

"Never mind what for", she replied, coloring slightly, as girls were expected to do under such circumstances in the dark ages five years back.

Marian picked up her lunch box while the boy scampered off. She looked at her wrist watch anxiously as she hastened in the direction of the largest department store in Minneapolis, where she was employed.

She saw that the locker room was distressingly empty as she entered it through the employees' door. She was late again and a dollar would be deducted from her

envelope at the end of the following week. This was disconcerting. She would have to do without a dollar's

worth of something, but she couldn't imagine what. It took every penny——

The bland floor walker smiled indulgently as she took her place behind one of the long counters. She felt relieved, for she had expected him to remind her that she was late. It was late. It was bad enough to lose the money, without having to hear anything unpleasant.

No sooner had she pinned her regulation black apron than the floor walker came toward her with all his white, even teeth surrounded by the smile that kills. Hair gloss for males was still in its infancy at this period in history, but this home breaker was so intimate with the newest French cosmetics that his black hair gave his gleaming teeth some serious competition.

"You look worried, Miss Nixon," he said, looking at his watch, "Did you think you were late?"

"Why—yes." She noticed that some of the other girls were exchanging significant glances, with obvious reference to her.

"Well you weren't at all," he assured her, "I've fixed it." Then straightening up with the just pride of one who occupies such an exalted

(Continued on page 101)



# BRAIDS



By Iris Gerard

“A steady singing sound told them of a motor climbing the steep incline. It meant that they would not be long alone.”

“WHAT’S the matter with you John? Haven’t you ever been in love? Can’t you kiss a girl as though you meant it?” Thus Jim Parker, pet director of the G. M. C. Studios “If you could put a love scene over you’d be the biggest man in pictures today. Hells bells I can’t make you out at all. You’ve got all the physical requirements for a perfect lover—added to which you have grace and charm and one can feel you think. But you handle a woman as if she were a piece of the furniture”

The subject of this tirade burst into amused laughter. “Sorry amico mio,” and added thoughtfully, “The ladies would not be flattered at that speech but it is true. I appreciate their beauty, their charm, their talents—but as women—well, they don’t register with me. Why? I cannot tell.”

Almost under his breath he finished, “I wish one would.” But his director caught the words and stored them up for future contemplation.

A few days afterward one of the love sequences was to be taken, and following his hunch Jim Parker selected Beatrice Vert, a girl with pure Italian features, for the romantic bit. The somewhat worried director was escorting Beatrice to his star for the introduction when one of those awkward things that sometimes happen, happened. Beatrice was just stepping over a cluster of electric cables with which every studio is interlaced, when the electrician gave one of them a pull to connect another lamp. This

thrust the cut-out box between Beatrice’s feet with the result that she sprawled unceremoniously into the arms of the unsuspecting John, and as she did so a thick braid of her chestnut hair fell heavily against his neck.

Jim Parker saw with sudden amazed delight a startled expression appear on his star’s face which had not been caused, he was sure, by embarrassment, and noted the hot blood surge into the young man’s handsome face.

“Atta girl,” Jim mentally and gleefully shouted, “Maybe you’ll teach him his onions. I hope to God you do”

But he would have been surprised indeed if he could have tapped the thoughts of his victim at that moment.

The picture that flashed into John’s mind was of a merry scene far, far away. A Fiesta in Italy, his native land. Music, confetti—laughter and song. He and Zita were resting for a moment after the dance. A sudden puff of wind had whipped a tress of her long thick hair about his neck. The blood surged into his face. He turned in a slow, amazed way to his companion—Zita—whom he had known all his life—little Zita—why, she was beautiful—a woman. Dios, how beautiful! He caught her swiftly in his arms and crushed his lips to her more luscious ones than ripe pomegranates. He watched the birth of passion in her clear, pure eyes and kissed the lids that drooped to hide the knowledge from him.

Next day he passed her on his way to Napoli with his little donkey cart filled with vegetables. She was swinging along, a basket-tray filled with grapes from her



## ¶ *A Studio Romance Interwoven with the Lovely Plaits of a Woman's Hair*

father's vineyard balanced upon her shapely head. To protect the fruit from the sun the girl had flung sprays of scarlet lillies over them and these, as well as the brilliant sash she wore, enhanced the clear olive of her skin and the glory of her flowing hair. A vivid atom caressed by flashing sunshine.

To John however, all this beauty was but a frame for the mysterious radiance that flooded her whole being and told him that she loved. Like the jasmine flower, when first it gives its fragrance to the night, she stood glowing before him.

Again he crushed her in his arms—but to his horror the picture faded and it was his new leading lady he was kissing so passionately.

"I—I beg your pardon, signorina—I—really——"

But although startled and unconsciously thrilled, Beatrice was an understanding person and she was not vain.

"Don't apologize Mr. Mario—it is quite all right," she said so quickly and impersonally that John loved her for it.

"I understand," she added softly. And both men did her the honor of believing her.

"Blest if I do though," muttered Parker, whose expression during the sensational moment could only be truthfully described as imbecile. However he was not the boy to let opportunity elude him and that he had his man where he wanted him at last was perfectly obvious to him.

"Come on everybody," he shouted, and hardly waited for them to assemble. "You all know the action—Mr. Mario sees the girl in the crowd—grabs her into his arms for a kiss, then holding her high in the air runs off protected by his men. Picolo," to a slim youth with shrewd but level eyes, "you are in that bunch. Ready now! Lights!—Action! — CAMERA! Get into the front rank Miss Vert—you think he is a swell bandit you know—now you see her John—grab her!—Now—Go for her!—Atta Boy—Cut!"

John had needed no urging this time—Once more the girl aroused the

slumbering romance in his nature and the lips he pressed again and again to her mouth and neck were eager enough to suit any director. Zita—his Zita was in his arms again—Zita—not the girl that lived——

He was still dazed when Parker spoke. "John you were great—that scene will be a knockout. It'll silence all the tom cats around here that said you hadn't 'It'—This'll tell them a head full all right." Then noting John's agitation he threw an affectionate arm about his shoulders. "Tell me about it boy," he said gently leading him to a quiet spot. "That little girl with the date eyes and chestnut braids—she rang a bell somewhere in your mind, didn't she? Was there a girl in Italy—?"

"Yes," said John huskily.

"Where is she?"

With an inimitable gesture of finality John uttered one word.

(Continued on page 77)



### MADONNA LILLIES

#### *An Easter Verse*

White against the green—for consecration,  
Star-like—to lead thoughts upward to the King.  
Madonna Mary's lillies by the altar  
Burst wide their buds at Easter carolling.

¶ Dorothy Cum-  
ming as the  
Madonna in  
"The King of  
Kings".





☞ Eleanor Maynard, as one of the musicians at the De Mille studio, delighted the eyes of the great director.

She played the  
**VIOLIN** and then

She played for the  
**CAMERA**

**A**MONG the thousands of aspirants for future film honors to be found in the big crowds of players in a production of the magnitude of "The King of Kings," Eleanor Shelton Maynard was one of the most attractive and popular as she was certainly the most versatile.

She led the attack of the arpeggios and crescendos with her first violin directly back of Rudolph Berliner, the leader of the studio musicians. When Cecil B. De Mille installed a great pipe organ to accompany the mighty action of the climax, and Crane the organ master thus acquired the duties of the orchestra, the girl, undaunted, went on the set as a Galilean maiden, and acted through these ensemble sequences. She also understudied one of the principals, and was always ready to act or to play, whichever the occasion demanded!

Born in St. Louis, her mother was a concert pianist, and she studied at Madame Pless's school at Seattle and the Bush Conservatory of Music, Chicago. Thence she came out to Hollywood where her skill with the violin won her a place in



☞ And so Eleanor Maynard in her first century costume was given a small-part in "The King of Kings".

William M. De Mille's studio orchestra when that director was making "Spring Magic."

The Thespian career attracted her even more than the musicianly. She got her chance, played rather good roles in James Cruze's "The Garden of Weeds" and Herbert Brenon's "The Little French Girl." William M. De Mille's brother Cecil engaged her for a succession of "bits" in "The Volga Boatman."

As she wanted a steady income to keep up her studies—for Eleanor is ever learning—she went back to music and accepted the six months' job of leading the violins in Cecil B. De Mille's production of "The King of Kings."

While doing this she went to school mornings and sometimes evenings at the Kosloff School of Expression, in downtown Los Angeles. The subjects she selected were dancing, plastique, pantomime, voice, piano and composition. It necessitated getting up at 6 in the morning, working under Mme. Kosloff's tuition from 7.30 to 8.30 or 9, and then dashing in her little Dodge car to Culver City in time for the opening scene of the picture. The filming often lasted till 7 or 8 p. m., making a very brief evening.

After five months of this Eleanor Maynard was just as sparkling and alert as on her first day.

Work is her play. Play is her work. She enjoys every moment of the art activity. Almost everybody of note who visited the set asked to meet her,—her beauty, grace and speech were widely remarked upon.

Of course, the cleverest, brightest girl of twenty may—or may not—prove a "dud" at thirty. Rash predictions are not in order. But Eleanor Maynard is the type of "upward and onward" girl that generally succeeds in accomplishing what she sets out to do.





☞ In Monte Blue's new film, "The Brute," his Indian blood gets into the picture.



☞ "So This Is Paris" revealed Monte to be a persuasive and subtle comedian.

# The Kindly MONTE BLUE

By Helen Sloan Welles

**A** FRIGHTENED young writer after her first interview! A well known actor behind that forbidding door. What would he be like? What should she ask him: how had she dared come! True, he had taken a sporting chance in answering her little note; answering it and granting her an interview. He must at least be a good sport, but what else? How she wished her hands were not so chilly; he would know she was (Cont. on page 98)

☞ Monte Blue who has ever been interpreted by experts gave this interview to a beginner. That's Monte.





# The Gay Dogs

Q Aileen Pringle, a society girl before her studio days, is one of the leaders of the social set.



Q "The social activities of a screen player make him lead a dog's life," says Patsy the Party Hound.



Q Pauline Starke holds the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio championship with her three whippets.

“O H, look at those whippets straining to go!” exclaimed Patsy. “Do you know, I think whippet racing is just as exciting as horse-racing!”



# of Hollywood

By Grace Kingsley



“Betty Blythe is welcomed back from her work in Europe and is the feature of many a party these days.”



“A scene at the whippet races with many members of the moving picture colony in evidence. Among the movie people in this picture are Edmund Goulding, Clarence Brown, Tom O'Brien, Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, Harry Rapf, Renee Adoree and Karl Dane.”

We had gone down to Pomona to watch these dog races, and we found a lot of film people there.

There were Pauline Starke, Lew Cody, Renee Adoree, Eleanor Faire and William Boyd, Tim McCoy, Arthur Rankin, Jack Conway and his wife, Gertrude Olmsted and Robert Leonard, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown.

Many of these had dogs entered in the race, and they were hopping about the kennels and paddock, all excitement.

Pauline Starke had her dog Silver down there, racing him, and even took him right into the race herself. Clarence Brown's dog was in too.

All the dogs wore different

(Cont. on page 76)

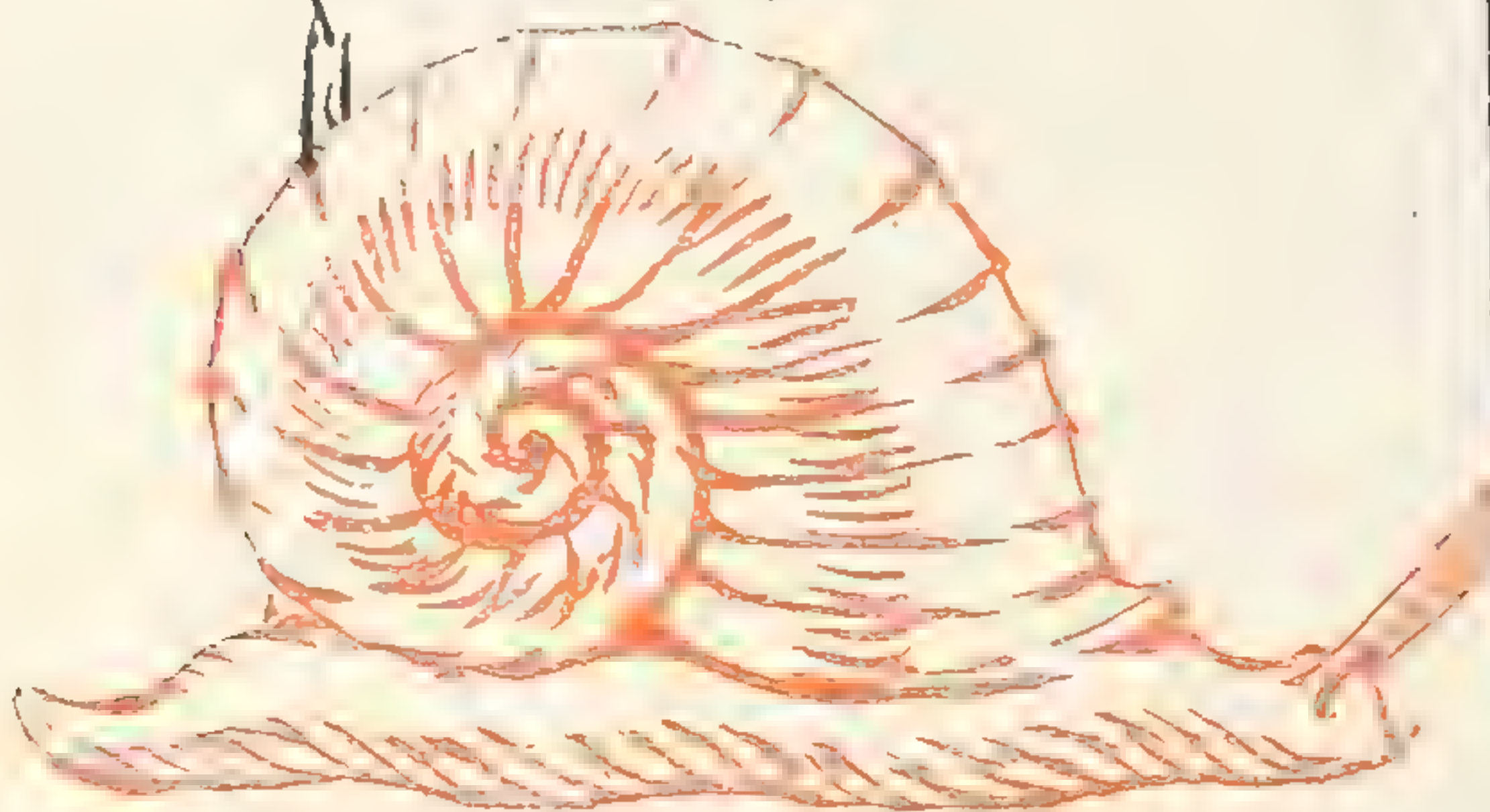


# TRAIN YOUR

*Invisible, But Always Beside You, is the Menace or Charm of Your Personality.*

*The Brilliant Captains and Lieutenants of the Moving Picture Industry Tell the Secret of Breaking In.*

Fred A. Fleck is the Casting Director of Paramount in the East.



J. M. Jerauld says: "Your personality is the perceptible emanation of your soul."



OUT at Paramount's Long Island Studio Greta Nissen glides across the stage. Like Spring's own breath. So slim, fragile and ethereal. Soft music plays. Strange lights flash. The heart of Greta's beauty is drawn into a final close-up. The cameras stop clicking. Another successful picture is completed. And again Miss Nissen's blonde loveliness floods through the world.

How it is possible that this little unknown dancing girl should have risen to such starry heights in only a few years? Who gave her her chance? What strange Goddess touched her on the shoulder and carried her to fame? "Miss Nissen, tell me," I asked, following her back to her dressing room, "how did you get that way? Who gave you your chance to be famous?"



# PERSONALITY



Gregory La Cava, director. His artistic personality shines forth from each of his pictures.

By  
Rosa Reilly



H. M. K. Smith, Costume Director, knows what is in good taste and what is not, what is bizarre and what is aesthetic.



Harry A. Fischbeck, camera man, made his personality as he made his goal.



She smiled at my seriousness and didn't answer.

"Was it luck?"

"No."

"Did somebody just see you and lead you up to fame?"

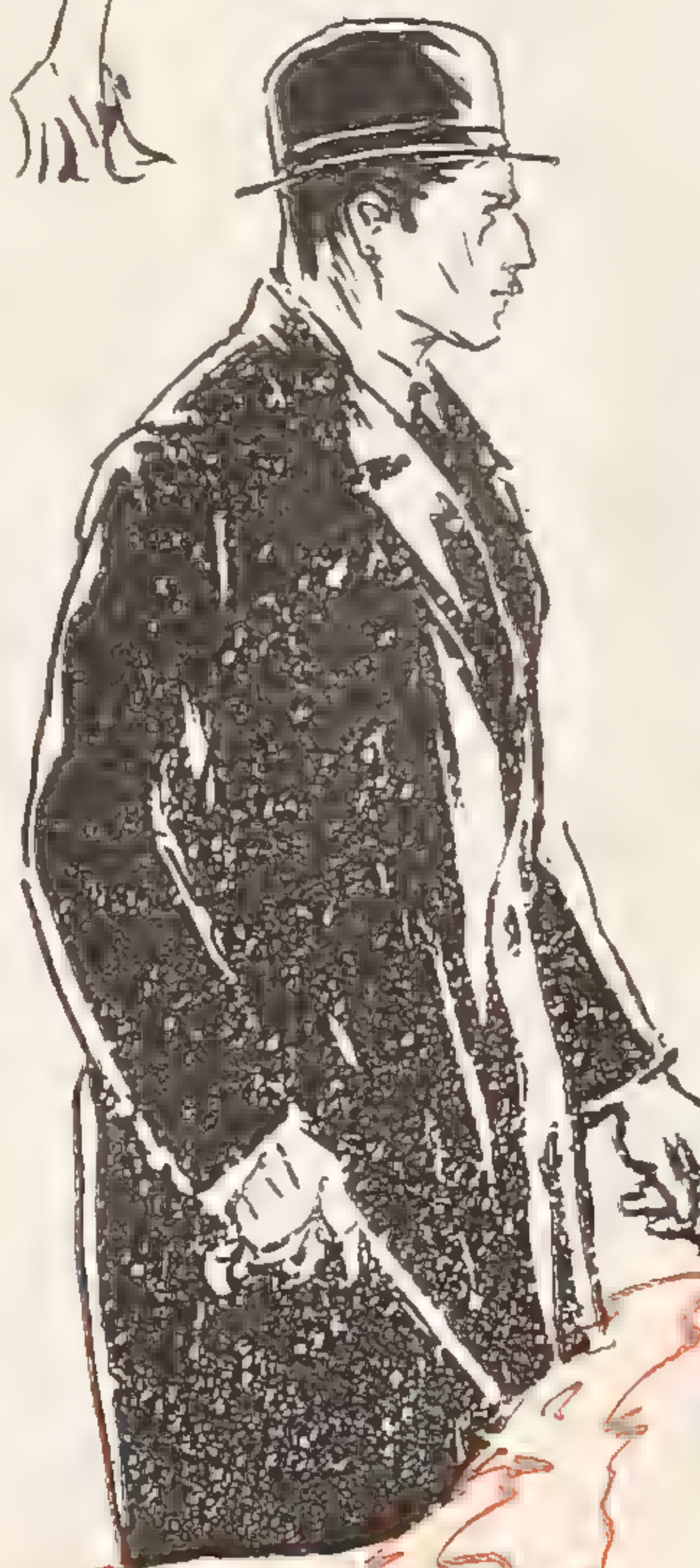
"Ah no. It wasn't that easy."

"But tell me", I persisted, "how do successful and powerful people get that way?"

Then she became dead earnest. "There is but one way. To make good, a person must have a real talent, and by the force of your personality."

And then she went on — this slight, youthful girl to whom one doesn't credit much serious philosophy.

(Cont. on page 80)



Sarah Siegel, whose charm is remembered by every visitor to the Famous Players-Lasky studios.



James  
Treubath



# Delight Evans's REVIEWS

¶ What New York looks like to the rest of the world.

## METROPOLIS

¶ A Celluloid Sky-scraper



OH, what a picture! Don't miss "Metropolis"; on the other hand, don't let it give you bad ideas.

Those indictments of efficiency just may go to your head. When you stroll haughtily into your office the next morning, two hours late, be careful the boss doesn't catch you. He may not have seen the picture. And after all, we're not as efficient as this German film tries to make out—not for a couple of centuries yet, we aren't.

I wish an American had made it, but we can't see ourselves as others see us. Native New Yorkers would feel pretty awful after this glimpse of what they look like to the rest of the world if there were any native New Yorkers. But let me tell you that "Metropolis" is one whale of a picture. It's the biggest thing you'll see for a long time. Directed by Fritz Lang, who did "Siegfried", and edited by our own Channing Pollock, it's an impressionistic drama of the Big Town of the future—if things go from bad to worse. We see a city rising high

¶ A daughter of the workers pleads for the children, "They are your brothers."

into the clouds and deep into the earth, a city controlled by one man—John Masterman—who is concerned only with materialism and

not at all with the souls of the workmen who build his city for him. So when Masterman's son and a daughter of the people get together, there is bound to be excitement. Thrills occur when a Frankenstein monster made in the image of the lovely heroine turns on her creators and leads the workmen to rebellion. A frenzied mob, lead by the machine-girl, wreaks havoc on the city—and so amazing is the direction that a mob of thousands of extras is made as emotionally expressive as a single actor. When that mob comes surging toward you, you'd better toss your wallet at them, or you'll have bad dreams about Capital and Labor. The grand finale of the film is a tableau depicting the union of brains and hands through the mediation of the heart, or something. It sounds fine, and I only hope it works out.

Brigitte Helm is the hard-working heroine, and I think she is wonderful. A veritable Lillian Gish as the gentle



Mary, she becomes a combination of all the vampires as the monster. This girl makes her body act. Without a close-up, she portrays the most harrowing terror in a

long-drawn-out chase—and she'll have you shivering, too. She's also blonde and beautiful. Fraulein Helm simply *must* come over.

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☞ Sterling Holloway, Ford Sterling and Zazu Pitts — all together.

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# CASEY

## AT THE

## BAT



☞ You don't see the game but you assume that Casey (Wallace Beery) does not strike out.

☞ "Babe" Beery  
as the original  
pinch hitter.

A REAL, honest-to-goodness baseball fan, like Uncle Joe, is apt to prefer Babe Ruth to Babe Beery. Uncle Joe, in fact, is sure to pull the old one that as a slugger Beery is a darned good actor. But we can't all be so clever, can we? Some of us are going to like "Casey at the Bat" in spite and not because of the baseball atmosphere. If you ever heard "Casey at the Bat" recited by an expert, don't expect to see deWolf Hopper stalking about on the screen. They bought the famous title and wrote a story around it to suit themselves. "There is no joy in Mudville, Mighty Casey has struck out" becomes a farce laid in New York City more than a score of years ago—in the days of the Floradora Sextette and hansom cabs, with Casey "framed" on the day of the Big Game but vindicated in time to play the game over again—tomorrow. You don't see

the game but you assume that Casey does not strike out, so a happy ending is had in spite of Mr. Hopper's many recitations on the subject.

It seems too bad that "Casey at the Bat" isn't a better picture. It has its laughs, but they're not big-league laughs. Wallace Beery has been stealing other stars' pictures ever since I can remember. But when it comes to a starring feature all his own, he comes close to permitting Ford Sterling to walk away with the honors. Beery has made the smallest "bit" stand out more forcefully than his first stellar character. Sterling Holloway and Ford Sterling are a couple of funny fellows when they get together, and Zazu Pitts does her share. Well, who ever heard of a star stealing a picture from himself? It can't be done.



¶ The upkeep is what breaks you.

¶ Joslyn (Joan Crawford) has several millionaires on her trail, not to mention an exhibition dancer.



## The TAXI Dancer

¶ Fare? Fair

EVER hear of a Taxi Dancer? Me, too—I mean either. Joan Crawford, however, explains to everybody's satisfaction in her new picture. Taxi dancers are just like taxis—that is, you grab 'em and take 'em—but the fare is not so much. It's the up-keep. In fact, for a dance-hall girl who dances with all and sundry for the trifling sum of ten cents, Joslyn—the girl played by Joan—does pretty well. She has several millionaires on her trail, not to mention an exhibition dancer—Douglas Gilmore—and a card sharp, Owen

Moore. (Let's not mention Mr. Gilmore.) Joslyn is just one of these girls who doesn't know what she wants; it takes a murder to make up her mind. "The Taxi Dancer" is a motion picture that doesn't move fast enough. It might have been the making of Miss Crawford as a popular star. Here she is, one of the few real dancing girls on the screen, all ready to strut her stuff. But apparently the director, as well as the plot, didn't understand her. Maybe it isn't Joan's fault that she somehow fails to ring up a big fare.

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¶ The kids can see the picture through twice by pleading that it's historical.

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## The GENERAL

¶ General Gaiety

YOU'LL find nothing to complain of in Buster Keaton's "General" behavior. He goes about making fun in his own quiet, quaint way. He is also cute. I don't care what you say—down-right cute. But never at the sacrifice of dignity. Mr. Keaton does not stoop for a boisterous laugh—perhaps he has learned in years of slap-stick experience that he who stoops is kicked. "The General" is mild comedy but I wouldn't have missed it. It may not be satire, but it

comes pretty close at times. "The General" is an engine, with Buster at the throttle. It gets all mixed up in the Civil War and almost wins the fray for the Confederates. You get the general impression that if Gen. Lee had consulted with Buster, that scene at Appomatox would never have been enacted.

Assisted by Marion Mack—a southern belle in hoop-skirts who plays maid of all work around the engine—Buster outwits the Union forces. The kids can get away





with sitting through the picture twice by pleading that it is based on an actual historical happening of the Civil War.

Any boy who ever wanted to be an

☞ Buster and his General get all mixed up in the Civil War.

engineer when he grew up will like "The General", no matter whether he's grown up to be a magnate, a clerk, an actor, or an—engineer.

☞ Marion certainly does the right thing by our kiddies.

# The RED Mill

I HAVE to hand it to Marion Davies. She seems to jump at a chance to play any part which calls for pig-tails and freckles. "The Red Mill" gives her the opportunity of a life-time to look homely, and she seizes it and holds on. Gosh—I thought she never would turn pretty! She glories in slapstick. "She



☞ Marion Davies and Owen Moore and it would take more than a Red Million dollars to make us tell who's in love.



who gets spanked"—that's Marion. But as long as she doesn't complain, it's no business of mine. Besides, pretty is as pretty does—and Miss Davies must have a heart to match her hair, the way she carries on just to give the kids a laugh. She's certainly doing the right thing by our kiddies, and she's rapidly stepping into the place Mary Pickford used to occupy when Mary was a working girl.

The old musical comedy which served Montgomery

and Stone so well in their palmy days and which, incidentally, has one of the prettiest scores that Victor Herbert ever wrote—is rehashed so that Marion can play one of those helpful little slaves who is Little Miss Fix-it for the plot. Scenes in the haunted mill are just about what you'd expect. Red Mill, you're a little bit old-fashioned. I wish Marion would pull some new gags once in a while. Think how much harder the kids would laugh then.

☞ Clara Bow and It.

"It"

☞ Tag—You're It.



☞ Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno discuss everything else but—

LET'S play "It". More fun! You hide your eyes, and count ten. Then you turn around and touch the person nearest to you. If they gasp and choke, then you've got "It" and you can let yourself go to the movies. But if they just stand and stare, you'd better organize a good, rousing game of Run Sheep Run, and leave It to Elinor Glyn.

"Madame" Glyn has been playing It for a long time now. She has tagged Gloria, Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and Rex, King of the Wild Horses. And now Clara Bow. Just between you and me, I think Clara can play a pretty good game of It all by herself. She doesn't require grooming and coiffing and manicuring in the Glyn

manner. If Clara ever gets self-conscious about It, all will be lost. In this picture, her brand of It glorifies a department store and vamps the big boss. Clara and Tony Moreno play the game for all it's worth trying to make us overlook the fact that "Madame" Glyn is contributing just another Cinderella story to the movies. There are ways and ways of demonstrating "It"—Lubitsch's or St. Clair's way, for instance. But what was good enough for "Three Weeks" is still, apparently, good enough for Mrs. Glyn. It isn't good enough for Miss Bow, who can always Get her Man without outside assistance. You must see "It", of course—and you will, if only to get a glimpse of the Glyn lady who started it all and all of "It".

☞ If you don't like the plot there's the scenery and the stars.

## The LIVING Dead Man

☞ From the French

IF you have seen German and Russian and Italian pictures, perhaps you'll welcome a French one for a change. Here's "The Living Dead Man"—not as gruesome as it sounds, and worth seeing if it comes your way because of the stars, Ivan Mosjoukine and Lois Moran. (Mr. M. has kindly changed his name, I hear, to Ivan Mouskine. That helpsky.) The Russian actor is

a charming mixture of Barrymore and Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon, stirred to taste. The hero of this story, by Luigi Pirandello, is a dreamer who's perpetually thwarted by life—at least, that's the idea according to the program; if you don't like it you can write your own. It's supposed to be satire, and sometimes it is. The action shifts from a French town to Monte Carlo and to Rome;



if you don't like the plot you can console yourself with the scenery. Lois Moran appears "for the first time before any movie camera"; this was made some years ago. She looks older then—honestly; but apparently she had

the same sweet disposition; there's the now-famous Moran smile, as sunny as ever. Mr. Mouskine should be a big hit over here if they give him the right sort of story. Did I tell you he looks like Clive Brook, too?

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☞ Almost more romance than one little screen can hold.

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## When a MAN Loves

☞ Dolores Costello



☞ Dolores Costello and John Barrymore in an idyllic moment.

Lescaut, or—" that will make them—I'm not afraid to say it—the most beloved lovers since "The Sea Beast" and his girl friend.

That love scene in the church made this picture for me. Manon comes to tempt des Grieux from taking priestly vows, and she succeeds. What a girl! But from the very first I was enthralled and I think you will be, too. To Vitaphone accompaniment, the tale proceeds from a French wayside inn to Paris, where the two young lovers have their idyllic hour, until a cruel fate, in the form of brother Warner Oland and villain Sam deGrasse

WHO could blame him? Not your boy friend; not even you. For Dolores is one of these extra-lovely ladies who wins plaudits even from other girls. John Barrymore may be your favorite Great Lover of the Screen, but you'll never mind his making love to Miss Costello. And such love! Almost more than one little screen can hold. But that's all right with me. I do like to see actors apparently enjoying their work. Both these stars have more than their share of what is quaintly called histrionic ability; but it is their incomparable finesse in the more amorous episodes of "Manon

hisses!—separates them. The suspense right here is something terrible. John Drew, the distinguished uncle of the star, among those present at the New York premier of the picture, just sat there without betraying any emotion one way or the other. If I'd had his influence with John, he wouldn't have misunderstood Manon all that time. But that girl knew her stuff. She came after him and lured him away to a life of luxury, in one of the grandest love scenes ever performed on the screen or in Central Park on a moonlit night or on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. The picture follows the original yarn to some extent, and when it does depart there is awful excitement on board a convict ship containing our hero and heroine before, finally, Comes Dawn. And about time, too—the audience is a wreck.

As far as I'm concerned, "When a Man Loves" represents Mr. Barrymore's and Miss Costello's finest work before the camera. Barrymore is superb—he transforms himself into a boy for the part—a handsome, brave lad, with no traces of the Barrymore technique. In fact, he makes no faces for two-thirds of the picture. He looks young; he acts young; he is young. He grows young along with Dolores and he also shares most of the close-ups with her. Besides looking like at least one billion francs, Dolores packs the most appealing, most potently wistful ways on the screen. She is given every chance to steal the picture, including a white wig—and not the kind movie grandmas wear, either. And so she glides away with "When a Man Loves". Well, Mr. Barrymore, that's what comes of being a good trouper and a good sport.

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☞ Just unique enough to be pleasant.

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## An Affair of the Follies

TUT, tut. Don't let your imaginations run away with you. Despite the fact that its a story deals with that glamorous existence known as "Backstage at the Follies", all the proposals made in this picture are strictly honorable. It should be called "When a Chorus Girl Marries—and How". Because the heroine does marry, right at the start; and if she hadn't married him, she could have married a couple of other fellows. All these good intentions make "An Affair of the Follies" unique—not too unique; just unique enough to be pleasant. Also it stars Billie Dove, who was a Follies girl once, herself. And strangely enough, just the nice, quiet kind of Follies girl that this film portrays. Billie is beautiful—of course. But she is also mighty sweet and nice; and it seems to me she has the makings of a great, big star

some day, when she has grown up emotionally.

Billie plays a Follies girl whose name, believe it or not, is neither Maebelle, Yvonne, Trixie or—Billie. Her name is Tamara and she's as good as she is pretty. She marries a young clerk—Lloyd Hughes—because she loves him, and not because his rich uncle promised him a fortune if he married within twenty-four hours. He hasn't any rich uncle. He hasn't even a job. And that's where Lewis Stone steps in. Save your sneers. He's the same kind, tolerant gentleman you used to know, and all he wants is to marry the girl. I won't tell you the rest, so stop coaxing. No, I won't. But how any girl could withstand Mr. Stone when he wears that hurt look is more than I can understand.



# SOME NEW *Screenplays*

*Reviewed by Rosa Reilly*



☞ Jetta Goudal displeases her father-in-law by a kindness to George Bancroft in "White Gold".

## WHITE GOLD

**R**IGHT off Fifth Avenue in Dudensing's Art Gallery. Recently while passing there I was amazed to see no pictures in the window—no pictures at all but instead a small and perfect Shawl of the color such as you see only in dreams, or in the rarest of mid-summer skies, blue, heavenly blue. The loveliness of this silk Shawl is indescribable, embroidered as it was with birds and flowers. It is a priceless masterpiece.

When I saw the picture "White Gold" I felt the same way as when I looked at the blue Shawl in Dudensing's window. "White Gold" is a masterpiece — simple perfection. Each sequence, each action, every single gesture is—simple

☞ George Nichols is the father who despises his daughter-in-law—Jetta Goudal.



perfection. It is the best picture I have ever reviewed.

William K. Howard, the director, has taken a modest western theme and transformed it into a drama of bare loveliness. And how he has handled his characters! Jetta Goudal has your sympathy from the first; she radiates simplicity, something she has never done before; Kenneth Thomson as Jetta's husband and the son of the ranch owner, gives the best performance of his entire career; George Bancroft as the villain is inimitable. From the moment he enters the picture you know he is doomed. He gives you the same feeling that Jannings does in "Variety". George Nichols is the father who despises his daughter-in-



law, Jetta. There he sits on the front porch of the ranch house, rocking and hating, hating and rocking. And all the time the pitiless drought gnaws at the heart of the whole country-side. The sheep,—the white-gold, thirst, sicken and die. And in the ranch house, the hot, passionate love which the Mexican Jetta pours out on her husband thirsts, sickens and—almost dies. Without and within hatred closes down on you like a smouldering blanket of fire.

"White Gold" I tell you once again is a masterpiece. It took great courage both to produce and to direct a picture of this sort. It is life plastered on the screen. The Director didn't see fit to paint fairy tales about love, he gave it to you as it is—as unvarnished as a dose of castor oil.

Go to see "White Gold"—everybody—for many a day and month will pass away before you will have an opportunity to see any film approaching its equal.

## THE MAGIC GARDEN

Film Booking Office has taken a simple little story of Gene Stratton Porter's and woven it into a picture of idealistic beauty. It takes you back to your childhood, to the only perfect joy most people have ever known. It brings back to you memories that your heart tells you had better remain unre-membered.



☞ In "Mother" Belle Bennett is gentle and sincere.



Two children learn about love in a magic garden. The little boy, Phillipe Delacy, takes up his violin and plays to Amaryllis, Joyce Coad, who stands entranced with happiness. She has never been happy before nor has she ever had anybody to play with her.

That's the story. What happens afterwards doesn't matter. Just love and music in a magic garden; love and music so strongly intrenched in two little hearts that neither time

☞ Rin-Tin-Tin at his best, and Tom Santschi chock full of "It" as ever.



nor age can mar its imagery.

Phillipe plays to Joyce all his life through. Each time he guides his bow across the strings his music tells her just what Shakespeare wrote so many years ago:

"If music be the food of love, play on  
That strain again. Oh it had a dying fall  
Oh it came o'er mine ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

So truly have J. Leo Meehan, the director, and his gifted cast, caught the spirit of these two happy children, that when I saw the film, I almost felt myself a little girl again; I almost heard a voice—stilled these fifteen years.

## MOTHER

Film Booking Offices' new picture "Mother" brings back to us our beloved Belle Bennett of Stella Dallas,—but with a happier climax. Because as the last light fades, she isn't left out in the rain, heartbroken and deserted as other directors love to leave her. Lee Meehan lets your last vision of her be one of gladness. He shows you Belle and her son, William Blakewell, and her husband, Crawford Kent, all reunited.

This is a Kathleen Norris story, so typical that it might have happened over and over again right in your home town. It is one of the fine pictures of the month and you must see it, particularly because of the extraordinary portrayals of William Blakewell and that despicable little flapper, Charlotte Stevens.

Motherhood and Belle Bennett are synonymous. She is a real mother—like yours is and mine was. Gentle, kind, capacious-bosomed. Not one of these flat brassiered, hard-faced, youth-chasers. There is a keen sense of satisfaction in watching Belle Bennett's work. It shows you what a woman can be when womanhood really flowers.

And the company! Every single one from Belle Bennett to Sam Allen,—every single one seemed to live—not to be cast—in his role.

Many of us have outgrown Kipling. Some of us never liked him at all. But notwithstanding the ceaseless times he has been dinned into our ears, one little poem of his stands out immortal. We all know it, have grown weary of it, and yet when you see Belle Bennett in this picture you will think of it immediately and it will touch you unbearably:

"If I were hanged from the highest tree,  
I know whose love would follow me—  
Mother O'Mine."

## HILLS OF KENTUCKY

You can always depend upon a dog. Sometimes a star will let you down. But Rin-Tin-Tin and his mate, Nanette, never! In "Hills of Kentucky" you will see Rin in the best picture of his canine history.

It's a simple enough story about a school teacher and her crippled brother down in the Kentucky hills. And if it weren't for Rin-Tin-Tin you wouldn't see very much. But oh yes you would, too. Because Billy Kent Schaeffer, the little cripple, does some pretty fine acting. I beg your pardon. He doesn't act and that's the grandest surprise of the whole picture. That kid is just natural—the way a child ought to be. If they can only keep him from developing into an "artist."

Our old friend, Tom Santschi, chocked as full of "it" as ever, plays the villain. Isn't it strange nobody has the fore-thought to cast him in the hero's role. But like the old man who kept going to the pictures hoping some day Mary Pickford would "fall", I keep on taking in the movies trusting that some time Tom Santschi will win the girl.

Jason Robards plays the hero and while he didn't have what you might call a fat dramatic chance he played his role with a great deal of sincerity. A year from now you girls will be fighting for his pictures.

I liked "Hills of Kentucky" so much that I'd go to see another just like it if I knew where to find one. You can always depend on dogs. They never let you down.

## DON'T TELL THE WIFE

If you're a brunette and the boy friend has a fatal tendency towards beautiful blondes' slim ankles, take him to see "Don't Tell the Wife". The chances are he'll think a couple of times before he asks you to give him back his ring.

And another thing, too, after the wedding day, the size of the ankles doesn't make such a whale of a lot of difference because most of the time they'll be hidden under the cook stove or a bungalow apron anyway. In the five years that I've been perusing cook books I never saw it mentioned that a rhythmic-ankled blonde could turn out a lighter crusted apple pie than a brunette.

In "Don't Tell the Wife", Irene Rich is the deserted wife, brunette, naturally. Lilyan Tashman is the dainty natural (we hope) blonde who steals the husband. But even with all her marvelous figure and everything, Lilyan couldn't hold said snatched property. He comes back home to Mama. Mostly they do, too. Particularly if Mama keeps her mouth closed and has a cheerful facility with the skillet. And I'm not fooling. Size sixteens are grand modelling at Worth's or Patou's but almost any luciously-rounded thirty-eight can find a permanent position in the matrimonial game if she can stick ten cents worth of round steak into the oven and drag it out tasting like a real porterhouse.

Don't tell the boy friend but—romance may fade. But eating retains its kick.



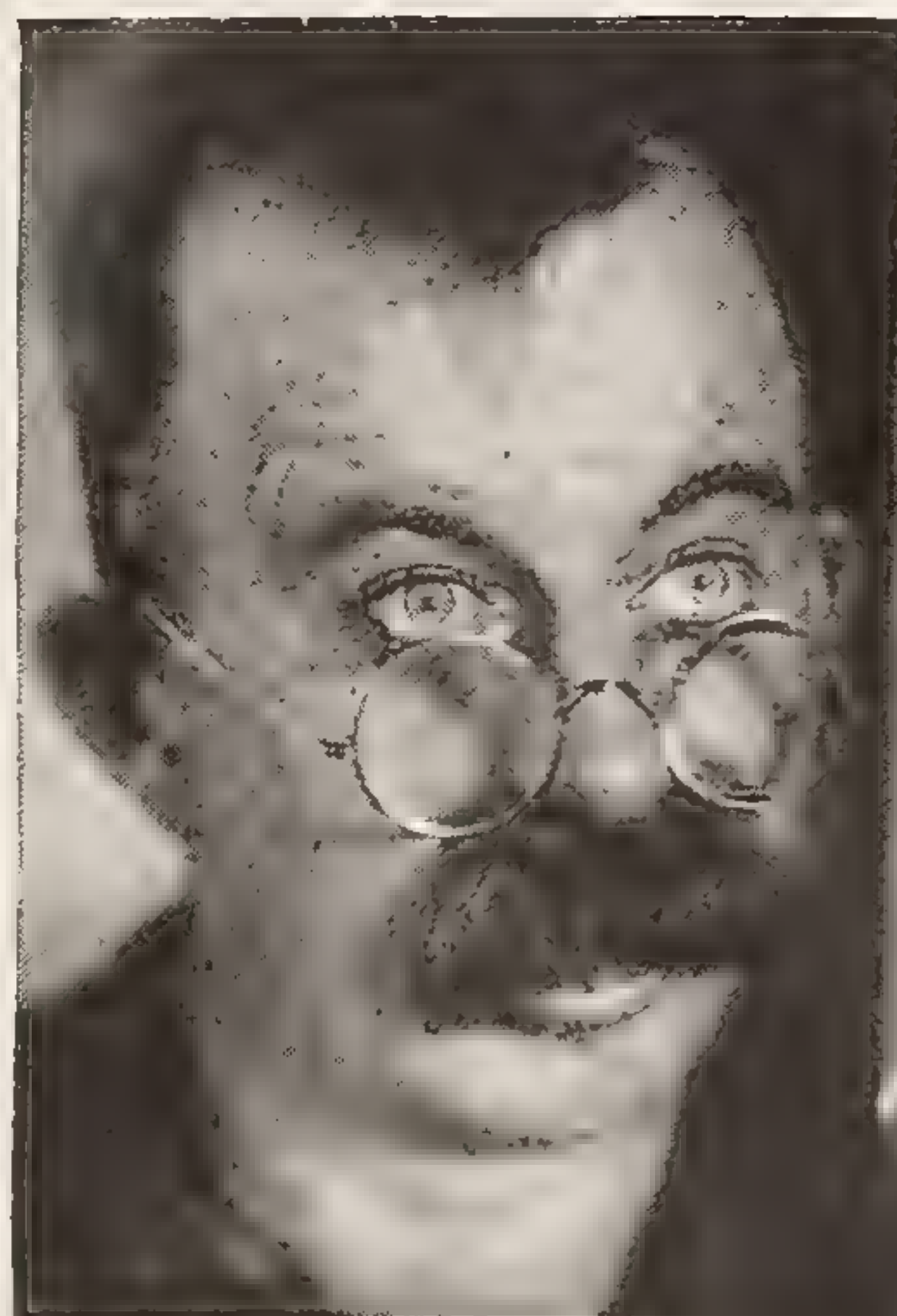
Thelma Hill, one of the Mack Sennett beauties wishes to announce that SCREENLAND in June will publish an article about the other ladies of the bathing suits.



# The MILLION DOLLAR MUSTACHE

☞ *Chester Conklin, the human walrus, was once a tramp—now he's on the merry road to riches.*

By  
Blake McVeigh



☞ As the Scotch barber in *McFadden's Flats*, Chester Conklin gave only the closest of shaves.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor vagabond boy who used to ride in freight trains. Many nights he was hungry and cold. Then, one day, he found a magic talisman and forever after his pockets were filled with gold. And his fame spread to far lands, even to the ends of the earth.

Sounds just like one of those good old fairy tales of childhood, doesn't it?

But really, it is a true story of Hollywood. And the prince charming is none other than that great comedian, Chester Conklin.

And what, you may ask, is Chester's magic talisman?

Answer: A walrus mustache which any movie magnate would appraise at a valuation of \$1,000,000. For that tidy little sum just about represents its earning power for Conklin in the days to come. That walrus (or soup-strainer, if one wishes to describe it in the vulgar vernacular) has made Conklin as famous among even



☞ Chester Conklin himself—one of the best bets in pictures.



☞ To his role in *Cabaret*, Chester Conklin brings comedy and a gentle pathos.

the Zulus and the Hottentots as Charlie Chaplin and his baggy trousers, or Harold Lloyd and his horn rimmed spectacles. Lately, too, the photoplay critics of the land have discovered that Conklin, like Chaplin, is an artist whose comedy characterizations are rooted deep in the joys and sorrows of real life.

When you think of movie romance, chances are that your fancy strays to girls like Betty Bronson and Mary Brian who became Cinderellas over night. Give a thought to Chester Conklin, the wandering boy

(Continued on page 91)



# *The* CLOWN *turns* RINGMASTER

## *Larry Semon now a Director*

*As Told to Uthai Vincent Wilcox*



☞ Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan in his Collapsible Six. Larry is now directing Eddie Cantor.

**T**HAT admonition sums up my philosophy of life. I have evolved it through encountering some most disheartening obstacles, and I believe, overcoming them by grimly refusing to be beaten regardless of the consequences.

No one in the motion picture profession it seems to me, had more to overcome than I. I was born and reared right on the stage, for my parents owned their own show and travelled the country, back in the days when dance halls and tent shows were quite common in the West. My first recollections are of scene shifting and shifting for myself, which was not a very happy life. Being born with a singing voice, it was up to me to earn a living when still a little fellow, singing between the regular acts of the show. And the practical education which I received from fellow actors, listening to them recite their lines and recount their travels, was a good one indeed.

I recall that one winter the entire troupe



☞ Larry was a famous cartoonist on the New York Sun—he wrote his own scenarios—he played the leading parts—he picked out one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood for a wife. That's how to be a director.

was stranded in San Francisco. We went hungry that season and my bed was more often in a loft than anywhere else, while the comforts of home were conspicuous by their total absence. These sufferings that we endured made my parents determine to take me from the stage. I was sent to my relatives in Georgia, where I had two years of schooling. While there I met with an injury in a football game that affected my voice. Then my parents insisted that I should study art, for which I had showed some talent.

At the age of eighteen my name was fairly well known in cartooning circles in New York. One day while sketching on a motion picture lot, a suggestion of mine was well received by a picture company and an opportunity was given me to direct a one-reel comedy. I accepted the offer and received the munificent sum of sixty dollars for writing, directing and acting the comedy.

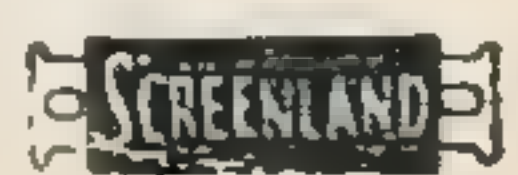
(Continued on page 78)





**D**OROTHY DWAN plays a girl from the wide open spaces in her next picture, "*The Country Beyond Law.*"

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr







**E**STHER RALSTON is a twinkling scintillating star nowadays and her first starring picture will be "*Fashions For Women*."

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee







**R**OY D'ARCY, the champion villain of the screen. His next picture is "*On Ze Boulevard.*"

Photograph by Nicholas Muray







**M**ILDRED DAVIS (Mrs. Harold Lloyd)  
and her only rival, Mildred Gloria Lloyd.

*Photograph by Walter Fredrick Seely*



# of being FUNNY

*¶ No feat is too dangerous to attempt when a comedian goes after the laughs.*

By Paul Henry



*¶ Billy Dooley's comedy will make you split your sides—but what it did to Billy!*

Shouts from the assistant directors, and screams from a group of girls are mingled with the swish of fire hoses as an approach is made to the first stage. Rivers of water run down the approaches to the stage past the offices as you gain entrance. The first set discloses the interior of a girls' seminary where Billy Dooley, the eccentric sailor, is in the midst of being chased round and round the rooms by Jack Duffy during a fire, while as each approaches a doorway he is smitten by the full force of a hose line, manned by studio firemen.

On a staircase at the back of the set are a dozen girls perfectly drenched and waiting their cue to dash in and be drenched again. The cameras are under a big beach umbrella and further protected by backings from the onslaughts of the water.

Little clots of soaked actors and helpers are gathered around a salamander, one of the charcoal burners which furnish heat to the big barn-like interiors; they are trying to get partially dry but there is little use, for it will all have to be done over again.



*¶ The airplane hits the shed with no casualties.*



*¶ It rains alike on the funny and the unfunny.*

said, "Oh, let's see them take the scene." The other one said, "Oh, let's go. It's probably only a comedy!"

"Only a comedy." With such words were the aches and the pains and the brain fag of the comedian and his cohorts dismissed.

Yet what a lot of effort and money will be expended, and what care and time devoted, and what hazards taken to make a few laughs which will amuse people later in the movie palaces here, and which will be laughed at on the same night by a bunch of natives sitting cross-legged in a theatre in Calcutta, and by giggling Japanese schoolgirls in Tokio and by young folks and old folks in Spain and Argentine, in China and Peru.

For in making the little comedy which runs off in eighteen minutes in your favorite moving picture theatre, someone has burned a lot of midnight oil in doping out the idea; someone has shot film for three weeks, (about ten reels of it to be exact); they've built a lot of sets, and doubtless rehearsed a lot of dumb animals; they've taken a lot of bumps on the knees and the head; they've taken it under their arm three or four nights to theatres to try it out and cut and edit, and they've spent a lot of money. Of course they get it back—the money—because there is nothing more universally salable as laughs all over the world.

But they don't get much credit, unless they happen to be a comedian or an "ex-bathing girl" who "graduates" into the so-called "finer and better things of the feature picture."

So much for statistics of aches and pains and paying bills. Let's look at a typical day in the movie comedy studio



Suddenly there is a mad scramble and yells of delight. The contents of a bucket of water have suddenly descended from a runway under the roof where the electric lights are wheeled up and down, and the director of the comedy, Bill Watson, is drenched from head to foot. The entire company of a hundred people howl with glee. Watson has had everybody on the set soaked since nine A. M. and an agile youth up in the studio heavens has been trying all day to duck the director. At last he has succeeded. All is not work after all; a minute of horse-play makes all the gang feel better.

When a lull occurs in the aquatic seminary, we take a look at stage two. It seems to be a fire-and-water day at Christie's. Standing in the middle of a cabin interior in six inches of water are Jimmie Adams and Vera White.

More fire hoses are playing up into the roof in apparent abandon as far as direction is concerned, and the contents are coming down like rain through the leaky roof of the cabin. It is a Kentucky mountain shack where the comedian in the course of the picture, is being alternately shot at and half-drowned. Around the cabin set, the stage has been built up and tar-papered for a depth of ten inches so the water will stay on the floor. Everybody is soaked, including the property men, electricians, and all the actors. The electrical gang are carefully laying their cables and moving their broadsides to avoid the ever-present hazard of high voltage carried through sheets of water.

The next day the outside of the same cabin will be shot, and the fire hoses will be in evidence again. Only the exterior of the cabin is ten miles from the studio, on the forty-acre tract of Westwood where the Company has its bigger sets and street scenes. The outside of the cabin matches, in every detail of entrances and exits, the interiors which are in the studios. There's a job for somebody—keeping track of the sequences of scenes inside and outside, matching the light effects and the right and left of the entrances and exits, the adjustment of the streams of water so they will time with the action, and so on in a hundred ramifications.

Four o'clock this same afternoon word is received of an accident with the Bobby Vernon company which is out on Lankershim Boulevard taking, supposedly, their last scene of a new comedy. For several days at the back of the studio, a special truck has been in process of construction, one of the studio cars with camera platforms mounted at one side of the front. Bobby Vernon and Eddie Baker, the heavy, are handcuffed together. Another car, a roadster, is supposed to come weaving down the road ahead toward the cameras, suddenly swerving to the left and making a narrow escape from hitting the camera truck which is cued to swerve to the right.

Somebody got his cues mixed. At the last second the roadster swerved to the right. A crash and the camera truck is head-on into the roadster. Vernon and Baker go headlong into the highway. A few seconds later when they come to, the handcuffs are lying in the road. Both men are bruised and their legs cut slightly but no other physical damage. The late Houdini, in his palmiest days, could not have gotten out of handcuffs quicker. Nobody knows yet how Vernon and Baker got free but out they were. Of course the equipment was all smashed up, and

the final scene of the picture deferred several days till it could be re-assembled and the same kind of a rented roadster obtained. In the meantime, the comedians may limp around and collect their equilibrium.

One of the most thrilling stunts which I have ever seen, which will later furnish a few seconds running time in a Dooley comedy was an aeroplane crash done by "Fearless" Finley Henderson out on Ventura Boulevard a few weeks ago. Henderson has done the stunt only once before, in Indianapolis, and he says that it is all scientifically figured out how he can crash his aeroplane into a shack, completely demolishing it and his aeroplane and walk out of the ruins unscathed. It sounded hazardous and I still think, after seeing it done, it is a chance in a hundred.

A shack was built of one-inch thick boards out in the middle of a field. Two telegraph poles were firmly embedded in the ground a few yards in front of the house. Henderson bought an old aeroplane and flew it from fifteen miles away to the scene of the stunt because the field on which the shack was located was too small and too rough for a take-off. He circled around a few times and was given a signal that everything on the ground was ready. He circled once more and swooped down toward the shack, shutting off his motor. He hit the telegraph poles first which are supposed to shear off the wings of the plane, but it all happened so quickly that the collapse of the poles, plane and house, seemed to be one. A deafening clatter and

the whole thing was a mess of splintered boards. A few seconds later the firemen rushed up with their extinguishers but there was no fire. Henderson was crawling out of the mess, doffing his umpire's mask and lighting a cigarette. The only thing of value left of the aeroplane was the motor, which Henderson sold for a hundred dollars.

There used to be an old by-word credited to a couple of comedy producers in Hollywood years ago who were said to have bawled out one of their directors who wanted to take a company to Big Bear Valley, a hundred miles away, to take some scenes, speaking thusly, "Vell, a rock's a rock; a tree's a tree. Vy don't you shoot it in Griffith Park?"

From those days may have grown up the impression that a comedy is just shot anywhere and any old way, in the least possible time and with the least possible expenditure of money. But times have changed from the old backyard days when anything was good enough for a comedy.

I found from Al Christie's production manager that at least two-thirds of all the scenes in the average comedy are taken in the studio, which means, among other details, exactly the same kind of electrical generators and lights of the latest modern invention which are used in the making of the finest and most artistic feature production. I found a complete wood-working shop which takes car-load lots of raw lumber and turns them out into every conceivable kind of cabinet work and the finer finishing for doors and windows and stairways and whatnots; an iron-working shop; miles of cables, a blacksmith shop, all kinds of automobiles for hauling and transporting, and making wind machines and carrying cameras in doing the tricky traffic stunts on the streets. (Cont. on page 90)

JULIA FAYE'S SPANISH  
SHAWL HAS BEEN  
AWARDED TO

MISS FLORENCE HURLEY  
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON  
1466 East 13th Street  
Eugene, Oregon

whose letter of appreciation so aptly described the brilliancy of Julia Faye's glowing personality. The scarlet Spanish shawl will brighten the scholarly halls of University of Oregon and will always recall to Miss Hurley the many good wishes which Miss Faye sends with it.



# The Stage Coach

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

Reviewed in this Issue:

"WINDOW PANES"

"JUDY"

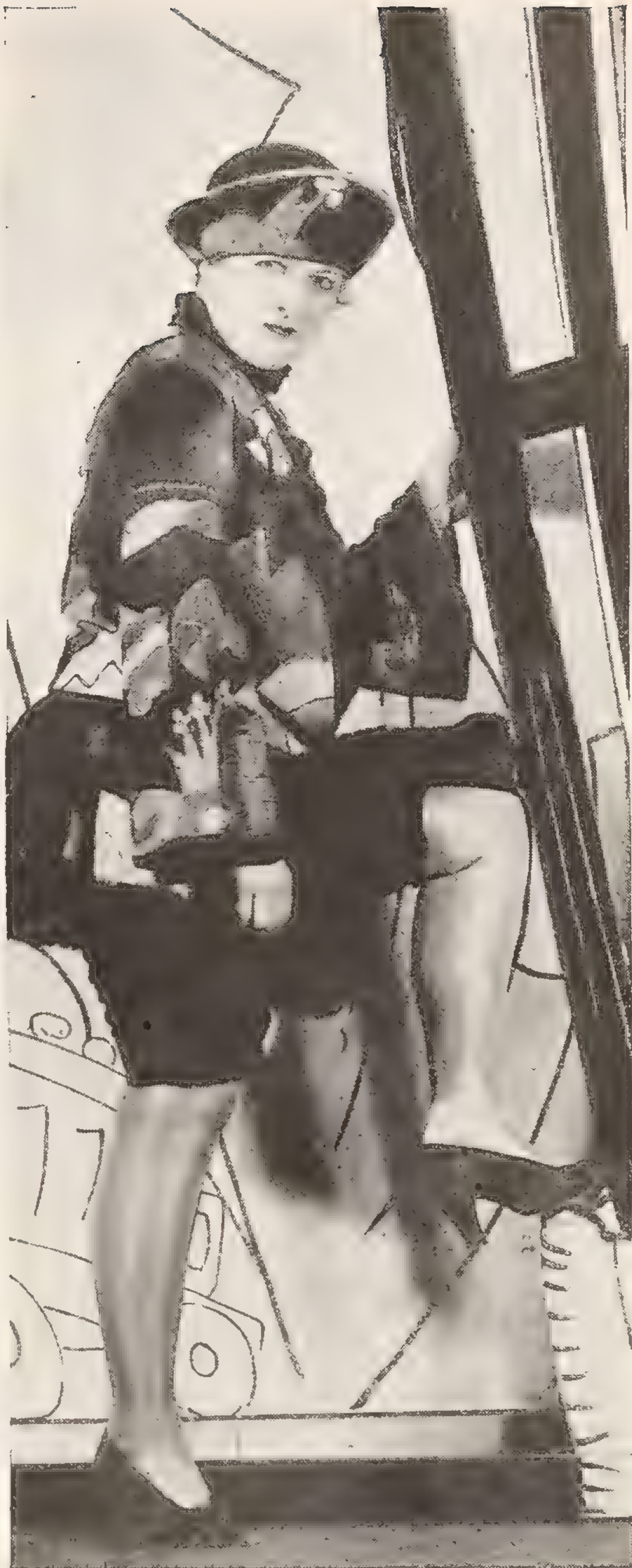
"LOUD SPEAKER"

"THE HEAVEN TAPPERS"



☞ Lulu McConnell, the charming comedienne of "Peggy Ann."

☞ Helen Gahagan and John Drew in the revival of "Trelawney of the Wells". The grand old man of the American stage again makes his traditional success.



## "Window Panes"

OLGA PRINTZLAU, the well-known scenarist, is the author of "Window Panes". As press-agent for one movie firm and another, we have in our time proclaimed to the world the merits of Miss Printzlau. As critic, we are compelled, in this instance

at least, to eat our words—and a bad meal, too.

"Window Panes" is laid in Russia, but for all that, it is a play about what looked to your correspondent like Christian Science. Now there is no reason apparent to us why there shouldn't be a mighty good drama about



☞ Linda Watkins and Fredric March in "The Devil in the Cheese", a fantasy of youthful love and whimsical humor.



this flourishing creed that Mary Baker Eddy founded. At the same time, we have never seen a creditable stage play with this theme, though the movies have done remarkably well with it.

In "Window Panes", for example, a mute boy is made to speak—and the audience laughed at the situation. We were among the laughers, but we recall that one of the finest bits of drama we have ever seen was in George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man", when the lame boy was made to walk. We saw the picture in a projection room with no music to help give the mood, and we walked out with tears in our eyes. The trouble may be, then, in the medium Miss Printzlau employed for embodying her idea. It may be that "Window Panes" has the makings of a great movie.

Be that as it may it is terrible drama, acted much better than it deserves, especially by Eileen Huban in the main role. The villain is so mean he wouldn't tell you the time unless he was paid for it. He is a reincarnation, in this symbolic play, of Judas, and for thirty pieces of silver, he, too, betrays his deliverer. But there is nothing human about him, as assuredly there must have been about Judas. No inward struggle goes on inside him; he is a puppet who represents all the evil of the world. And the only puppet plays we have ever been interested in are Tony Sarg's marionettes. And, occasionally, Punch and Judy.

### "Loud Speaker"

At the 52nd Street Theatre, five young men—oh, not too young, for they are about our age—have organized the New Playwrights Theatre, with the avowed purpose of showing such writers as Owen Davis and such managers as Al Woods and Arthur Hopkins just where they get off. As revealed by their first offering, "Loud Speaker", such writers and managers as we have listed above get off very well indeed.

And that is a little surprising, too. For on the board of five are John DosPassos, whose novel of the war had something to say; Francis Edwards Faragoh, whose "Pinwheel" at the Neighborhood we liked so well; John Howard Lawson, whose "Roger Bloomer", "Nirvana" and "Processional" showed definite promise and even fulfillment; Michael Gold, with whom we used to, in our college days, advance the cause of revolution, and Em Jo Basshe, whom we don't know so well. But forgetting—if you can—Mr. Basshe's name, four out of five, when it doesn't signify pyorrhea, is eighty per cent.

So we went hoping for something. But "Loud Speaker", in spite of the fact that Lawson wrote it, in spite of its new scenery—not so new this year, by the way—is just a bunch of blah. There are one or two wise cracks in it, but if it is a play, then the Automobile Show is Art, and we are Euripides. It is shows like "Loud Speaker", so "new" and determinedly modern, that drive us to the

safe, sane and conservative drama of "Abie's Irish Rose".

### "Judy"

At the opening several years ago of the Kaufman-Connolly musical comedy, "Helen of Troy", your correspondent—some of our best people are going in for open-air confessions openly arrived at, so why should we have any reticence?—fell deeply in love with Queenie Smith. He had been aware, in his previous theatre attendance, of the presence of the Smith person; but up to the night aforementioned, he had been able to take her or leave her. On that memorable night, however, when staid first-nighters forgot their reserve and let loose the types of cheers usually reserved for Babe Ruth, your correspondent became aware that Cupid had smote him, hip, thigh and heart. And that, ladies and gentlemen, to wind up a long paragraph, is why we liked "Judy".

"Judy" is an unpretentious musical comedy. Of course, that may be because it hasn't so much in its libretto to be pretentious about. Still, a lot of people and shows are pretentious with no excuse at all. It's the simple Cinderella story—even simpler than most—of the poor young girl and the rich young man and how they fell in love the first time they saw each other, and how, in spite of a snobbish family and a wicked step-father, they succeeded in living happily ever after the curtain fell. Right out of Grimm's fairy tales, and pure as a picture passed by Will Hays.

Charlie Rosoff has done the music, and Charlie has done better—and will. But, after all, "Judy" is the only show in town that has Queenie Smith in it. Charles Purcell is also among those present, and much better than he's ever been. The song that we like best is a piece of Shakespearean verse entitled, "When Gentlemen Grew Whiskers and Ladies Grew Old".

### "The Heaven Tappers"

We really shouldn't be reviewing "The Heaven Tappers". The whole thing is just a dreadful mistake. We started out to review something else. But suppose we start from the beginning.

It happened this way. We had a dinner date with three sterling Prohibitionists: Jed Harris, the young man who produced "Broadway"; Louis Weitzenkorn and Frank Sullivan, of the New York World, which is a paper we used to write for in its best days. It seems Weitzenkorn had bet Sullivan that he could convert us to the cause; Harris, being a shrewd producer, was holding the stakes, which were in francs and made quite an impression.

Well, first Weitzenkorn told (Continued on page 89)



“Claudette Colbert in "The Barker", the circus story that has made one of the individual successes of Broadway.



# The Fashionable Josephine Dunn



☞ The beautiful gowns worn by Miss Dunn especially for SCREENLAND are from the Fifth Avenue store of Avedon and Company, Inc.

☞ Photographs from the studio of Don Diego, Inc.



☞ A little dance frock of crepe georgette with beaded motifs imported by Avedon.

☞ The "Tantivy" silk crepe ensemble worn by Josephine Dunn is favored by the fashionable younger set. The one piece frock has the new Jenny tab and a separate cardigan jacket of silk.

☞ Josephine Dunn wears the "Tantivy" smart coat in Kashmireen with shawl collar of American broadtail.



THIS is Josephine Dunn's winning year. Just the other day the electric lights shining out on Broadway from the Paramount Theatre spelled out the name of the happiest girl in New York. Josephine Dunn is the leading woman in "Love's Greatest Mistake".

SCREENLAND, taking advantage of Miss Dunn's happy mood when it was quite impossible for her to say no to anything, asked her to wear these lovely clothes for its fashion page, and by the magic of her beauty she has succeeded in changing it to a gallery of happy youth—lending to every garment the charm of her own personality.





Richard Barthelmess takes up the study of evolution. He says that he will go on with it as soon as he gets an organ.

# Chatter from Hollywood

By Martin Martin

Of course the event of this month in Hollywood was the Wampas Ball, which is the annual and only occasion, on which the fans can believe the advertisements and see all the stars—for a price.

This year the price was twenty dollars a couple, and try and get a seat after you got there.

As a matter of fact about 3000 people did, but there was another 1000 which hovered around the aisles and exits like ghosts in purgatory. The press agents of Hollywood, who put on the ball, in doubling the price of admission, had announced that only 3000 tickets would be sold. "Bring your wife and we will guarantee you a place to leave her," was the oral promise of one of the publicizing gentry.

But while those who arrived at a fashionable hour were milling around trying to find a seat, an announcer rose in a prominent place and narrated that the Wampas was overcome with embarrassment because it had been discovered that 1000 counterfeit tickets had been sold by some opportunist of our city.

The audience laughed gamely at the joke, especially those who were seated.

But seriously, it was a brilliant ball, and the acts were all that had been promised. Everyone naturally was keyed up for the introduction of the thirteen "Baby Stars" selected by the publicity men as the most promising



Bill Tilden the old time champion of the tennis world appears on the screen in "The Crowd".



Margaret Quimby and Edward Everett Horton all wrapped in their work.



film newcomers. This is the annual piece-de-resistance of the ball.

As most of you know by now, the selection this year was: Patricia Avery, Helene Costello, Rita Carewe, Barbara Kent, Natalie Kingston, Mary McAllister, Frances Lee, Gladys McConnell, Sally Phipps, Sally Rand, Iris Stuart, Martha Sleeper and Adamae Vaughn.

In case some of these names are new to you, and they probably are because the publicity men really try to prophesy, Patricia Avery is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Helene Costello, sister to Dolores, is at Warner Brothers; Rita Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the director, has appeared in several of her father's pictures including "Resurrection"; Barbara Kent was the little sister of Lars Hansen in "Flesh and the Devil"; Natalie Kingston is at First National; Mary McAllister is a free-lance whom you probably remember as Red Grange's sweetheart in "One Minute To Play"; Frances Lee is at Christie (do you remember her dancing act with Billie Dooley in vaudeville?); Gladys McConnell has been playing at Hal Roach's and incidentally has married a member of the Wampas, Arthur Hageman, who put her over as a "Baby Star"; Sally Phipps is at William Fox and will have an important role in "Cradle Snatchers"; Sally Rand is at Cecil B. De Mille's; Iris Stuart is at Famous Players-Lasky and used to be an artist's model, particularly her hands, which are very beautiful; Martha Sleeper is with Hal Roach in comedy and Adamae Vaughn is sister to Alberta, who sent out letters, cigars and sos's to get Adamae's name on the coveted list.

I went to the Wampas Ball with the intention of getting the description of the gown of every "Baby Star", but my wife and I were wedged up in a corner (lucky to get it) and could get only a few.

Patricia Avery wore a frock of pink chiffon trimmed in crystals, silver lace and flowers.

Barbara Kent wore a gown of white satin



Ⓒ Bows of the same. Bebe Daniels falls in with newest Hollywood fashion and what Bebe doesn't know about beaux!

with godets of chiffon in the skirt, the whole being embroidered in pearls and rhinestones.

Sally Rand had a quaint costume fashioned with a white satin bodice and a very full and long ruffled skirt of tulle.

Rita Carewe wore black velvet with brilliant embroidery.

Frances Lee wore a pink satin gown of the bouffant type with flower trimming.

Adamae Vaughn was gowned in a ruffled frock of pearl colored chiffon.

Of the lot, Sally Rand undoubtedly was the most stunning, in a sophisticated way, while Mary McAllister was the prettiest.

To show you how these girls feel at being selected "Baby Stars", Adamae Vaughn wilted like a lovely flower as she stood on the great stage, and was carried away in a dead faint.

Fred Niblo, who is the most suave of all our masters of ceremony, stuck his head behind the curtain and found she was all right. He told the audience via the microphone: "Being a 'Baby Star' is such an unusual experience that the young lady fainted. That's all. She's all right now. I heard her talking back there just now." There were no other mishaps at the ball.

The entertainment was of a high order. Doug Fairbanks played a set of that fast-moving game, "Doug", an invention of his own which is a cross between tennis and battle dore. Doug and his three fellow players kept the audience laughing or applauding by their footwork.

The Duncan sisters were seen in the Topsy and Eva sketch in which they have been appearing in vaudeville. Irene Bordoni, Ray-

mond Hitchcock, Eddie Cantor and Trixie Friganza all were there.

A memorable portion of the evening was the appearance of twenty stars in sequences from their outstanding motion pictures of last year.



Duplicate settings of those in the motion pictures had been constructed and the players appeared in the same costumes they wore when the pictures were filmed.

Norma and Constance Talmadge were there, which stamped the ball as an event, if you know how hard it is to get them to make an appearance at a function of the sort.

In fact it appeared to me to be the most brilliant of all the Wampas parties.

—o—

A sad aftermath to the selection of the "Baby Stars" is the news that Iris Stuart, one of their numbers, will have to retire from the screen for a long time at least, as she is threatened with a complete nervous breakdown.

Miss Stuart got up out of bed to appear at the Wampas Ball. Physicians at Famous Players-Lasky, where she is under contract, have advised an immediate retirement to a sanitarium, where she can rest and build up for a return to the screen.

For one who has had a bitter disappointment, Iris Stuart is bearing up bravely.

"I am going to do everything I can to regain my strength," she says, "but if I can never come back to the screen, well I will just have to make the best of it."

—o—

What is your idea of Lya De Putti, I wonder? Tall or small? I'll tell you, she's small. And much slenderer than she was, as she proudly informed me the other day.

Lya is in the hands of the dieticians, as are most of the actresses in Hollywood.

She is a birdlike creature with a daintily inquisitive nose, and sharp black eyes.

In her effort to make herself understood in English, she always seems to be overbalancing toward you.

And, believe me, in the words of Elinor Glyn, she has "It."

Lya is very friendly with Joseph Schild-

kraut and his wife, Elise Bartlett. The Schildkrauts were out at her house to the same party that I was, and when they left Lya kissed the handsome Joseph in a friendly way. (This, of course, is an old European custom and was all right because Mrs. Schildkraut was there.)

I understand that De Mille has signed Miss De Putti on a long time contract following her performance in "The Heart Thief" in which she played opposite Schildkraut.

There was no rumor of any temperamental outbursts while the diminutive actress was with De Mille.



© Sally O'Neil and Charles Delaney making "Frisco Sally Levy" frisky.



© Viola Richards, a newcomer, has the necessary Universal joints.



© The serious Keaton youngsters get their cues from their daddy, the unsmiling Buster.



# They Say



By Marion of Hollywood

☞ An airplane crash for the film "Red, White and Blue" which fails to interest the Hollywood bachelor who has caught sight of Greta Garbo.

I THINK that Spring has come! At least, Lizzie and I rode out today to Culver City and she was in so good a mood I could hardly keep her on the road, and can think of nothing else but Spring on whom

to lay the blame. Of course, the night before I had been to the opening of "Flesh and the Devil", and that might have been a reason, although it hardly would account for the somewhat belated youth and spryness of Miss Lizzie Ford. The little dark escort accompanied me, and to start the evening right Joe Sherman from over there at Metro-Goldwyn

saw me coming and announced that "Marion of Hollywood, of SCREENLAND Magazine" was arriving! Then, when I got inside, nearly right next to me sat Greta and Jack Gilbert. You can see them all day long at the studio;

you can talk with them for hours in a corner of a set or at the lunch counter; but there's something different about greeting them at an exciting opening, with everybody looking on and wishing for all they're worth that they too could sort of nonchalantly say—"Oh, hello there, Jack," or,—"Greta, how are you tonight? Certainly you must



☞ Colleen Moore brings the spirit of her new picture "Naughty But Nice" when calling on Natalie Kingston and Charlie Murray.



have had to hurry to take that make-up off and be here on time." And you know, ever since that night I've wondered if they'll really ever find a minister and say their "better and for worse?" I asked my little escort what he thought, and with a twinkle in his eye he told me that possibly they would, as Spring is coming soon, and lots of things like that are known to happen in the Spring. Such silly talk! But Spring is in the air—or in my heart; I don't know which—and even Lizzie has that free and wicked feeling in her tin.

\* \* \*

Elinor certainly started something with her "it." We can't get away from it now no matter how hard we try. The other night I was glancing through the evening paper, and there I found the



least suspecting "it" I ever hoped to hear about. Here's how it read:

"A Home that has  
'IT'

An indescribable charm prevades this home. It has that 'it' which is as rare among houses as it is among people. Would really serve to emphasize 'it' of person wanting to purchase right kind of home."

Isn't that pretty good? It reminds me of Tommy, the office boy, who is supposed to take a test for the movies because Elinor accuses him of having "it". Tommy objects, because he "doesn't want to

¶ George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver in "The Collegians" demonstrate that a college education is not wasted.



¶ Greta Garbo and John Gilbert at the opening of their picture "Flesh and the Devil".





be an actor—always out of work and never knowing where the next square meal is coming from.”

\* \* \*

And every month some one of us out here goes on and up even though things at times look dull and gray and nobody seems to know we're fighting long and hard. You've heard of our Ralph Spence, our George Marion, Jr., and Mike Boylan title writers, and pretty quick you're going to find yourself looking for another name. It's Don—Don Eddy—Don, of the lazy smile; the silly talk; “than whom there is no whomer”. You've heard that nonsense line of his before. Don's just our one who's hit this month, and when you see his boy Harry's “Long Pants” in your town, maybe you'll notice a flash of credit reading, left to right, like this: “Titles by Don Eddy”. Good luck, Don! Here's to you, for many is the tired frown you've turned into a pleasant smile for us in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

Without a bit of warning to a single one of us out here, quiet Donald Keith up and married a nice young lady yesterday. Of course he told us after all the promises were made, but that's much too late for rice and things that make a wedding party real. They must just have waited until Donald finished playing Lois Moran's leading man in “The Whirlwind of Youth” and then slipped away. It must be nice to be a bride and groom when Spring is in the air!

I suppose if it happened in a story or a picture folks would be inclined to laugh and say coincidence like that is merely fiction. I met Clive Brook last week and he tells me that by some trick of fate he, Evelyn Brent and Josef von Sternberg are going to work together over at Paramount in “Underworld”. A number of years have passed since that same three were together, making a picture in merrie old England. It was a surprise to me, because while I had always known that he and Evelyn were from across the sea, I don't seem to remember when eccentric Josef wasn't part of Hollywood. That's

like him though—slipping here and there, his cane in hand, rather unnoticed and alone. I hope his “Underworld” will be a great success.

“Go on in and put some clothes on! You're a disgrace to the house of Beery,” says Noah to Wallace, who is all dressed up for his newest picture “The Big Sneeze”.



There is standing room only when Barbara Kent makes a picture or rides.



# The Gay Dogs of Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

colored collars, and looked very gay, especially with the bright tapes which served to divide the lanes in which the dogs ran.

"What's that man doing with the Turkish towel?" demanded Patsy.

"Sh, dearie, don't show your ignorance," I commanded. "In the bright lexicon of whippet racing there is no such word as Turkish towel. The thing that looks so much like a Turkish towel, in whippet parlance, is called 'the rag.' And that man, as you call him, is the runner-up."

The runners-up walked down the lane with the dogs, which they placed in the hands of the slippers, who took hold of the dogs by neck and tail. Then the runners-up ran the entire course to the end with their rags. When they waved the rags, the slippers let the logs loose, and how they did go!

There were sixteen dogs, and each somehow managed to keep in his own lane. Sometimes there are awful fights Clarence Brown told us, when the dogs get into each other's lanes.

No star's dog won, although several had dogs in the races. The dogs ran four heats and finals, and there were eliminations after each heat. The dogs eliminated were brought to their owners in the grand stand, and what a row they made, to be sure!

Aileen Pringle owns a prize whippet, which won ribbons and cups at the Ventura County Fair whippet races a few weeks ago, but her dog wasn't racing that day. Katherine Albert, who writes for SCREENLAND, was on hand with her dog. I understand that John T. Murray owns a racer called Nellie Quick, which he introduces into nearly every whippet race, and which has won several ribbons, but he was absent, too.

There seems to be a growing interest in this sport. Down at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where they cultivate sports, they had a wonderful race the other day, with all the stars looking on and many of them entering dogs.

Several of the members of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, which went South to make the picture, grew very deeply interested in the game, as they have whippet races all through the south, and now Arthur Edmund Carew and others are buying whippets to race in California.

"CARL LAEMMLE'S gorgeous grounds around his gorgeous new home in Beverly Hills look exactly like a country club this evening, with these hundreds of automobiles all about, don't they?" exclaimed Patsy, as we came within the circle of light from the immense house, which is built in the old mission style of architecture, and is most picturesque with its beautiful arches, flanking the porches or, more properly, corridors, which run the length of the front, its deep, embrasured windows, its completely homey, hospitable air with the lights shining from doors and windows, despite its immense size. Great trees and gardens outside add to the charm of the place. The house has been named the Casa Grande del Monte. And lives up to it!

"There must be at least two hundred people here!" exclaimed Pat in an awe-struck tone, as we entered the arched doorway, and had to look for our host and our hostess, Carl Laemmle and Rosabelle, his daughter, who were positively lost in the throng.

Mr. Laemmle was a most kindly and genial host, managing to express to each

guest who came to shake hands with him his pleasure at greeting him or her.

And Rosabelle is an adorable little hostess, easy, charming, thoughtful, witty, with exactly the right word for everybody at the right moment.

A buffet dinner was served in the large dining room, and the living room had been cleared of rugs, an orchestra played, and after dinner everybody danced, or sat about on the deep, comfortable sofas and chairs and chatted, or toasted marshmallows in front of the big fire in the huge fireplace.

Claire Windsor looked beautiful in a fancy sports dress of some soft white woolen material embroidered in silver, with a jacket effect. Constance Talmadge came in sports clothes, too, but very simple ones—sweater, skirt and little sport hat. The affair being one from five to ten p. m., and informal, guests could wear what they pleased.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick were there, and Colleen looked awfully sweet in a charming sports suit.

Both Paul Kohner and that lovely Mary Philbin were there. They are supposed to be engaged; and Irving Thalberg brought his sweet little mother, to whom he is very devoted.

Betty Blythe, who lately came from Europe, looked stunning in a black lace afternoon gown. She was with her husband, Paul Scardon.

Betty herself has taken a new house in Beverly Hills, and is shortly to give a house-warming party.

Buster Keaton and his wife, Natalie Talmadge, were there, and Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Laura LaPlante and William Seiter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey, and dozens of others of the real film citizens of Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Sol Lesser has just come back from Europe, and Pat and I had a chat with him and his wife. Sol learned to cook while in Paris! Which does seem reasonable, after all, when you come to think of it.

"I do hope he will cook you and me a dinner some day," confided Pat.

Constance Talmadge has a two month's vacation, and says that she is going to spend it right in Hollywood, because she has more fun there than anywhere else.

For the first time since her baby was born, Eileen Percy, who is Mrs. Ulrich Busch in real life, was attending a party. In fact, she declared it was the second time that she had been out of the house.

"My baby of course had to have the name of Ulrich, after his father; but I don't believe in wishing a name like that on a child without his consent," she declared vivaciously. "So I've given him an initial—his name is C. Ulrich Busch. And he can get a name for himself to suit the initial when he is older."

Constance Talmadge told how she met Eileen, the first day the young mother was out, down on Hollywood Boulevard, and how Eileen said, "Have you seen my baby around anywhere?" as though she expected the infant to be walking about! Though of course it turned out that the nurse had him out for air, and somehow Eileen had lost track of them while she was shopping.

Earl Williams and Florine, his wife, were there, too, and of course they had to tell the latest anecdote about their little girl.

We met Vivian Duncan early in the eve-

ning, and she said that Rosetta was sick in bed with a sore throat; but Rosetta, much to everybody's surprise, bobbed up an hour later with her throat done up in flannels and a silk scarf. She had been taking a lot of gymnasium work, because of the stunts she has to do in "*Topsy and Eva*," and had taken cold.

Somebody demanded that the Duncans sing for us, and though Rosabelle Laemmle tried to defend Rosetta against the onslaught, the Duncan enthusiasts just wouldn't let them off, and, however Rosetta felt, she certainly sang with all her usual vivacity, comedy and pep. We all joined in the choruses of the songs we knew.

Patsy Ruth Miller as usual had a circle of beaux about her, though she came with her father and mother. She danced a lot with George Lewis and with Carl Laemmle, Jr., an engaging and clever youth, who is writing. The last I saw of Patsy, when I was saying goodbye, she had changed fur coats with Rosetta.

"We're going to change for a week," said Patsy, "and then whichever of us first meets the other without the other wearing—"

"Let me get this straight," said I.

"Well, if I meet Rosetta, and I'm wearing her coat, but she isn't wearing mine, then I claim her coat as well as my own; and vice versa."

"But supposing neither of you is wearing the other's coat," I suggested.

"Then we just change back again," said Patsy Ruth.

Norman Kerry, fascinating as ever, was on hand with his ever-so-nice wife.

May McAvooy came quite late with Johnny Hines.

And of course the minute Johnny made his appearance, there in the big living room, he had to dance for us. He is splendid in the jigging stuff, and Rosetta Duncan demanded that he do it again slowly, so that she could get a good look at the steps.

Carmel Myers was with her mother.

"Now isn't that clever of Carmel," remarked Patsy. "Gives her such a lovely chance to flirt with a lot of different men in all the fascinating corners of this house!"

Irving Asher was quite attentive to Constance Talmadge.

"I don't really prefer blondes," he said,—you know Constance is a tow-head,—"but you have brown eyes."

He kiddingly proposed to Constance, and Constance said all right she would marry him if he would wait until June, because she had never been a June bride!

Mme. Aldrich, who used to be in grand opera, you know, and who is now playing in "*The Miracle*" in Los Angeles, came in around nine o'clock, and sang some wonderful songs for us in her rich soprano.

After that Eddie Phillips constituted himself the announcer of the entertainment features, and declared that as the floor was all full of holes anyhow from Johnny Hines's dancing, that Mervyn Leroy would now be permitted to dance.

"Mervyn is certainly good both at head and feet, isn't he," remarked Patsy. "You know he writes all that clever comedy business for Colleen Moore, and yet look how he can dance!"

We caught just a glimpse of George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, who left early; and we heard that Eddie Cantor and his wife had come and gone before we arrived, which made us very sad, as we



were dying to chat with them.

I don't know how ever Walter Pidgeon got out of singing for us, but probably it was because he modestly ducked out of the living room into the corridor or the veranda whenever there seemed a likelihood of his being asked.

"And aren't there a lot of famous directors here!" exclaimed Patsy.

We met Clarence Brown and his wife, Paul Leni and Mrs. Leni, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sloman, Mr. and Mrs. Svend Gade, King Baggot, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Brown, Sid Grauman, Lois Weber and her husband Captain Harry Gantz.

We heard that Mr. and Mrs. Emil Janings and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny had come and gone before we arrived; and Robert Agnew came just as we were leaving.

That nice Jean Hersholt and his wife were there, and Kathleen Key, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Lehr, Abe Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Puffy, Sylvia Thalberg, Mannie Lowenstein, John Miljan and many others.

Vilma Banky has come back from her vacation in Canada, and it must have done her good, as she looked rosy and lovely. She wore a dark red velvet dress trimmed in white and a red velvet hat. She said she had enjoyed the winter sports in Canada, but all in all was delighted to get back to Hollywood.

"Oh, there's Elinor Patterson!" exclaimed Patsy, who recognized the actress from having seen her in *"The Miracle."*

Somebody introduced us to Miss Patterson, who told us she had just signed with Universal, and was very much pleased about it. She has such a vividly expressive face, she should be very successful in pictures.

There are such charming little nooks and corners, such long vistas of corridor with arched doorways, in Mr. Laemmle's home, all open for us to have a look at, that we found it hard to tear ourselves away.

The projection room was built by Thomas H. Ince, who used to own the house, and it has been made and decorated in imitation of a ship's cabin and deck, making a novel feature, especially as the walls were decorated to represent sea and sky.

We told Mr. Laemmle he should be most happy to stay in this lovely home, but I rather think from his answer that he means to be roving abroad again soon.

"I WONDER if Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo have made up? They do seem awfully happy together, don't they?" demanded Patsy.

We were guests of Mrs. Clarence Brown at the Montmartre after the opening of *"The Flesh and the Devil,"* at the party which she was giving in honor of her husband, and Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo were there.

"They dance so divinely together," pursued Patsy, "that it does seem as though they should be engaged. Jack certainly seems awfully devoted, but with those blond, foreign girls, you can never tell!"

Since then we have heard that the en-

gagement is broken off, and that they are simply friends.

"Well, I don't believe that!" exclaimed Pat. "Either they are engaged, or they are hardly friends. Two people like that wouldn't be just friends!"

But at the party at least they were very much together. Neither seemed to eat any supper, but they danced together all the time.

"She surely has that 'come hither' look in her eye, hasn't she?" whispered Patsy as the two whirled past in a very beautiful waltz.

"I thought the waltz went out with the horse and buggy," said Mrs. Brown, "but Jack and Greta surely will bring it back into fashion again."

"Well, all I can say," said Tom Mix, "is, that I hope they don't dance the Black Bottom, because that surely would take all the romance out of it."

Jack told us he meant to go to Europe this spring, and we wondered if it would be a bridal trip.

Tom danced with Mrs. Harry Carey, just a nice Fox-Trot, and Harry Carey danced with Grace Gordon, while Vicky Mix sat and chatted with us. She wasn't dancing that evening.

Everybody was congratulating Clarence Brown on the success of his picture, but he was behaving very calmly about it.

"I'll bet if the end of the world were to come, and he had a commission to film it for the inhabitants of Mars, he wouldn't show any excitement," remarked Patsy.

"Don't be silly," I said, "he is a lot more excited than he pretends to be!"

## *B r a i d s—Continued from page 35*

"Dead."

Parker shot out a sympathetic hand. "Sorry, boy—don't tell me if it gives you pain—" But the other had gone on half to himself.

"I went to Napoli on business for my father—a three day's journey, my eyes filled with the beauty of Zita as I had last seen her—Vesuvius, she erupt—I rushed home—to find our little village in ruins, my family gone—Zita's family gone—all, all perished. Ah well, I came to America—no longer could I stand Italy that reminded me of my beloved one—I started a little fruit stand—then Picolo, he came. He was a little, little boy then—but smart! A newsboy. He taught me English and stayed always with me. But for him! Ah Dios! But he understood and made me laugh sometimes. He told me to take my fruit stand to Gramercy Park—that many rich people live there, so I did. Always I did what Picolo said.

"Well, one day a man came and stared at me while I wrapped up his fruit for him. Next day he came again—I must have looked funny because I dressed always in native costume. It is more cheerful than the ugly clothes we wear here. Picolo was curious though. 'Know that bird, John?' he asked. I said I didn't. 'Well keep an eye for him—he's got something up his sleeve.'

"Sure enough, next day the man came again—this time with a friend, older and rather a solid looking person. And they stared and stared until Picolo could stand it no longer. Walking up to them he said, 'Say Boss, what's on yer mind? This here's a friend of mine and I'm lookin' out fer him'.

"We all laughed at this—except Picolo

who was in dead earnest. The older of the two men patted him on the head much to his disgust.

"You're looking out for him are you? Well sonny, how about putting your friend in the movies?"

Picolo dug both hands in his pockets and spat contemptuously—always a sign of pleasure with him. But his eyes never left the face of the speaker.

"Quit yer kiddin', he drawled coldly.

"Well, Jim, you know the rest," John finished.

For days the studio gossip concerned John Mario's emotional awakening—and Beatrice Vert was the target of much kidding at the Studio Club.

"So our demure little Trix is the winner of the mansion, and incidentally of the sweetest boy in Hollywood," chirped Dorothy Gregory, a statuesque blonde who had worked with John in several pictures.

"No girls, you're all wrong," said Beatrice a bit wistfully. "He isn't really in love with me at all—I know he isn't—Oh," as a chorus of derisive exclamations showered upon her—"he takes me out and is charming I know, but there is something mysterious about it. It's just as though I were part of a puzzle that fitted into something he was trying to remember. He doesn't know yet that I am not the part he wants—but he will soon—I found it out today."

"Well," laughed Gloria, whose dark beauty had captured a dozen Hollywood scalps, "You'll be a dumbbell, if you ever let him guess you're not the whole puzzle!"

"I really think he is in love with Maria's braids—she loaned them to me for this picture. He always notices them and he doesn't know yet that they aren't mine—he never

sees me without a hat except on the set."

One evening John drove Beatrice to a plateau in the Hollywood Hills to watch the sun set, which as everyone knows is a dangerous thing to do. To look out over the San Fernando valley at the hills covered with purple lupins and mile upon mile of golden poppies deepening in color under the purple haze. It is almost more beauty than most people can bear without emotion.

A steady singing sound told of a motor climbing the steep incline. It meant that they would not long be alone. John drove Beatrice into a close embrace while a hand brushed her hat unceremoniously to the ground.

"Sweetheart," John murmured and then his eyes became fixed upon the trimness of her bobbed hair. "Your—your hair," he gasped, "Your beautiful hair. Why did you cut it?"

"It has been cut for years, John," Beatrice held his gaze steadily, "The braids were never mine. They belong to a girl at the Club, and we all borrow them when we have a 'long haired call'. She is a scenarist so doesn't have to bother about such things. Somehow I always knew that it was my 'hair' you liked," she said laughing nervously for John looked as though he had seen a ghost.

And then the climbing car rounded the curve and broke the magic spell between them.

Afterwards, although John told himself a thousand times that he was an ass, the fact remained that the "kick" was missing thereafter in his companionship with Beatrice.

Once more his career claimed his thought. The picture was a great success—a power-



ful love story was chosen as a "follow up" and Parker wanted Beatrice Vert to play the feminine lead. But Beatrice, when she heard of it, quickly accepted another and outwardly less attractive offer to do a picture in Hawaii, feeling that continued nearness to John would be an unhappy association for them both.

Palm Springs, the Hollywood of the Painted Desert, was selected as the locale of the new Parker productoin.

John had never been in Palm Springs before and it delighted him—a tiny oasis in a tiny desert, it earned its picturesque name from the Indians because of the brilliant variety of colors—that played over its sands and enclosing mountains like the moods of a beautiful woman.

As John and Parker left the hotel dining room he noticed a stunningly dressed young woman standing in an ante room talking animatedly to an admiring group. Her back was toward John but there seemed something vaguely familiar about it. "Who is that girl, Jim?" he asked.

"Over there talking to Sandby? She is known as Maria Theresa, a corking scenarist. Want her to do a picture for you but she's so all fired busy I couldn't hook her up for this one. Come on over and meet her. She's some gal too, though that doesn't mean a thing to you I know."

John laughed, "Poor old Jim—still trying to shake me out of my single blessedness?"

Let me meet her tomorrow—the desert calls me tonight," and he sauntered out to the patio where the company orchestra was giving a concert. John sat alone outside the rim of people gathered about the fire. The music—the silence and blackness of the desert affected him enormously. Against the sky and rising moon stood the grim outlines of Tarqua, a volcanic mountain someone had told him of that day. A quaint story too. Many years ago the oasis and mud baths, famous throughout the state for their curative powers, had been on the other side of the mountain. Then one day, as the Indians put it, Tarqua talked. The mud baths and the oasis disappeared and it was many months before they were discovered in their present location. John shuddered, remembering the horror such an one had brought to him in the past. Yet in the moonlight it looked unearthly, very mysterious and beguiling. The view would be wonderful up there. He decided to climb it.

Standing on the summit John thought he had never seen anything as lovely. Faint strains of music floated up to him from the patio. Everything was touched by the fairy wand of moonlight.

Early memories crowded into John's mind—memories both bitter and sweet. He saw again the limpid waters of the Bay of Naples—a sheet of moultin sapphire with

little wavelets lapping the hot white sands of the graceful shore. Purple sloops of vineyards stretching mile upon mile over the surrounding hills.

Happy days those, when life was one gay song from morn to eve—Close, close these early memories surged about his heart, and when, turning at the sound of a footfall, he was only faintly surprised to see Zita standing there.

"Zita—Zita, my dearest," he murmured to the vision before him. But a little warm paw clutched his and a voice spoke his name. This, certainly, was not a dream. "Zita," he cried amazed and frightened.

She was in his arms now, crying and laughing all at once, "Ah, Pietro, Pietro, the Blessed Virgin promised me that I would find you."

But after the excitement of the romance of John Mario, popular screen star, and Maria Theresa, scenarist, had subsided a trifle it took the unreligious Jim Parker to point out that this was a funny world.

"These damned volcanos seem to do anything they take a notion to. They get sick of seeing mud baths on their north and shift them around to the south—they separate two people in Italy for no good reason and bring them together again in California. Hot stuff I'll say. But it cans any idea a guy may have that there's such a word as 'impossible'."

## *The Clown Turns Ringmaster—Continued from page 52*

I was unfortunate enough to achieve quick success as a two-reel comedy producer but owing to my inexperience I had signed a bad contract. My pictures were tied up and could not be released, and I could not work for two years.

Had I admitted defeat to myself at this time, my name would be unknown today. Refusing to admit that you're licked is half the battle, no matter how dark the view may be. Another demoralizing influence in anyone's life is self-pity. I'm sure of that. Whenever self-pity gets the upper hand defeat comes in the door.

I kept right on fighting for I guess I didn't know any better. Then "The Wizard of Oz," my first Feature, proved one of the best money makers of the year and I was glad I stuck. Unquestionably my whole heart and soul was in the production, for I somehow felt that my future success as a producer of Features would depend upon it. I was quite excited at the reception of this picture and plunged into the making of other features. This year I have concentrated my energies upon "Spuds", a comedy-feature production of the World War for fall release. I have tried in every way to make this a classic of the ebullient struggle, trying to live the humble character of "Spuds," who is the living composite of all the unfortunate soldiers who ever did K. P. duty while in the service.

This portrayal of my life struggle interests the students of philosophy only in that it proves what can be overcome if we keep our minds right. Psychology is the keynote of life. For if you admit to yourself that you are whipped, you might as well shout it to the world. The mind absolutely radi-

ates its inner workings and determines our fate.

Never let the other fellow take your stamina by his winning the first race. The psychology of that first victory or defeat is almost phenomenal. It may pave your road to future success or ultimate failure, as the case may be. Just plug on and when the smoke of battle clears it is often the sticker who is there instead of the fellow who flashed on the horizon. Never go home discouraged to sit down and mope. Go to the golf course and work your problems out in the open. The fresh air serves as a tonic for waning spirits and physical exercise prevents mental depression. If your mind is discouraged, that knowledge is broadcast to all you come in contact with, so keep away from your fellow workers until your spirits are in the ascendancy again.

My big problems are always met on the golf course. When Dorothy Dwan came to work for me several years ago, she represented the mixture of innocence, intelligence, womanliness, girlishness, common-sense and unsophistication which I had long since ceased to hope for in one small girl. Each day when work was finished, I went alone to the golf course, and there it seemed all my difficulties were ironed out for me. My career was at its turning point at this time. Discouragement and inevitable loss had confronted me for two years, due to legal entanglements. Dorothy gave me the incentive to rise above all this, to acquire new courage to fight the issue. I not only had my own place to hold with the public for her sake, but I realized she must be given a chance as well. We won out in the end, after a struggle, for we are both

determined fighters. Today we are successful, happy and harmonious in all things.

A man must love some woman more than himself to succeed. True happiness is being able to give the girl you love the material things she wants, and the protection she needs. No man makes his fullest success until he marries a girl he loves.

Furthermore, anyone in contact with the world needs a sense of humor or he is lost! Life is full of seeming trials and tribulations, but a smile will dispel many troubles. Those who work on my pictures speak of the harmony and quiet which surrounds us. Everything is attuned to the smoothly working production and its ultimate successful completion. And why not? No one gains anything by shouting raucously and trying to frighten others into subjective obedience. Everyone works best under kind direction and helpful guidance. I laugh with my boys, sing with them during the lunch hour, and listen to their worries and hopes and fears. Send your workmen home with a cheerful thought and kindly feeling in their hearts, in order to secure the best work tomorrow.

Competition is very keen in Hollywood. The stakes are great. And it is hard to retain one's perspective of life. But I strive daily to maintain my mental equilibrium, to keep serene and kindly. I believe if you will do this with a definite goal in mind, constantly recalling the slogan NEVER BE BEATEN, you are going to win out over the most insurmountable obstacles. Smile when you are seemingly down, laugh when the other fellow is sure you are down, sing when you are at the top, and help the other fellow up when you know he is down!

¶ Mack Sennett's girls are always in the latest designs.  
See his 1927 *Beach Shebas* in the June *Screenland*.



# New *Ventilated* girdle reduces waist and hips —two to four inches in *TEN DAYS*

WOMEN everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hip and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have worn — lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing.

## *Cool---Comfortable---Slenderizing*

Perfolastic with the old rubber garments that were uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a light, *ventilated* girdle that weighs only seven and a half ounces (included), and is full of tiny holes so the skin breathe and the circulation as they should. It is so comfortable that you hardly notice it on.

It does not bind or constrict in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that Perfolastic "gives" with every movement of your body. Made of finest quality pure plantation rubber, it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength. Perfolastic is a product of the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. and is guaranteed by us not to rip, tear or stretch out of shape.

### How Perfolastic Reduces

Long experience has shown that the safest, surest way to reduce is through massage, which breaks up the fat cells so that they can be absorbed and carried off by the circulation.

Perfolastic reduces through massage — *automatic massage*. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The instant you put it on you *look* slimmer, for it gently straightens out fleshy curves, gives you length of line, helps you stand erect. And, bet-

ter still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off flesh*.

In an amazingly short time bulky hips and waist become slim and shapely — your figure regains the slender, straight lines of youth — you look and feel years younger. Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, waist and hips reduced two to four inches in **TEN DAYS**.

### No Dieting—No Exercises

Think of what this means! No more wearisome dieting, no more tiresome exercises, no more bitter self-denial in a vain attempt to get thin. For with Perfolastic you can now regain a slender, youthful figure without the slightest discomfort.

### Free Booklet and Sample

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn—*give Perfolastic a trial*. Write today for interesting **FREE BOOK** telling more about this remarkable girdle and picturing the many delightful Perfolastic models, also sample of Perfolastic and full details about the special 5-day trial offer and Money Back Guarantee. No obligation. Don't delay. Mail coupon below **NOW**. Address *Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 35, 225 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.*

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Without obligation on my part please send me **FREE BOOK** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and special 5-day Trial Offer.

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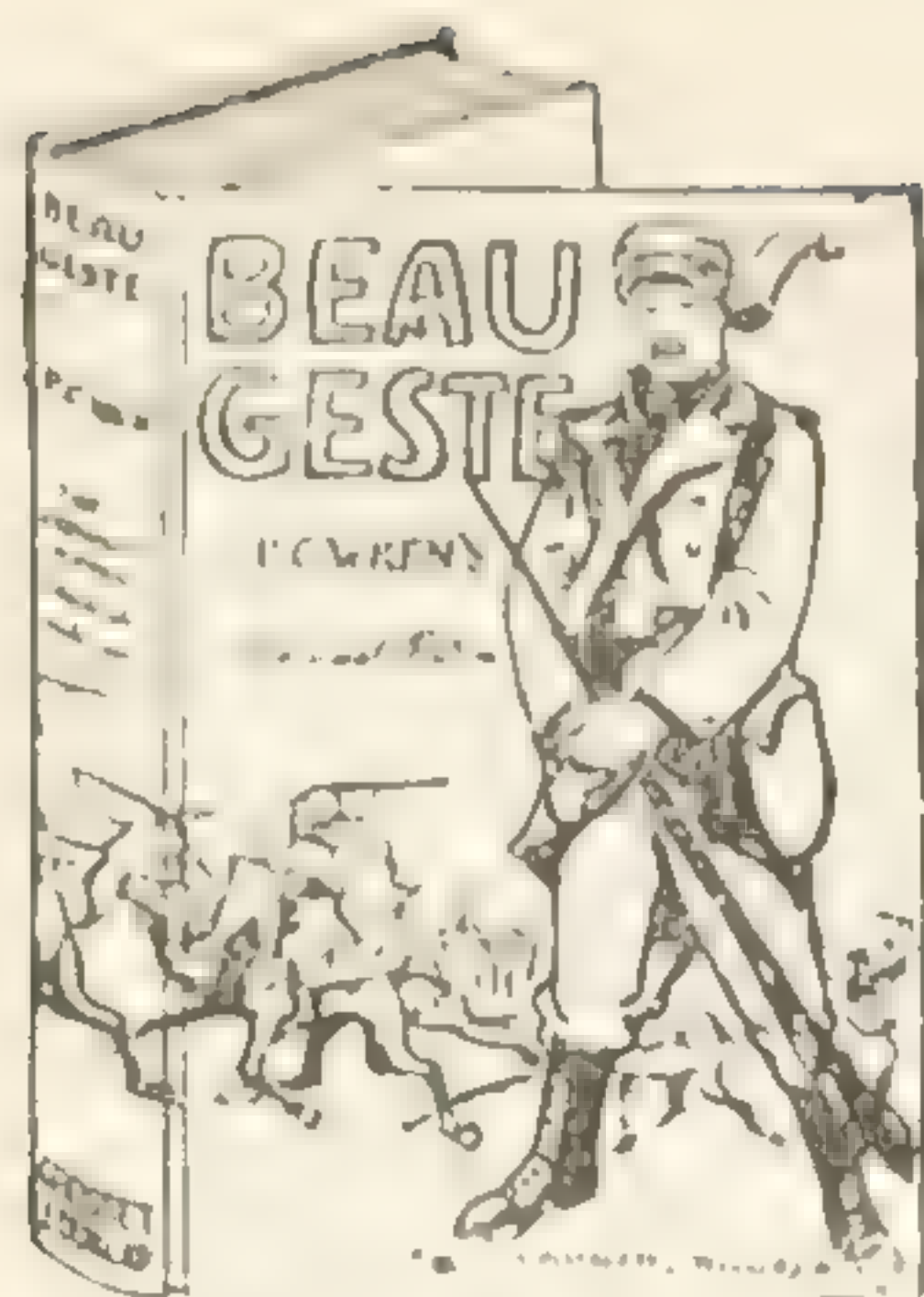
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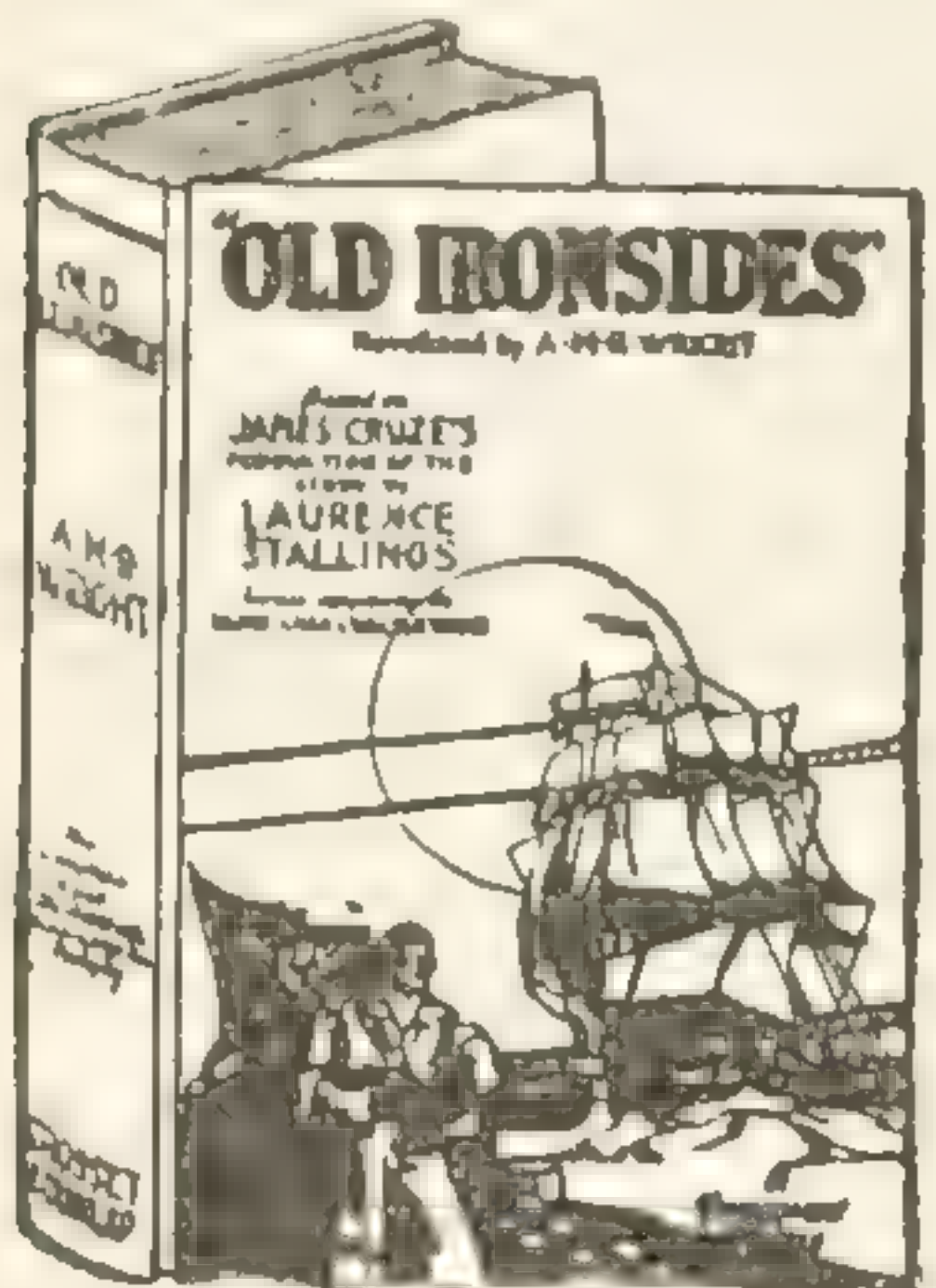
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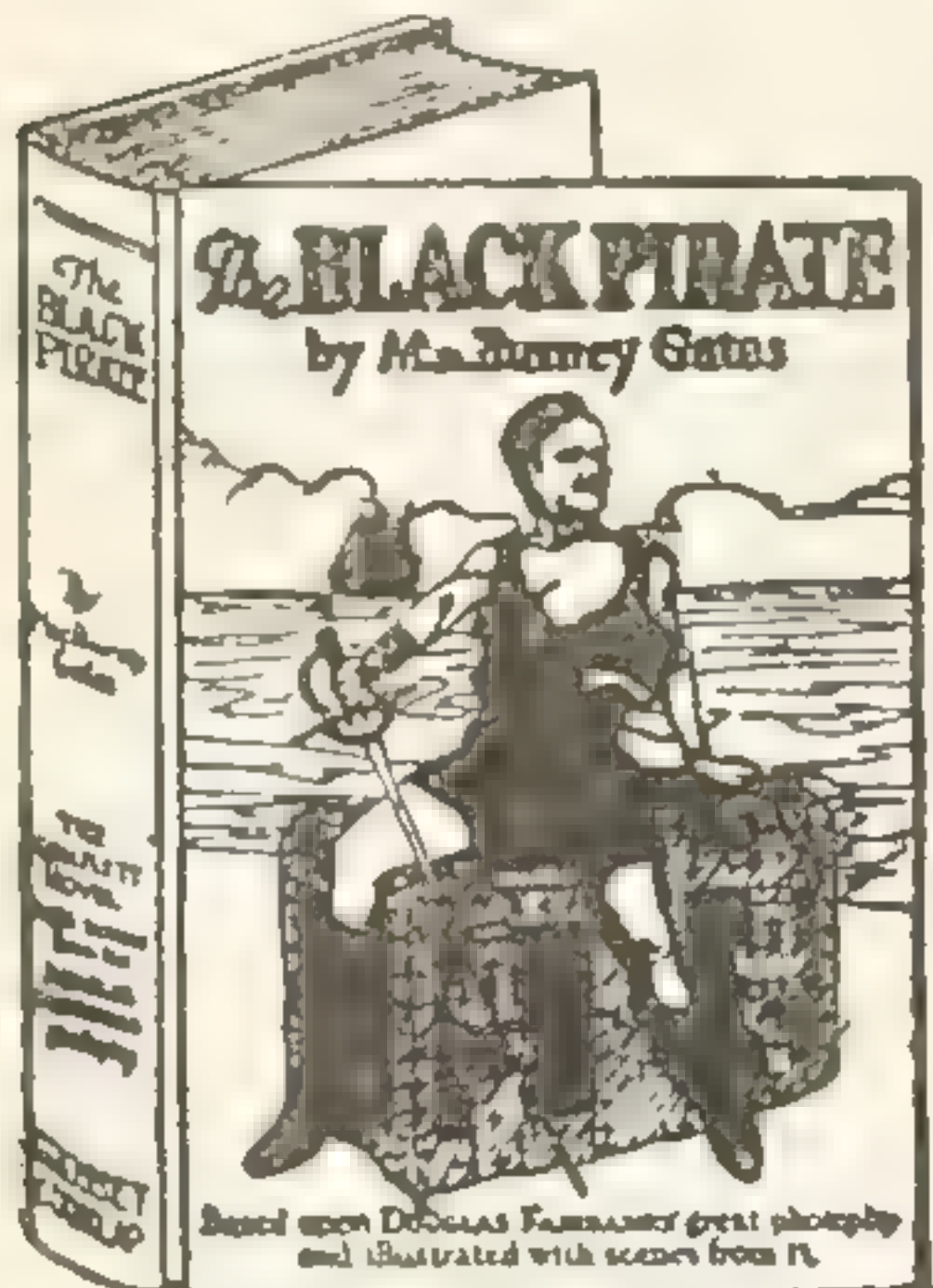




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We must go below the pleasing sub-titles or descriptive reading to really appreciate and understand a picture. And this we can do if we have read the book from which the picture itself is made and have gotten the author's spirited interpretation in its entirety.

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Monsieur Beaucaire . . . . .	Booth Tarkington
The White Sister . . . . .	F. M. Crawford
The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln . . . . .	A. M. R. Wright

## Your Personality

(Continued from page 41)

"By the strength of your personality you can compel people to believe in you, to give you your opportunity. How to make good—that's brains. But the thing that gets you your chance to make good, that's the impression you make on others, the kind of person you really are, the size of soul you have, the

But she broke off blushing, actually embarrassed:

"Never do I speak of such things. Don't ask me. I'm only the girl who carries the flag for this film army. Ask the *real* fighters—the people who are responsible for my pictures—for all pictures. Ask the Director, the Camera Men, the Costume Designer, the Publicity Men, the extras, anybody—but don't ask me. I'm just the little girl . . . ." And she ran away before she finished, down the steps, into her limousine and away to New York.

Perhaps what Greta Nissen says is right. Perhaps it does depend entirely upon our personalities whether we are victors or victims of life. At least it's well worth trying to find out. So if you are not satisfied with your back seat in this world's great theatre, come on along with me. Let's go through this big studio and ask some of the powerful men and women among the klieg lights just how they made the grade, just how they got that way?

First let's try the Costume Designing Department. We'll see all of the pretty clothes. The very dresses Bebe Daniels, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Alice Joyce and all the others have worn. Oh look! Real ermine, not just rabbit skin. And the velvets, the brocades, the satins, the chiffons! Aren't they heavenly?

But here comes H. M. K. Smith, the Costume Designer himself. He doesn't look like a fashioner of women's clothes. Why, he might be a sea captain. He's so strong and broad and ruddy. More to the wind and the sea he belongs than in a studio. You like him the minute he looks at you. You can't help but want him around—all the time.

I wasn't a bit surprised when he told me who gave him his chance. And who do you think it was? No other than the world-celebrated Lady Duff-Gordon. Yes that same Lucille who designs gowns for countesses and chorus girls, princesses and petite debutantes. With one of Lady Duff-Gordon's dresses you can transform a ragga-muffin into a grande dame. And this is the lady who stuck her white fingers into Mr. Smith's career.

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE (Book Dept.) Desk 5  
49 West 45th Street, New York City.

I enclose \$..... for which please send me .....

Name.....

Address.....



# A Few Months Ago I Couldn't Play a Note

Now I Can Play Anything—Ballads  
Classical Numbers and Jazz

I ALWAYS liked music. I envied people who could sit down at the piano and play.

But I never considered taking piano lessons myself. I couldn't afford to pay a teacher and I didn't have much time for practice.

But a few months ago I heard about a system of learning music which *didn't require a teacher*—a system by which you could *teach yourself* to play the piano or the violin or any other musical instrument by note in half the usual time.

I made inquiries. I found out that this system was called the "Print and Picture" method—that it had been successfully used for 28 years by the U. S. School of Music in New York City—that it had taught half a million people to play musical instruments. When I found out that the cost of the lessons averaged *only a few cents a day*, I decided to try the course in Piano Playing.

## My Big Surprise

What a revelation that course was! Music isn't difficult! It doesn't take long to learn. The "Print and Picture" method makes it wonderfully easy—wonderfully simple!

I was amazed at my rapid progress! Before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And now I can play anything I like—stirring marches that make the blood tingle—haunting melodies that hold folks spellbound—snappy, jazzy numbers that start feet shuffling and shoulders swaying.

What fun it is to play! And what good times I have playing at parties and dances! The minute I sit down at the piano I'm the center of a laughing, singing, jolly crowd. I've made scores of new friends. I'm sought after—invited everywhere! Honestly, I'm getting more fun out of life than I ever thought possible!

## What Learning Music Does For You

This story is typical. Hundreds of thousands of people have learned to play musical instruments by the "Print and Picture" method. You can do the same.

There's real enjoyment in knowing how to play. You can entertain yourself for hours at a time—especially during evenings at home. You can entertain other folks—play at parties—make yourself popular.

You can play with friends in amateur bands. Or you can join a professional

orchestra or band and make money. Good musicians earn \$60 to \$150 a week playing in orchestras. Always a demand for them. Many pupils of the U. S. School of Music now have good-paying positions.

## How This Method Works

The "Print and Picture" method makes every step clear and simple. First you are told what to do—then a picture shows you what to do—then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer.

Children—some only 7 years old—have found this method easy as A. B. C. You don't have to know a thing about music to start. This system makes the reading and playing of music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book.

Ovide Musin—head of the Musin Virtuoso School of Violin, in New York said: "How can you teach Violin through written lessons?" He was invited to visit the U. S. School of Music where he was shown the fully illustrated lessons for violin beginners.

"Ah!" exclaimed Musin, himself a marvelous Artist. "You have taught me something. I take the bow and the violin and show the pupil how to hold them and tell him to do the same. He has to go home and carry that in his mind until he comes for another lesson. But you give them a picture of the correct positions, and they have it before them all the time!"

One of the reasons for the quick results is that learning is such fun. Instead of waiting a year before playing tunes—you learn by playing tunes. You play simple, familiar melodies by note right from the start. No tiresome scales. No laborious exercises. You learn at home in your spare time and without a teacher. You study when you

please—and as much or as little as you please. You learn *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study by old-time plodding methods.

## Get This Free Book

A 64-page, illustrated book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" will be gladly sent you on request. You will find it one of the most interesting books you ever read.

The book explains how the short-cut "Print and Picture" method works—why it gets such quick results. It contains a set of test questions which show you whether or not you have musical ability.

It explains several ways in which the course enables you to make money *even while taking the course*. It tells how our courses qualify you to teach music—how to get a teacher's Certificate.

The booklet also contains dozens of letters from students telling what they think of the U. S. School of Music courses, and what these



courses have done for them. Here are a few quotations from these letters:

"I would not take \$1,000 for the knowledge I have gained from your lessons."

"My progress on the violin has been much faster than I had hoped for."

"I took piano lessons from you and am teaching music now."

"Since finishing the course, I have been teaching, playing in churches and at recitals, and am receiving a fine salary."

## Free Demonstration Lesson

Just read the list of instruments in the panel. Decide which one you want to play. Then sign and send the convenient coupon. You will receive by return mail the free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home."

You will also receive a Free Demonstration lesson which shows you plainer than any description could, just how our system works. This Free Lesson tests your musical ability—shows you that you need no special talent—shows you how easy the "Print and Picture" method is, and how quickly you can learn—and proves to you that you really can learn to play a musical instrument without a teacher.

Don't let the fact that you can get this Booklet and Test Lesson easily and without cost or obligation, keep you from sending for them or make the mistake of undervaluing them. By showing you how easily and cheaply you can learn to play a musical instrument, this Booklet and Free Lesson may mean the difference between a whole lifetime enlightened by the joys of music and a lifetime empty of music's inspiring influence.

Right now we are making a Special Offer for new students. Do not delay. Mail the coupon NOW—before it's too late to gain the benefits of this offer. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3225 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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## YOU



## MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufman & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson

KAUFMAN & FABRY CO.  
Commercial Photographers, Chicago

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 24th day of March, 1926.  
Emma W. Stolzenbach,  
Notary Public.

PUBLISHERS  
NOTICE TO READERS

A Chicago representative of our paper and representatives of over 100 other publishers witnessed a demonstration of these marcellers and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.



**T**HEY'VE come from every corner of the land—the enthusiastic, grateful words of praise from women who have discovered Maison Marcellers. These letters tell of new hair beauty—new loveliness revealed in smooth, loose, becoming, lasting waves. They speak of the compliments showered on them by friends—of the refusal of these friends to believe that other than the most skilled professional marceller could have created such waves. They talk of the difficulties which their hair presented, of its thickness or thinness, of its softness or coarseness, and they end by telling of the marvelous, unbelievable way in which Maison Marcellers triumphed over these difficulties, and gave them for the first time an utterly satisfying wave.

## A \$1.50 Marcel Every Day—With Maison Marcellers

They say that never before have they found a waving method that offered everything that one could ask—freedom from the ruinous, hair-destroying hot iron, escape from the constant nuisance of beauty shop appointments, elimination of the appalling cost of professional marcells. These women, free for the first

time from all the bother and expense and danger of ordinary waving methods, now know the loveliest marcells that they have ever had and *do it themselves, at home, in 30 minutes*, while they are dressing.

Even the Most Difficult Hair Is Conquered  
By This Marvelous Waving Method

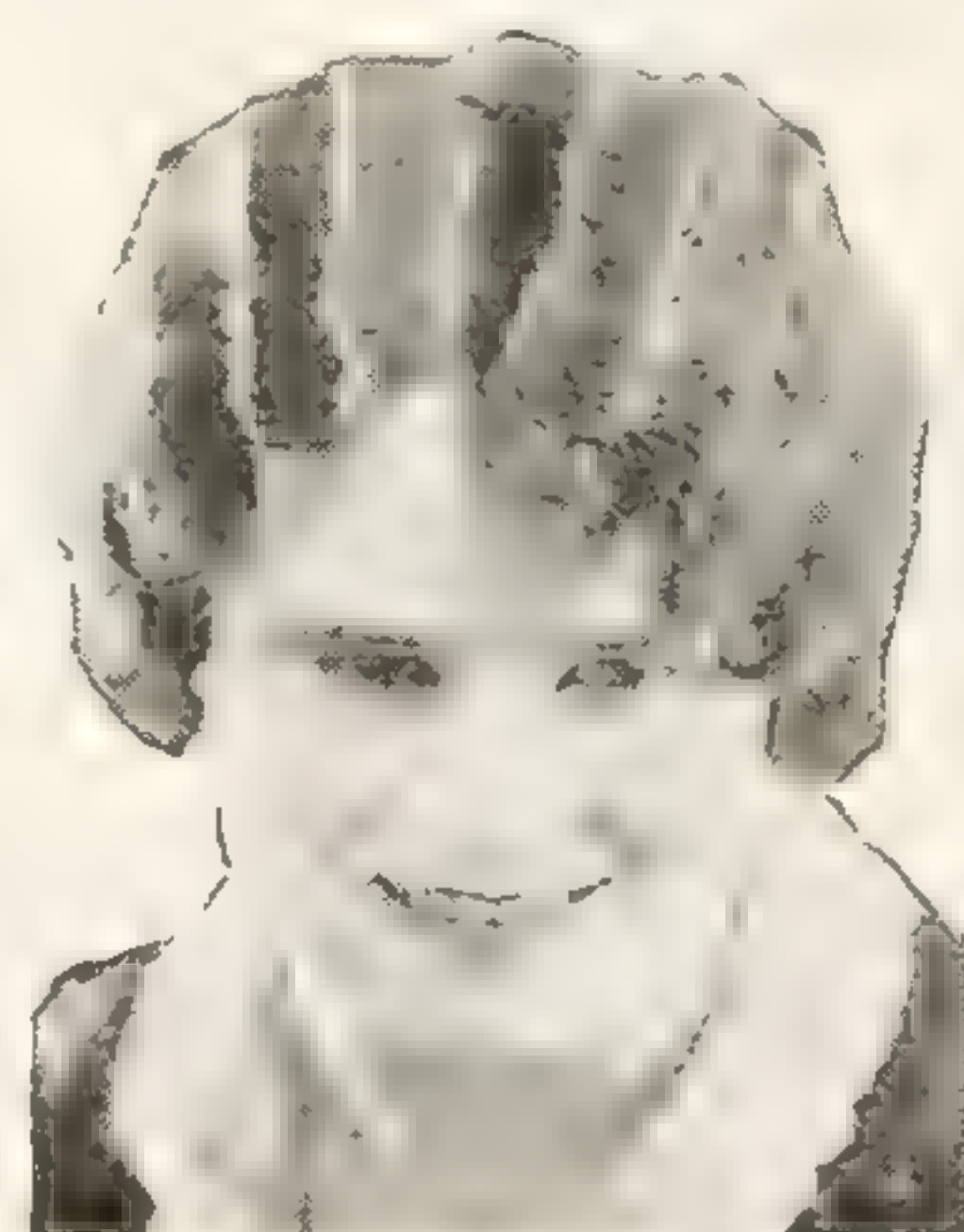
Perhaps you say, "It may work for others, but my hair is too difficult." You are just the person, then, for whom Maison Marcellers are meant. Don't you know that the reason your hair has failed to take a marcel is that the professional operators have never waved it twice the same? With these Marcellers you can do what no one else would bother to do, set the wavers the same every time and in a brief while train your hair to wave exactly as you want it to, in the precise line most becoming to the shape of your face. Perhaps the first time you try it you won't get the line exactly as you want it. But no matter how stubborn your hair, no matter how stiff and inadaptably, you can give it, not just a passable wave, but as lovely a wave as you have ever known.

## It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or wave-ruining



My hair is invariably beautifully waved, and I get these results by only fifteen minutes of arranging once a week. I wear my hair long now. I used the Maison Marcellers when my hair was bobbed and they work as well on long hair as on bobbed hair.—Edith Lord.



I have a better wave now with Maison Marcellers than I ever had before. Seems hardly possible but it is true. Not only do they give a deep and lasting wave but also a softer, more natural one than a hot iron marcel.—Josephine E. Jordan.



I think the Marcellers are great. The girls at school are crazy about my waves and will not believe that my mother does it with the marcellers.—Virginia Bair.



Maison Marcellers give a smoother, deeper, more lasting wave. And they don't hurt my hair, as did the constant hot-iron waving. Then too, the same set is used to wave my daughter's hair. I really got them for her as I want her hair to be properly trained.—Mrs. Wm. Bair.



# too can have gloriously beautiful waves

Women everywhere are ecstatic in their praise of Maison Marcellers and the unmatched loveliness of the waves they produce. In 30 minutes — at home — you can have the same wonderful marcel — whenever you wish, and without beauty shop expense or ruinous hot irons!

round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town. You can be ready with hair beautifully groomed. While you freshen up and change your frock it is waving in a lovely soft, loose marcel about your face! You have only to try Maison Marcellers — your mirror proves the almost unbelievable wonder of its results — far better than any word can picture.

## Read What They Say!

Mrs. M. S——, Camden, N. J.

I am very well satisfied with your marcellers and is the truest advertisement I have ever sent for.

Miss C. B. P——, Flint, Mich.

I cannot too highly recommend the Maison Marcellers to anyone desiring a perfect marcel effect.

## "I Think They're Just Wonderful"

Miss E. D——, Washington, D. C.

I think they are wonderful. My hair was thin and straight and cost me so much money going to hairdressers to keep it waved, but since I have these wonderful wavers my hair looks much better.

Mrs. E. W. C——, White Salmon, Wash.

I was certainly pleased. I marcelled my own and my sister-in-law's hair and would like to say I wouldn't resell it to you for \$10.

Mrs. M. N. B——, Waukegan, Ill.

The Marcellers arrived two days ago. And as inexperienced as I was I had a wave that same day. Yesterday my husband came home and as soon as he saw my hair he said, "Oh, you got a marcel today!"

Miss M. Z——, Duquesne, Pa.

I give a good word about your wonderful Marcellers to all who ask me. "Oh, what pretty marcel. How do you curl your hair?" Of course I'm glad when asked. The marcel is beautiful.

## "I Wouldn't Take \$20 For Them"

Mrs. M. V. S——, Elizabeth, N. J.

Am delighted with the wavers. Would not sell my set for \$20 if I thought I could not replace them.

## Surely You Want This Wonderful Secret of Beautiful Marcel

Surely you will want to give to your own hair the same new beauty that these women are enjoying. You will want to be able, as they do, to slip Maison Marcellers on your dampened locks when you start dressing, slip them off when you finish — and see your hair lying in the prettiest, softest, most perfect marcel imaginable! And when you think how your hair under the kindly ministrations of this safe, sane waving method will recover its beauty lost through destructive hot irons and other dangerous waving methods, you will rejoice as these other women do in your discovery of this newest, easiest, most satisfactory way to a perfect marcel.

## For Any Kind of Hair — For Any Arrangement

No matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and

straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty—a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. And it is the simplest thing in the world to do. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style, any requirement. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. Lie down for a nap with them on—you'll never know they are there.

## End—TODAY—the Expensive, Time-Consuming, Hair-Ruining "Beauty Shop" Habit

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately and permanently free from all the nuisance of beauty shop methods and inconvenience and expense. Yet you can have every day a marcel for which a good beauty shop operator would charge you \$1.50! You can be the envy of your friends. You can restore all the natural beauty of your hair. And you can do all these things so easily. Sit down now. Send for Maison Marcellers.

## Our Remarkably Liberal Offer—Now Extended For a Limited Time

As a special introductory inducement, we have been offering Maison Marcellers at a surprisingly low price. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately, we guarantee to honor all orders received from this advertisement at the price quoted in the coupon—only \$2.98 plus a few cents' postage.

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Maison Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any time.

## Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

124 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Ill.

## COUPON

Maison de Beaute,  
124 West Illinois St., Dept. 115, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions, which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....

State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



It scarcely seems possible that as simple a device as Maison Marcellers can produce the lovely marcel with its deep undulations and graceful curving hair lines. I was surprised to see such a nice marcel in my hair when the wavers were removed.—Miss Thelma Davis.

Everyone comments on my "marcel"—but no one will believe that it isn't waved by an expert operator, using a hot iron. I must admit I never dreamed Maison Marcellers could make such perfect waves in my hair! —Mrs. Margaret O'Neil.





# Easy

A FEW weeks of pleasurable practice gives you command of the Conn saxophone which enables you to entertain yourself and friends. Be popular, increase your income if you wish! Start now with an easy-playing Conn. Choice of world's foremost artists—and costs no more. Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn. Write for Free Book, details. C. G. Conn, Ltd., 584 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

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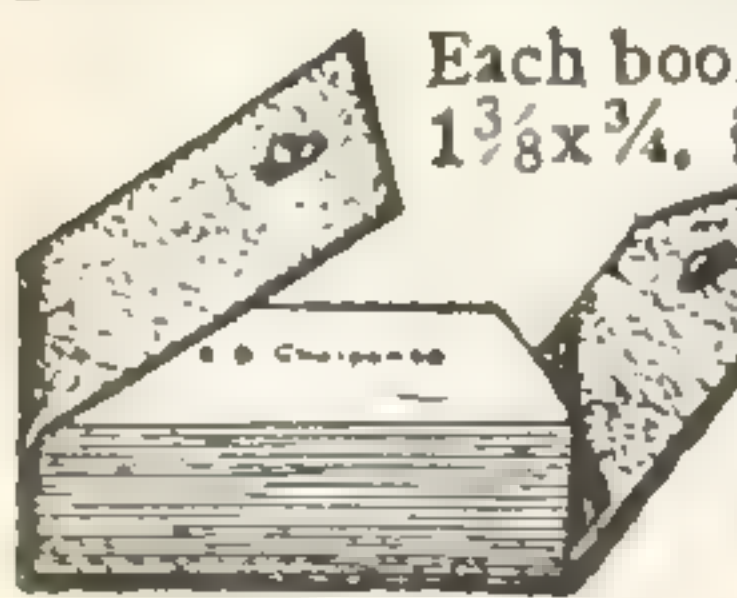
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If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only. Madame K.C. Williams, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 3/8 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c, name only. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.

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Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

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## PIMPLES

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In 1914 H. M. K. was the credit manager of a merchandising firm. One day he went out to call on Lady Duff-Gordon at her country place at Larchmont, near New York.

"Her Ladyship is occupied. She can't be seen." Mr. Smith was informed.

"That's strange. She is expecting me. What is the matter?"

"Her Ladyship is occupied. She is trying to write a paper to be read before the silk manufacturers. The words will not come to her and Her Ladyship is frantic."

All that talk didn't deter H. M. K. a bit. He insisted on seeing Lady Duff-Gordon. From the moment he spoke he took all her woes on his shoulders. He offered to write her paper on the history of silk, did so and delivered it to her two days later.

This was Tuesday. On Thursday his telephone rang. It was Lady Duff-Gordon's secretary summoning Mr. Smith to her ladyship's private studio at 120 Fifth Avenue. When he arrived, without preamble, the Lady took him by the hand and said: "Mr. Smith I want you to be the general manager of my entire establishment."

"But, but—why my dear Lady Duff-Gordon, I don't know anything about women's clothes. And I can't even draw. Not a line. Not a scratch."

"That doesn't matter. Your personality strikes a perfect balance between art and business. I must have you. You are what I need and want."

Now just suppose, for instance, that H. M. K. had been a timorous, negative type. He would never have been given his chance. He might at this moment still be a credit manager instead of a highly-paid executive in one of the largest film studios in the world. But in the motion picture industry the gates swing open to the magic "Sesame" of Personality!

From Lady Duff-Gordon's to Paramount's studio was but a step. H. M. K. Smith's personality carried and kept him where he is. He will never lack for this world's goods. He will never know that cruel suspense that hounds nine-tenths of us: "Can I hold my job? What will I do if I lose it? Am I efficient enough to get another?" He is beyond all that. He is the master of his life and his craft. His life and his craft will never master him.

But now you are saying that's all right for those fortunate people who have charming personalities. But I haven't. I'm shy. Awkward almost. You can't build a personality.

Can't you indeed? There is no such thing as a personality which is cast in an inflexible mould of bronze. Your personality can change with the weather, with money, with clothes, with almost any unusual circumstance. Let me tell you about a shy, awkward boy who will, before he dies, take his place with Harry Leon Wilson and America's other great whimsical writers. His name is Blake McVeigh.

Blake was born, went to school, played, studied just like any other normal boy. He didn't set his village on fire with his personality nor nobody would have called him Lord Chesterfield's little son. In other words he was just an ordinary lad.

But at the exalted age of seventeen he got married. Now we all know that pretty American girls are known for their lusty appetites so it was up to McVeigh to hustle around and get a job. But he was so shy, so awfully awkward and shy. Nevertheless he stalked up to the City Editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger with his heart almost tied around his Adam's apple and asked for a position as a cub reporter. And got it!

There he became accustomed to meeting people and coaxing them to open up to him. It takes charm to make a person unbosom himself and Blake learned this trick. He had to. Otherwise he would have been a failure.

To make a success on the Philadelphia Public Ledger is no mean achievement. And that's what Blake did—solely through his personality. But Blake couldn't seem to rest on his haunches. He had ambition and after only a year with the Ledger he decided to try New York.

Think what that means for an eighteen year old boy-man with a young wife and a child. If he doesn't make good, it's easy to starve in this big city. There are few neighbors to drop in mornings with a pitcher of soup or a pumpkin pie. The gray wolf of hunger and a whole litter of cubs can move in on you—if you leave the door one-quarter of an inch ajar. McVeigh knew all this but he wasn't afraid. He came, he saw, and his half-shy, half-humorous personality conquered the ? ? ? editor of the Morning World. That was an extraordinary feat. If you don't believe it. Try it. For five years Blake stayed on this paper learning how to write, and learning, incidentally how to develop from a callow boy into a real cosmopolite, able and ready to hold his own with all metropolitan comers.

Now, only a few years later, we find Blake entrenched in a strong position in Paramount's Publicity Department. When you go to him for something you get it. There is a solidity about him. He makes you trust him. It's his personality. It's a sense of fairness, of good-humored understanding. He knows what it is to be on top—and also how it feels to hit the bottom. And with it all he has the real gift of writing on him. But if you told him that he'd laugh and probably say: "After looking after my wife and feeding the kids, I don't have much time to double in masterpieces." But he will some day. The mark is on him, the mark of whimsical humour and exquisite writing. It can't be hidden. It shines through the simplest thing he does.

Again the film industry opened its door to the magic "Sesame" of personality. And there's no earthly reason why you can't develop your own personality—just as Blake McVeigh did.

Of course, now that we're in the studio, you want to see the casting director right off. He is always pictured as the hardest-hearted man in the world, the kind of person who would pour carbolic acid into a baby's milk bottle.

Well, that assumption is all wrong in the case of Fred Fleck, Paramount's Casting Director. As I went into his office I heard him speaking with a stylishly dressed, bejeweled matron: "No, Mrs. ——— I haven't a thing for you to-day nor for the baby either." When she had gone he said to me: "I wouldn't give that woman a job—ever. She has plenty of money, plenty of everything. Just wants to work in pictures to get an extra kick out of life! There are too many girls around who really depend on that money to live. And too many babies who are the family meal ticket."

Fred Fleck has the saddest eyes I have ever seen. And there must have been some overwhelming tragedy back in his life. He started out as an extra man with Ricardo Cortez and Adolph Menjou. He was doing remarkably well when suddenly, for no reason, without even a word to his closest friend, Adolph, Fred went off and joined the army. This was in 1916 before America's entrance into Europe's bloody arena.





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- How to be the master of any situation

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cause they lack speaking power. That is the reason you quite often are astonished to see a man jump over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from obscurity and low wages to prominence

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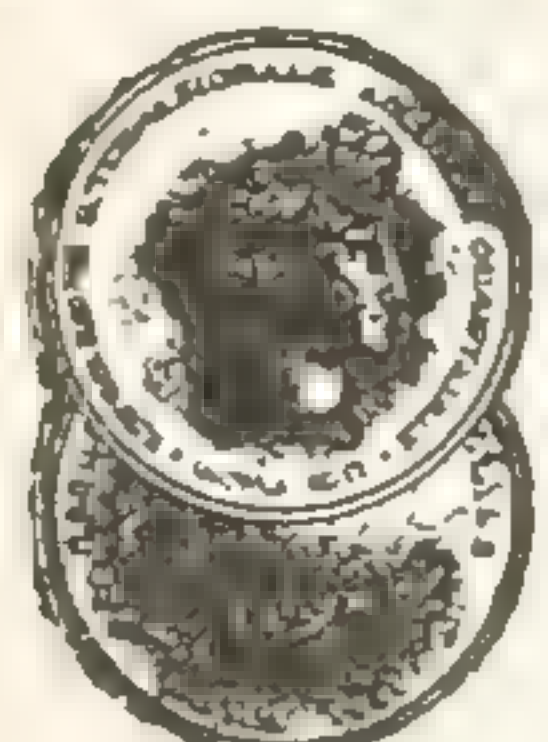
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After the war, with that mark of sadness indelibly impressed on his whole character, Fred decided, because of Adolph's belief in him, to go back into pictures. Now it's easy for a man surrounded by a great tragedy to make a dismal failure. But Fred didn't. Sad as he looked he never appeared sorrowful. Humor shone through his conversations always. He forced his personality to be what he wanted it. He changed his very nature. And within a few years, after assisting nearly every director both here and on the west coast, Fred was given the important position of Casting Director.

Because of his vast knowledge of people and pictures generally, Fred has been extraordinarily successful. And how he knows people, how he has learned human nature from being thrown constantly with all grades and classes.

"He gave a queer laugh at an obscene story and that gave me his number. I knew he wasn't the type we needed for that role", Mr. Fleck said of an unhealthy looking individual who had just applied for a job on the screen. Of another he remarked:

"That man isn't any good. He's too darn hearty. When they put up that much front, when they swagger like that, I know for sure they won't be able to do the things they say they can."

Personality and only personality is the quality on which Mr. Fleck must pick his people. Hundreds of unknowns storm his gate every day and the only way he can judge them, since he has never heard of them before is by the impression they make on him.

Fred Fleck is a great man. So strongly has his personality infected me that if I wanted to go into the movies, if I felt life held nothing unless I could act on the screen, I wouldn't try to see Cecil de Mille or any of those other demi-gods, I would just go to Fred Fleck and throw my whole future at his feet. Because I know, if I have any film talent whatsoever, if there is the slightest vestige of hope in the world for my film career, Fred Fleck will be able to discern it and will give me a chance. He plays no politics, no favorites. He chooses his people for what he knows they have. And he doesn't let Four Flushers, Smart Alecs or Double Crossers pass his gate. By their personality he knows them and he is never wrong!

If Fred Fleck could change his entire personality, his nature, his very soul to achieve success, you can do the same. If your house has burnt down, if your sweetheart has left you, if your Sunday trousers are frayed and there isn't a dime in the old savings bank, stop looking like you had been weaned on a sour pickle. Give a great rollicking laugh and go out and mop up on this cold-hearted world, just remembering others have done the same.

Stenographers seem to think they have the hardest time and I agree with them. Of all the positions in the world from which it is hard to climb, a stenographer has the most difficult task. If you are efficient, your boss wants to keep you forever. He doesn't wish to promote you to an executive position because he will lose his right hand man. If you have ambition and want to rise, the chances are all against you. It takes the most winsome personality, backed by real ability, to get out of a stenographic rut. Ask Sarah Siegel, she knows.

Sarah is assistant to the head of the studio's publicity department and so clever is she that her boss says: "Why I could go away for a month and I know the work would continue just the same. Sarah knows exactly how to handle the routine and how to manage people. Her middle name is—

diplomacy."

When you get a death blow to all your dearest desires, it takes a stout heart and a stouter personality to survive. Gregory La Cava, Paramount's gifted director, received a mortal wound when he discovered that he couldn't paint and eat. He wanted to be a great artist—like Rembrandt and Titian and Michael Angelo. He thought, slept, dreamed, breathed pictures. But he couldn't eat them. The time came when he had no more money to go on. After spending the years of his early youth studying at the various academies in Chicago and New York he had to give up his work. But it was woven into his heart and he couldn't think in any other terms but pictures, pictures, pictures. So he decided to become a cartoonist. With no experience except his general knowledge he drew a comic strip, walked boldly into the office of the editor of the New York World and sold it. Right Off.

But that didn't make up for his loss. He wanted to Paint Madonnas, Saints, Magdalenes. Instead he was drawing buffoons. Life's like that. But La Cava went on. From the World to organizing an Animated Cartoon Department for the Hearst papers was his next step. Pretty soon he wrote a couple of two reel comedies and directed them for Charlie Murray. He did the same for Johnny Hines and Chic Sale. And now within a few short years, with most of his heartbreak behind him, you see him climbing to the top of his profession, directing feature pictures: "Womanhandled", "Let's Get Married", "Say It Again", "So's Your Old Man", "Paradise for Two" and so on.

If you went back to La Cava's childhood you would say right off: "That boy hasn't a chance to make good in any artistic field". He was born in the hardboiled town of Towanda, Pennsylvania, in the mining country where men are men and art is the bunk. But that didn't stop Gregory. He started out to be a painter and he is a painter—a Master Artist. For he transcribes life—not to a small canvas hidden away in some musty, dusty museum. But he brings living creations to that universal canvas, the screen where you and I and all may go and see. We don't need an expensive ticket on a luxurious boat. We don't need a passport nor hundreds of dollars to reach his exhibition. His salon is your town and my town. A few cents and a few steps and his pictures appear before our eyes. Gregory La Cava is a true artist. He is the modern Rubens. But he hasn't yet been given the opportunity to paint his masterpiece. But that will come. And in a few years from now La Cava will not be ranked with "other great directors." These "other great directors" will be ranked with La Cava. Because his personality, with all the power and sensitiveness behind it, will have carried him past these modern ones with their trick camera angles back to the strong days of the early Primitives.

If a great artist like Gregory La Cava can transform his whole personality to fit in with his every-day life and his every-day work; if a great artist like Gregory La Cava can give up the dearest wish of his heart, is there any reason why you can't overcome the obstacle which is holding you back?

Now if I were making a try for pictures there is certainly one man I'd want for my friend. And that's Harry Fischbeck, one of the best, if not the best camera man in America. He's the man that makes ugly women pretty and pretty women beautiful with his new invention the Rotor-Raylo.

Alone, Harry came over from Germany when he was only fourteen years old.

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Already he had mastered the elements of the photographic art. He came over here with nothing but a few hundred dollars. And only a few years after his arrival he started the first five cent theatre in America. It made such a hit that before long Mr. Fishbeck owned and controlled two more of these little amusement places.

Then the big interests became jealous of him. Since they controlled the patent rights on all cameras, etc., they refused to let him use any of this equipment. They wanted to force Harry to the wall. But the same personality that enabled a little boy to cross thirty-five hundred miles of ocean alone, to organize and run successfully the first popular priced theatre in the new world—this same personality enabled Harry Fishbeck to come through victorious. For he sat right down and BUILT his own camera. A man who could hold his own against the strongest interests in America can do anything. So don't wonder at the position he holds in the photographic world to-day. What he went through to get where he is nobody will ever know. Because he will never tell.

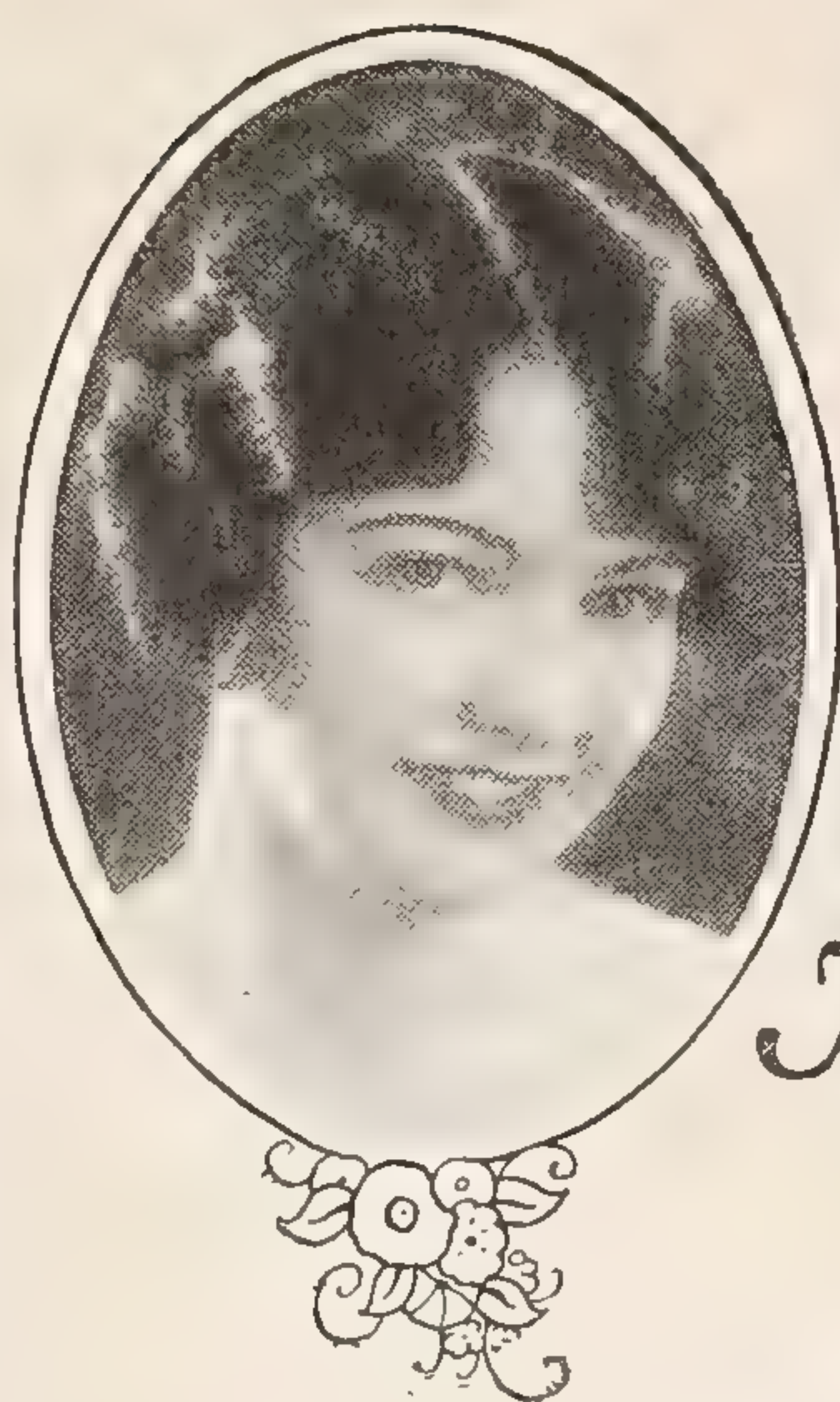
The hard experiences, rough edges and raw life which fell to Mr. Fishbeck's lot before success came out to meet him have given him a remarkable personality, and it is to this characteristic that he owes his prominent place in the moving picture world. He is so soft-spoken, genial and tolerant. He is so full of charity and understanding for those who work under him. And it wasn't easy for him to achieve tolerance and sympathy. Think of this lonely little boy, only fourteen years old; handicapped by a lack of knowledge of the English language; ignorant of our ways and customs; think of this boy—barely a youth—pitting his few hundred dollars against the hundreds of thousands of his competitors.

This man's example alone is enough to shame any of us who fear to try our fortunes here in our own country. If Harry Fishbeck could discard his German background and fit himself with an entirely new personality to meet the exigencies of life in the United States, shouldn't we too be able to drop our Main Street characteristics and endow ourselves with those necessary qualities which cannot fail to lead us to the same success Harry has achieved.

Harry's Assistant, Irving Dutcher, won his place in a strange way. Irving, as a young boy in High School had always been known for the unusual charm of his personality. People never forgot him, somehow. He stayed in the minds of his school chums long years after school days were over.

Irving adopted the profession of a photographer. But after a few years the game seemed dead to him. He wanted a change. More action. He didn't know just how to go about advancing himself. So for a solid year, instead of bemoaning his fate he studied all of the moving picture trade papers to learn what he could about the camera angles of this great industry. He directed his personality intelligently so that if a chance ever came he would be ready.

One of Irving's school chums was now an important man at the Fox Studio. There came a day when there was a vacancy in their Camera Department. A big position, too. The head camera man had fallen down on his job. And there was no one in the entire department who could fill his place. Irving's friend remembered what a cracking good photographer Irving was and how he had been studying the picture industry for months. So he picked up his telephone



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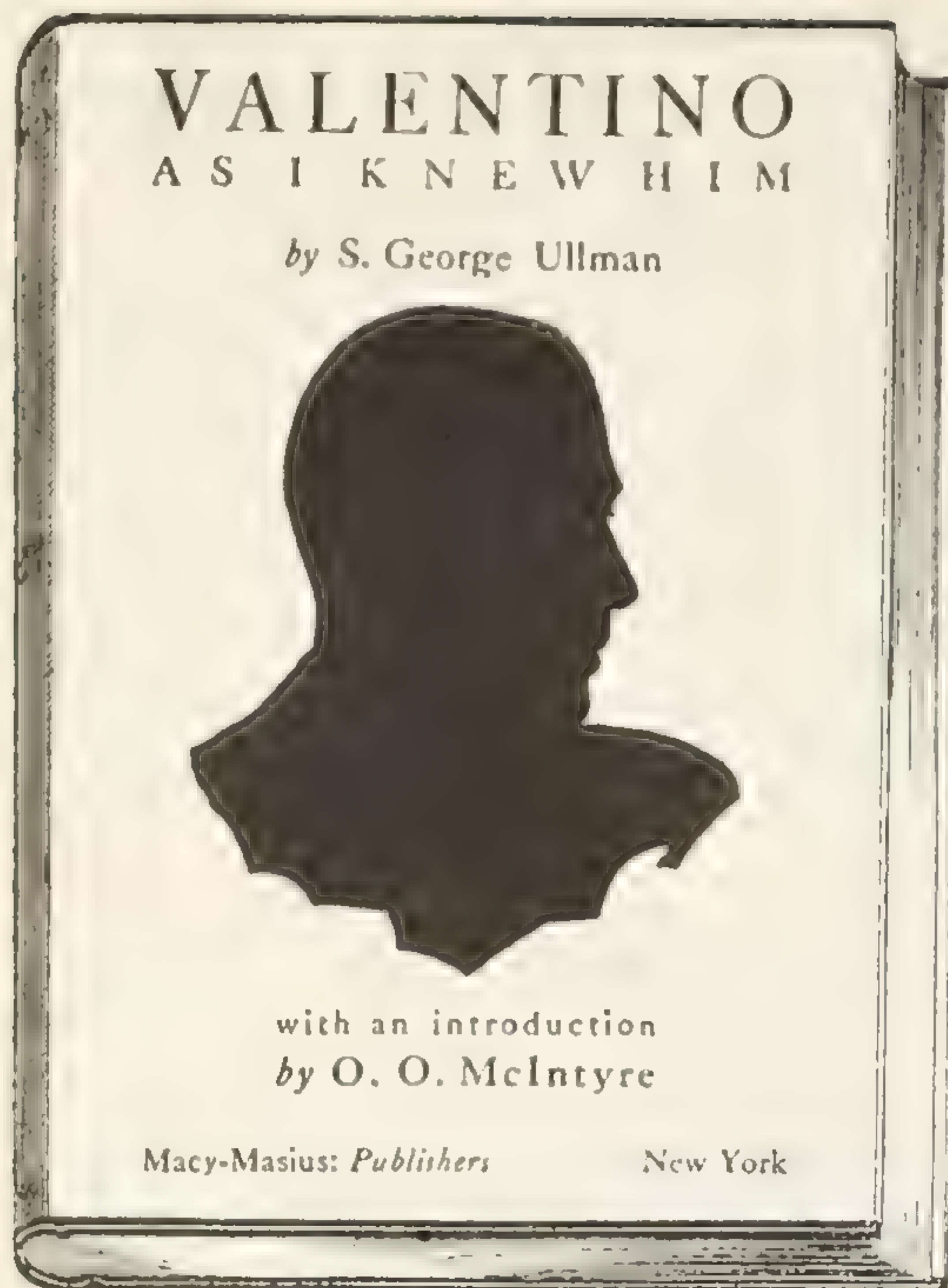
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and the result was that his old chum was given a try. In one interview Irving showed his calibre plainly. His personality stood out beyond all the other applicants and he got the job. Ever since Dutcher has climbed straight up until now he is Fishbeck's Chief Assistant.

If Irving had had a vacillating, listless, untrustworthy personality he might this minute be working in some photographic studio for little or nothing a week. Or he might be around taking pictures on the street, on beaches, any place, anywhere, to pick up a slim dime. But he's not. He is, instead second camera man in one of the greatest moving picture studios in the world.

There are all shades and grades of personality. It isn't necessary to have the "life of the party" type to win a juicy executive seat. Take J. M. Gerauld—or Jerry as he is called. Jerry is in charge of the Paramount's publicity at the studio. To look at him not knowing who he is you'd say: "Why he must be a Consul, or a Judge, or maybe the American Ambassador to one of those foreign countries".

He is strikingly handsome in a finely bred, distinctive way. He was born in Rhode Island and is a Brown University man. Early in his youth he adopted the newspaper game as his profession. But he was dissatisfied with his work in Providence and wanted to enlarge his sphere.

One time he happened to be in Newark, New Jersey, visiting the girl who afterwards became his wife. He liked the town and its people so well that he thought how nice it would be if he could get a newspaper job and settle there. So plucking up his courage he went to see the City Editor of the Newark "News". But in a very non-committal fashion the editor informed him "that there was nothing open just now. Would notify him later if a vacancy occurred." Jerry left the editor disheartened and went back to his Providence newspaper.

Scarcely had he gotten settled before he received a telegram telling him there was a position for him on the copy desk of the "News".

Unquestionably it was Gerauld's personality which got him that position. A city Editor tells ten people a day: "Not a thing now. Will notify you if a vacancy occurs." And it means nothing. But something about Jerry must have impressed that Editor or he would never have telegraphed all the way to Providence for a man when he could probably fill the position a hundred times over right in Newark.

From the copy desk Jerry rose in a few years to an influential position in the Newark newspaper world. Finally he gave up his newspaper connections and went into politics. He had a fine position in the city government, a large salary, a handsome car, and many other emoluments. But Gerauld wasn't satisfied, somehow. His personality didn't have the outlet it demanded. So one day he went up to Charley McCarthy, Director of Publicity at Paramount, and asked for a position in the moving picture business. And that same rare distinctive personality of his has again brought him where he deserves to be—to an important, executive position.

But consider this man's case gravely. If he hadn't been **SURE** of his personality, he couldn't, in all justice to himself and his family have given up a comfortable position in the world of politics, to start from the bottom in an entirely new profession. And again if Charley McCarthy hadn't been **SURE** that this man's personality was a suitable one, he wouldn't have placed him

where he did—in the publicity department where a tactful personality is the paramount issue. One undiplomatic sentence on the part of a publicity man can throw a whole studio askew.

And now I come to two men whose stories I approach almost with awe. They are just two plain, modest, American boys, both under thirty-three years of age, and yet with achievements to their credit that rank with those of the Great Amundsen. And the strangest part of all is, they have no unusual background; they weren't born in wealthy families; they didn't have lavish opportunities poured into their laps.

The first, Merian Cooper, is a southerner from Jacksonville. The other, Ernest B. Schoedsack, is a middle west boy. They were both war heroes, in different branches of the service, and never saw each other until they met in Poland—casualy—after the war.

Finally in 1923 they were brought together again. Cooper was on his way around the world as second officer of the little ship "Wisdom Second" when Schoedsack boarded the boat. While in the Red Sea, the keel was knocked off this ninety-eight foot craft and in the fortnight that followed Schoedsack and Cooper planned a dream. They dreamed of making a great picture—not a travelogue—but a tremendous dramatic film, created in some jungle, with natural characters and a natural background.

A few years later this impossible, this evanescent vision was an accomplished fact. Those two boys, with no King, Queen or Country to cheer them on, with meager equipment and less money—these two boys went into the jungles of the Tao country in North Siam and emerged, after eighteen months, with a picture whose fame has spread around the world. What was it? Why, "Grass". This film "Grass" portrays man's inevitable struggle against nature. And it isn't a travelogue—but a tremendous dramatic film, created in a jungle, with natural characters and a natural background.

Twice a year the natives of this country are forced to make a migration in search of food—"Grass". With them they must take all their earthly possessions: their wives, their children, their flocks and herds. Icy torrents must be forded, snow mountains of perilous heights must be climbed. Intolerable obstacles must be overcome which would drag a weaker tribe down to crushing defeat. Twice a year this happens; twice a year this superb drama of man against nature is enacted with no sound of martial music to inspire a lagging spirit.

Cooper and Schoedsack went on this same pilgrimage and transcribed this battle to the screen. They endured the same devastating hardships but with many additional burdens. For this two-man studio had to do all the work. They had no assistants. They were their own stage hands, property men, camera men, scenario writers, costume designers—if any—script girls and directors. With super-human effort, under maddening circumstances this great film was created.

Then when it was all finished, the strategic work was just commencing because they had to find some big film company which would be willing to release it. The success of all the Gargantuan work which they had already accomplished depended upon their personalities—their ability to sell or release this picture which they had produced. But Cooper and Schoedsack with the same spirit that had overcome tigers, cholera, malaria, and a hundred other terrors, conquered this last hurdle and the Paramount Company agreed to take care of the picture.



Not resting on their laurels, these two boys left immediately for Persia where for the last year and a half they have been laboring heart and soul to produce a picture greater in every way than "Grass". And they have succeeded. On March 12th at midnight their latest film—"Wild" will be released.

Naturally, not many of us can hope to accomplish such heroic deeds as Cooper and Schoedsack. Achievements that make the average Wagnerian character look like a Cook's tour. But everybody, even the lowliest person in the smallest bit of a town, has a chance to work out, through his own personality, a successful character.

What's that? You're only a clerk in Schwartz's Dry Goods Store?

Why that doesn't matter. The smaller the field, the greater your chance. And I can prove it. I'll tell you about Joe Cleary, a smiling young Irish lad who works in one of Butler's chain stores, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place.

Joe came over from Ireland a few years ago jingling two shillings together in his pocket. And like many other Irish boys he found work with Jimmy Butler. Not much of a job. Not much of a chance.

Now this store is situated at a peculiar spot, just one block from Fifth Avenue and still very near, on the other side, the Irish and Italian quarters.

How long Joe has been there I don't know. He's still a very young man. I have only seen him behind that counter for two years, but always with a smile on his face that would sing a diamond out of a pawnbroker's safe. And that smile has made him, not only manager of the store but also one of the best merchandisers in New York City. Beautiful ladies from their spacious Fifth Avenue homes, half-starved artists and musicians from their Greenwich

Village garrets, poor Irish and Italian women with only ragged shawls and worn Rosaries to their names, all deal with Joe. Hundreds of women walk extra blocks each day, in rain and in snow, to deal with Joe. And they do it for the same reason that I do. Because of his smile, his cheerfulness, his brightness. Because he is always ready and eager to do a favor for you, to go out of his way to help you.

One day I went to do my morning's shopping and Joe wasn't there. The store was dead. The other boys did their best but it wasn't any good. Joe was sick. He was in the hospital. He would be back next week. But he wasn't. Nor the next. Nor the next. Trade fell off. Hundreds of dollars were lost. I couldn't bear to go near the place. It was so cold and cheerless.

But one sunshiny, spring-like day the place revived, for Joe came back. The store was crowded. Happy old women rushed in for a couple of rashers of bacon and five cents' worth of tea. Fur coated women from the avenue were back for their white rock and anchovies. And the little musicians and writers swarmed there for their one can of tomato soup and a quarter of a pound of thirty-nine cent coffee. I was there, too. With tears in my eyes almost. Why? I don't know. I suppose just because Joe had wound himself around my heart.

Where does he live?

I don't know. Why I didn't even know his last name until yesterday. But what I did know and have always known is that Joe is good and kind and clean and decent, the sort of fellow that helps another when things go all wrong.

How do I know that?

Well, I can't tell you exactly. But it must just be his personality.

## The Stage Coach—Continued from page 68

us of his experiences, and he certainly weakened us; then Sullivan told us how Prohibition had practically revolutionized Cornell; Weizenkorn and ourself are from Columbia, which beat Cornell in football this year, probably as the result of the revolution; then Harris (of Yale) and your correspondent cut loose. During the scrimmage the stakes were lost down a manhole. Well, by that time it was nine-thirty.

So we remembered that we had tickets for "Thou Desperate Pilot" and invited Sully. He had tickets for "The Heaven Tappers" and invited us. So we shook hands all around and Sully and Harris wound up at "Queen High", and Louis and your correspondent at "The Heaven

Tappers".

Well, at "The Heaven Tappers" everything was just terrible with jokes like "E Pluribus Omnibus" pervading the second act, which happened to be on. So Louis and we thought maybe it was the prohibition argument, and the show was not that bad. But at the end of the act, the whole audience seemed to feel that way, and, so far as we knew, they had not had any prohibition arguments. So Louis and we hired a cab and spent the third act inside of it, and it was much nicer than the show.

So that's how the whole thing happened, and we are going to cut out all prohibition arguments—beginning January 1.

## Joan Goes Dancing Along—Continued from page 57

were comparatively easy. But evidently we are all meted out a certain amount of grief in this world and if we do not get it early it arrives a trifle late.

Picture the light footed Joan dancing in the Winter Garden in New York. Picture Harry Rapf, associate executive at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, watching Joan and, ever alert for talent, seeing in her screen material. Then imagine Joan's first screen test. It was bad, because her make-up was wrong. But Rapf had faith in her and he could see through the faulty color of the grease paint. Then picture the second test which was better, much better, and imagine Joan receiving a telegram at her home where she had gone for the Christmas holidays.

The telegram was brief, as telegrams are wont to be, but although it lacked literary style it contained news. And what news! Miss Crawford was requested to come to California at once and sign a contract with the largest studio in the world!

Joan is a girl of many enthusiasms. I would have liked to watch her face when she got the news. In fact, any girl's face would be interesting under the circumstance. For what girl does not want a screen career? Then here was a career laid at Joan Crawford's feet.

When she arrived in California the contract had been already drawn up. It remained for her to sign it. Another screen Cinderella, a new "find", a girl who had skipped the slow and agonizing process of



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going from studio to studio seeking work.

The papers all carried the story that a novice had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Joan Crawford was the envy of half a million girls!

But Joan, herself, was not content to fall into a career so easily. She might have had parts at once, but she chose to do extra work and mob scenes for a few months. However, it is much easier to spend the long hours on a noisy set when one knows that the weekly check is coming in, then it is to go from studio to studio with a day one week and half a day the next.

And all during the time that Joan was an extra at the studio that would eventually give her leading roles, her life was made pleasant. Everyone helped the new "find". They advised her about make-up and camera technique and all declared that she was a "comer" and that eventually her name would be in electric lights.

When Joan felt that she had seen the difficult side of picture life, the extra girl's side, she took a role in "Sally, Irene, and Mary". And her work was of such excellent quality that the fan letters began pouring in and the public took under its wing another potential star.

She was made a Wampas baby star in the early part of 1926 and immediately afterwards was given leading roles. She had served a certain apprenticeship, her fan following warranted the faith that the executives had put in her and her career and success were assured.

By rights, that should be the end of the story. But it isn't! That should have been the end of Joan Crawford's troubles and stardom should follow as the night follows

the day. Stardom will follow for Joan Crawford. Nothing will keep that girl down, because she has the right stuff, but her troubles have just begun.

"More than anything else in all the world," she said. "I want to be sincere. I want my work to stand for something on the screen. I love to dance, of course, I like to go to parties and to be admired like every other girl, but most of all I want to do the best work I can on the screen."

"There is not a single minute when I don't have to be right on my toes, right at high tension, both at the studio and away from it!" said Joan.

"Then trouble doesn't end when the contract is signed?" I asked.

"End?" she said amazed. "Why it just begins! And how!"

Her story reminds me of the southern mammy who said she had heard "there was happy old maids, once they quit a-strugglin'".

But the point about Joan Crawford is that she will never quit "a-struggling", because she's just not that kind of a girl. You cannot look into those deep gray eyes, that hold hidden secrets of cosmic things, without knowing that hers is an earnest, sincere soul. The girl who is known as Hollywood's most abandoned Charleston dancer, has something more than a pair of winged feet.

When she gains stardom it will not be an easy gain and even then I feel very sure that she will not have achieved her goal. Joan Crawford is the kind of girl who will never have a set goal to reach.

In her own words, she must, in fact she cannot help but, go "on and on and on!"

## The Serious Business of Being Funny

(Continued from page 66)

A photographic department which is drilled religiously in the finer points and equipped so that the comedy photography can be on a par in general quality with the very best in the industry. The casual observer of a short comedy running on the screen may not be particularly struck by the fact that he is looking at a well photographed picture, but there would be some thing unsatisfactory in his reaction to the picture as a whole if the photography were slipshod or bad. So they make it the best they can.

Then—in addition to the studio itself—there were forty acres of street scenes and woods and barns and houses, a part of an ocean-going ship, and a boneyard of props which are too big to be stored in the studio, including everything from old-fashioned buggies and autos to a queer-looking aeroplane in the shape of a bird.

I found that this has been Animal Month or Back to the Farm Month in the Christie studios for in the past thirty days nearly all of the comedians have been sharing honors with an animal or so. Billy Dooley has been acting opposite a guinea pig; Jimmie Adams has been in a picture in which a parrot has one of the leading roles; one of the chief props in the new comedy in which Neal Burns is featured is a live turkey, and Bobby Vernon has had a flock of trained (more or less) ducks appearing with him in a stage act.

Which calls to mind one reason why comedies take so much patience and so much time in the filming. I watched the crowd fiddling around with Neal Burns' turkey for an hour. It will be just a few feet of film, but the boys had to very carefully fasten two wires to the turkey's neck with tape, one to guide the turkey's head under a park bench where the lady of the picture sat, and one to hold the turkey back so he wouldn't go too far; in other words, so he would duck back out of sight when Burns enters the scene. It all sounds simple, but try to juggle the wires so they won't show, time the action so the wire-pulling takes place at just the right second, do this a good many times and you've killed a nice sunny morning, besides perhaps wearing out the patience of at least the turkey.

Do the folks who make the comedies have a lot of fun making them or do they sweat and work? I'll say they do. I mean work. Maybe they enjoy it.

But personally I should think the strain of wondering what would swat them next day would be too much for a steady diet.

They would be daily wondering whether they were going to be swatted with a ton of water or an iron safe.

Maybe they are like the little boy who was hitting himself on the head with the hammer—because it felt so good when he quit.

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at least, for the privilege of photographing a dog  
will give every dog an ambition to act. See page 30



## The Million Dollar Mustache

(Continued from page 51)

from Oskaloosa, Iowa, whose weary footsteps led him finally to Hollywood, fortune and world wide popularity. Chester's saga is an astounding refutation of that antique bromide that a rolling stone gathers no moss, for he himself believes that much of his success as an actor is traceable directly to his experiences and observations during the three years he existed as a Knight of the Road.

Maybe, like the writer, you always believed that Chester's walrus mustache was real. It looks as if it belongs. Or, as Chester himself puts it nicely, "it fits my face". The appended portrait revealing Chester as he looks away from the Klieg lights will convince you that he is a much handsomer man. Just see what sacrifices these actors will make for their art!

However, let's start right at the beginning of this Twentieth Century fairy tale and reiterate that Conklin first saw the light in Oskaloosa, Iowa. His father was a carpenter. Now, to show you how important a factor coincidence was in the rise of young Chester, it should be related here that his dad had a dear friend, the Honorable Tracy, who had represented his district in the Halls of Congress for years and years. The Honorable Tracy was a great public speaker, an orator, begob. And the elder Conklin, possibly with dreams of a place in the White House for his little boy Chester, resolved to make a public speaker out of him.

In Oskaloosa at that time there lived a woman who used to give lessons in elocution to the aspiring youth of the community and to her one afternoon each week young Chester would go and spout outbursts such as "Friends, Romans, countrymen, give me your ears, etc." And it happened, one day, when the boy had shouted the lines with all the turbulence of the River Tiber, his teacher said to him, "You've been a good boy and I'll give you something funny to say".

What the elocutionist taught him was a piece in the German dialect called "The Dutchman's Serenade". It was the account, with pantomime, of a German musician's romantic gesture on a rainy night. Came a day in school when all the members of Chester's class were called upon to recite. Chester recited "The Dutchman's Serenade" and it made them all laugh. Chester's teacher (this sounds like a fairy tale, too) thought it was so funny that she brought him to the principal and made him recite the piece and that worthy laughed so uproariously that he took the grinning Conklin boy to every classroom and had him recite "The Dutchman's Serenade". It was a riot and ever since Chester has excelled at making others laugh.

When Chester grew older, his family moved to St. Louis and his father apprenticed him to a German baker named Scholz. Remember that name, for unwittingly, that sober dough-mixing Scholz has been the cause of more pie hurling, crockery smashing and more roars of mirth than he could ever imagine.

Young Conklin didn't like the sticky feel of flour and dough, so after a month or two he said good-bye to Scholz and started on his meanderings. For three years he traveled from city to city, from town to town. He loved to be on the move. His feet itched. He worked whenever he could find anybody who was willing to employ so uncertain a character.



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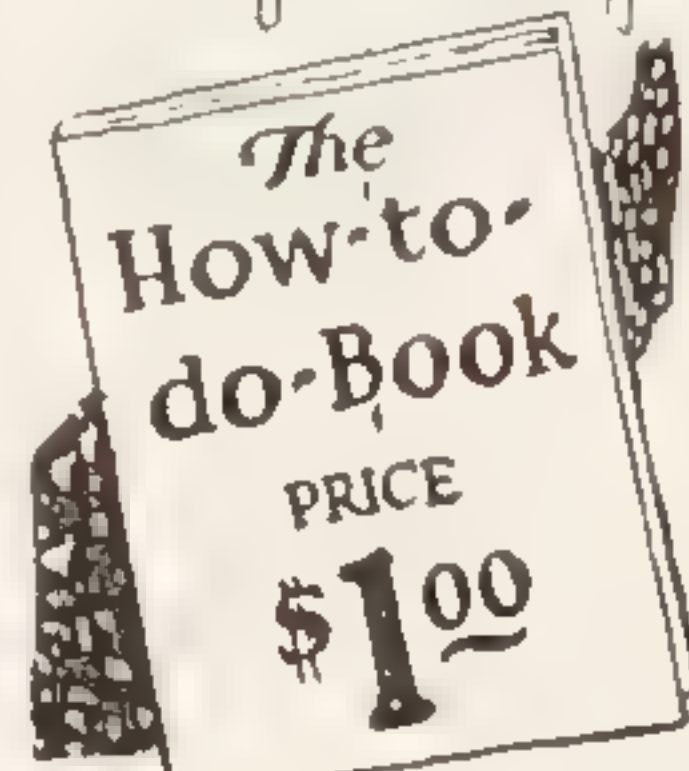
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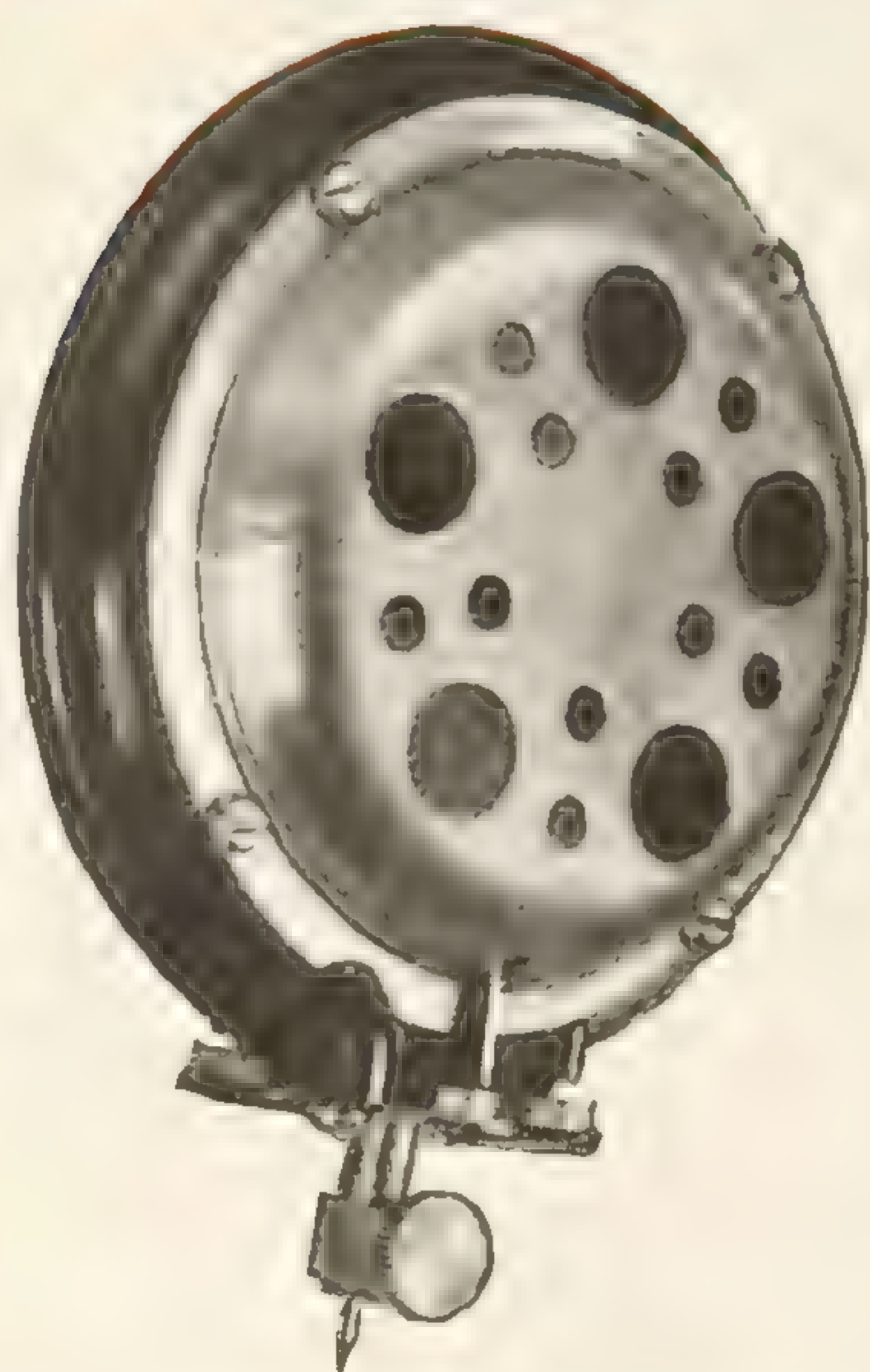
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"I guess I was a tramp, all right," he says, reminiscently. "Or maybe I am using the wrong term and was a hobo. I don't know. I loved to ride freight trains or, to be technical, the bumpers. I always was willing to work, when I could find something to do. Often, when I was hungry I felt sorry for myself, but now I can see that life was a good thing and has meant much to me. On numerous times, as an actor I have been able to recall types of people I encountered as a tramp and to reproduce them on the screen.

"Once, I remember, just outside a little town in Kansas I fell in with a gang of hoboes. We were all sitting around a fire in the woods and the bozos were up against it for money. They were hungry and desperate. They were planning to rob, or as they put it, 'to knock over', the town bank. First, however, they needed some guns, so they decided to rob the hardware store and get them. They sent me into town to nose around and get the lay of the situation, to find out where they kept the artillery in the hardware store. I left them waiting for me to come back and I don't know how long they waited, because I didn't stop in that town or for five or six towns after that."

Suddenly, one day, Conklin stopped moving about long enough to do some serious thinking about his future. He remembered with a warm glow of pleasure the rendition of "The Dutchman's Serenade" to his school back in Oskaloosa and he determined to become a vaudeville actor. He knew absolutely nothing about the stage or vaudeville. The full illustration of his ignorance may be discerned by what he did. He bought a joke book for \$1 and prepared a single act for himself.

Any vaudeville troupier will tell you that a single is the hardest thing in the world to get away with in the variety houses. Conklin, in the confidence of youth, thought it would be simple. He quickly learned otherwise. Time after time he lost his job but he kept his faith and plugged away.

It was during these bleak days, however, that he discovered that walrus which has led him to success. At that time all the German comics on the stage used to wear a small chin goatee, such as Ford Sterling used in the days when the films were young—about twelve years ago. Conklin, with a flair for realism, didn't see why he should copy all the others. He remembered his old baker boss, Scholz. There he thought, was a typical German. Why not wear a mustache like Scholz's? So he took some crepe and fashioned from it the magnificent soup-strainer which has since immortalized him wherever film unreels.

Stranded in San Francisco, Conklin joined

an animal circus as a clown at \$12 a week. The circus took him to Los Angeles. The whole city was agog with interest and curiosity at the time about the movie actors who were engaged in some mysterious work in fenced enclosures outside the city limits. Back in the Middle West, someplace, Conklin had met Charley Ray so that he was delighted to meet him again on the streets of Los Angeles. Ray told him that he was acting in pictures and advised Chester to try his luck.

"You are funny, and I think you could make a big success of it," Ray told him.

Conklin walked the three miles to the Mack Sennett studio and after some parley was admitted as an extra. He commenced the display of his art as a Keystone Comedy Kop. He was paid \$3 a day, when he worked. It wasn't long, however, before he forged to the top in the busy pie-heaving factory. With Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle and later Charley Chaplin, Conklin was one of the leading comedians of those distant days.

During the ten years that Conklin spent hurling custard pies and dodging plates and being chased all over the streets of Hollywood, the movies have grown up. A famous personality to the fans, he was really obscured because he only played in two reel comedies.

The big break for Conklin came about a year ago when Malcolm St. Clair, that brilliant young director, chose him to play Pola Negri's uncle in "A Woman of the World." There is a story in St. Clair's choice. As a gangling youth of eighteen St. Clair, just out of the office of a Los Angeles newspaper, had worked with Sennett as a Keystone Kop and had admired the pantomimic skill of Conklin. He told Conklin to give breadth to his characterization of the small town uncle who was visited by the worldly Countess. The result was, to those who saw "A Woman of the World," one of the funniest pictures ever viewed. Wherever it was shown, the theatre walls reverberated with such mirth that Jesse L. Lasky heard the echoes in his New York office and lost no time in having Mr. Conklin sign a five year contract. Remember Chester's tatoo of trains across his arms that seemed to move as he flexed his muscles? It was a scream, girls.

Since then Conklin has been seen in "Say It Again" with Richard Dix, "A Social Celebrity" with Adolph Menjou, "The Wilderness Woman" with Aileen Pringle, "The Nervous Wreck", "We're in the Navy Now", "McFadden's Flats" and in Gilda Gray's "Cabaret" and Ed Wynn's "Rubber Heels".

## Apple Green for Patsy—Continued from page 29

day, had an overwhelming urge to express herself in "green".

On this wave of enthusiasm she fared forth to return with yards and yards, and bolts and bolts, of luscious shimmering silk.

And for days when anyone wanted Pat, she was not to be found . . . until some knowing soul came to the rescue, and burrowed under mountains of apple-green. Then from out the billows, would emerge Pat herself, all tumbled hair, accompanied by needles, pins and scissors.

"You know, I really can't sew at all," Pat tells you, "except when I am inspired by an idea."

This then was an inspiration! For she did most of the making.

At last it hung resplendently around her dressing room.

Even her lovely rooms at home, became "The Rhapsody In Green".

It developed into charming cushions . . . bedecked with silken flowers and lace.

You reclined upon it—you sat upon it—you leaned against it. And with Pat, you revelled in it.

The whole world seemed clothed in apple-green.

It was a heavenly shade!

So now, you sink into a cool green cushioned chair. And "the beautiful lady" brings forth a huge box.

"Flowers", flashes across your mind. It is in such boxes that Stars and Heroines of Books always receive American Beauties.

You watch her silhouetted against the green, like a lovely painting, as she bends over the box, the dark hair glinted with



burnished copper, the folds of a soft coral negligee, clinging and trailing around her.

It is the costume she is wearing in a scene for "What Every Girl Should Know". The gown is just a fascinating froth of lace and chiffon. The heels on the gold slippers absurdly high. But so very French! So irresistibly frivolous and feminine.

Again the Lamp is rubbed. And from out those apple-green silk curtains, so like the magician's high silk hat, appears a delightful "tea for two", with everything complete—china—silver—linen!

"I love to keep house—in miniature," says Patsy as you feast "upon strawberries, sugar and cream" deliciously dainty sandwiches and luscious little pastries.

And in this miniature house of hers you see an outline sketch or two upon the wall, a bowl of flowers, a case of books full to overflowing. All kinds of books from Balzac to Anita Loos, for Pat is never without a book. From then comes her greatest enjoyment—books and music.

"And when I read or hear something that specially appeals to me, I want everybody else to see it just as I do. I don't know how many different copies of favorite books I have farmed out among my friends and acquaintances."

"In fact," she laughs, "I conduct a regular circulating library."

In one of Wilde's "Fairy Tales," wherein he depicts human traits so clearly and delicately teaches such a beautiful philosophy of life, there are a group of people, who, when they were glad, bought a caged bird and set it free to make their joy the greater.

And you feel something of this in Pat, that she enjoys a thing the more when she has made someone else enjoy it too.

And when "a fella needs a friend" Pat is right there.

She has an impulsive sympathy that would bring home to dinner, all those whom she meets . . . that seem lonesome and strange and far from their own fire-side.

But the best of parents have a way of objecting, and the best natured cooks of leaving, so to keep peace Pat has to somewhat curb her impulses.

With tea even "tea" one talks of many things. "Of shoe and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings".

And you find yourself liking Pat more and more.

A good sport, she takes things as they come—for better or worse. Temper she has, when it is needed, but there are no fits of wild temperament.

"Oh! I used to have them," she tells you. "I had a terrible temper. But I made myself get over it."

"There was one grand climax when I was about twelve."

"We went away for the holidays, and a governess was taken along to chaperon me. To my way of thinking, I was far too grown-up and important to have anyone tagging along and telling me what to do. So after a few attempts on her part to display authority, I couldn't stand it any longer. I was furious, and I went after her with the hairbrush."

"I wore myself out and the next day she departed with all sorts of threats, and several black and blue marks to remember me by. Of course I was relegated to bread and water, and that, from the mantel-piece. I wasn't a bit sorry though, for what I'd done."

"But I began to do some deep thinking on the subject after that. And I decided that such outbursts hurt me more than anyone else, and didn't do any special good anyway."

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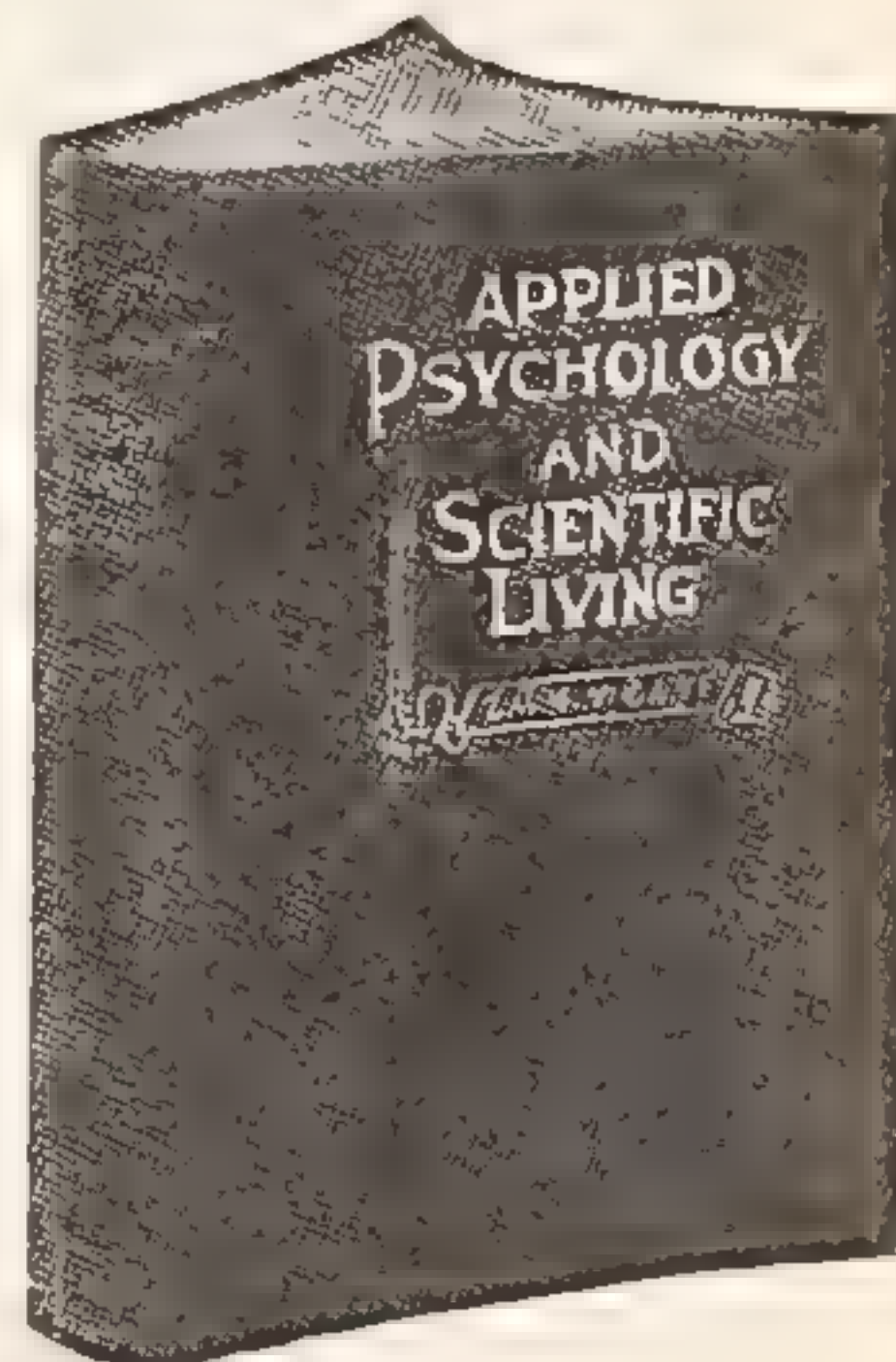
Another says, "I was making no money, my health was bad and I was heavily in debt. Now I have a store of my own and am doing a good business. My family and myself enjoy the best of health." A man who learned in Pittsburgh—he had never earned more than \$25 per week—stepped out the first month and made over \$1,000. Another: "I was always told that I had no memory. I have never been able to memorize a piano composition to play it all the way through. Through Dr. Bush I started to work on my memory,

and lo, I memorized four pieces since then. I have composed a big overture, then wrote the orchestra parts myself and found myself doing things I never thought I could." Dr. Bush has thousands of letters like those. They are his proudest possessions.

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And those were the days when she was dreaming of being in Pictures.

"But," says Pat, "Fate evidently had it all planned out that I should be right where I am to-day, anyhow! It wasn't a bit of use Daddy's objecting, and trying to take me away from the movies."

Four times they attempted to get Pat back to St. Louis, and each time, just as they were leaving, a good chance to do something in Pictures presented itself.

First—it was a bit with a famous dancer. Pat had rehearsed, and all was ready for "shooting day". But when Mrs. Miller saw the costume that she was to wear—consisting of a few leaves—and those not very large—there was no "shooting day" for Pat. Instead, she was packed up again.

Then came a chance to play with Douglas MacLean. It was just a small part but Pat came out with flying colors.

Pat's father, back in St. Louis, became impatient! But on the eve of their third departure they met Nazimova. And Nazimova, seeing Pat, immediately wanted her for a part in "Camille", which she was just beginning.

The last attempt to say goodbye to Hollywood was followed by the offer of a two year contract from Goldwyn.

So they finally gave up . . . and stayed.

And the "Master of human destinies" looked quietly on, and smiled . . . a Mona Lisa smile.

"So here we are," says Pat. "And now

Daddy likes California so well that he has bought a place in Beverly Hills, and his hobby is making the garden a "thing of beauty and a joy forever more".

"We look out of the window in the morning . . . and things seem to have sprung up over night like Jack's beanstalk. Rose bushes all in bloom, and orange trees filled with fruit and blossoms that were not there the day before. And Mother has a terrible time keeping him and my young brother from painting everything in the house."

Mrs. Miller is the power behind, who keeps the wheels running so smoothly and noiselessly in the big house with its dusky servants. She keeps a watchful eye on Pat and Winston—is their companion and advisor and always a charming hostess.

"And I," Pat tells you, "am so busy that only once in the four years have I had a chance to make a flying visit to St. Louis. I haven't even time to do my own shopping, and hardly ever get a vacation. But I love it. I would much rather work than play around. And I don't ever intend to settle down. There are endless things I want to accomplish."

And then, as delightful times can not last forever . . . you say goodbye to "the beautiful lady". At the head of her "secret stairway" she stands in her trailing lace, coral chiffon and her high heeled gold slippers against a background of soft apple-green.

## Will Rogers—Continued from page 24

But we didn't. Will looked upon make-up as an effeminacy too shameful for a grown man. A cowboy with a powder-puff! Sneaking off behind a tree where nobody could see his depravity, he would dab his face with grease paint like a little boy, missing all the depressions and never reaching behind the ears or the neck.

Nor was he any less stubborn regarding our other technical necessities.

"Why do you want me to exit from this scene?" he asked impatiently in one of the first sequences we shot. "It's the other fella that exits."

"Will," I replied with my well-known smile, "it only takes a few feet more film to have you enter and exit from these scenes, and I want them for 'protection'. We never know how a bit of business is going to look on the screen, and maybe we will have to cut something. If we haven't an exit, how are we going to take you to the new location? We can't jump you. Be fair to the cutters, Will; their job is hard enough at best, so we must give them stuff to cut from or to."

Laboriously I argued for an hour or so, but I could see by the quizzical look on his puzzled face that he wasn't very much impressed.

Finally seeing that I was getting nowhere, I said, "Will, I love you to death, but it spoils all the fun of making pictures having to argue with you for technical things that are entirely my responsibilities." And I walked away.

"You've hurt his feelings," said Otto.

In an instant he was patting me on the back with the gentleness of a hippopotamus. His mind wasn't convinced but his heart was touched. From that moment the fun began.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted joyously. "Knock on it! We're goin' to make a picture of nothin' but close-ups of the homliest face in motion pictures!"

Disdaining the little local hotel on Lake Elsinore, Will preferred to bunk and eat with the cowboys in charge of the stock half a mile away, and Ross, our assistant director, who had worked with him before, had thoughtfully brought a goat along so that Will could play at roping. And so in between scenes, our little-boy star would go whooping over the marsh flats pursuing the electrified goat like a Mexican full of marijuana.

Our story was constructed for the purpose of giving America's greatest humorous philosopher a chance to get off his best and gentlest satire. It opened in the outskirts of Hoboken, where Torrence,—impersonated by Will—was preparing to go west with a bunch of pioneers in an ox-drawn covered wagon, there "to found a new empire." (A most unpatriotic undertaking in a republic!)

Presently his party was joined by "the Palm Beach boys," who arrived in a horse-drawn covered wagon in charge of the handsome J. Warren Kerrigan—also impersonated by Will.

Then the two wagons, with forty or fifty sturdy "empire builders", started west, and for purposes of stocking the new empire, they took with them a crate of roosters (!) and one bull (!), Will's idea being that the great west should be a man's country!

Will, as Torrence, being a rough person, assigned Will, as Kerrigan, to take charge of the stock on the long trip across the country, and so when he was not gallantly making eyes at the pretty girl in the first wagon, he was dashing back on his prancing, high-school horse, rounding up his lone bull.

But at last the caravan came to the sign post, "Where Friendships Part", as the title said, labeled "To Los Angeles—To San Francisco". Whatever became of the northern empire builders was never told, but the southern bunch was attacked at



the city limits of Los Angeles, six hundred miles out in the desert, by the "Escrow Indians", who stripped the poor creatures of everything they owned as first payments on promising subdivisions.

"Say, Bill," said one of the character men when we were nearly through shooting, "Is this a comedy? It seems to me we are just making The Covered Wagon all over again."

"Sure we are," replied our dual-roller, "the only difference is our comedy is deliberate."

Location was finished in two weeks, and with three days more shooting to do at the studio, we joyously returned to the lot, expecting them all to be bursting with mirth, but to our chagrin and surprise, we were met by the most mortuary greetings.

"I think we'd better wait until we get this stuff cut together before you go on," said the studio manager. "Perhaps we won't need it."

"Need it?" I exclaimed, "Why I've shot everything but the verb. I've got to shoot the studio stuff or our story won't make sense. Besides, we've started a lot of gags that are unfinished."

"Well, we'd better wait," was the cold reply.

Chopfallen and distressed, I hurried over to Will's dressing room and told him my suspicions.

"I know they don't like it," he said, "but I think it's funny, an' I'm goin' right over an' offer 'em twenty-eight thousand dollars—the negative cost—fer it. Then we'll go out an' make a three-reeler of it."

But alas, they wouldn't sell. They had their contracts, release dates and all that sort of stuff.

And so I was fired! Ignominiously fired! "Bob," said the studio manager, "we love you personally, but you don't know comedy. There isn't a laugh in this stuff."

Three weeks later it was announced they were to preview the picture at Ocean Park—without a verb and half the gags un-

topped. Gosh, what a kick in the shins to get on my first comedy.

Now I know how dramatists feel on their first nights, only my feelings were hopeless, for besides the ragged production I was about to witness, I had come to believe that perhaps they were right. They had been making successful comedies for years, and who were Will and I?

Sneaking in alone so as not to meet the studio bunch, my sympathetic side kick and I crouched low in our seats and sat through something or other—I don't know what—awaiting the blow.

Finally the main title appeared with my name emblazoned shamelessly forth as the director. Then the opening sequence! It got a laugh, then another, then another! We both sat up.

As the verbless tale unfolded, the audience got to squealing at Will's delicious humor, and every squeal was like an old-fashioned cocktail to us both. Well, to condense this critique, they did everything but pull up the seats.

As we emerged from the theatre, there was the whole studio crew blinking in amazement. "Well, by gad, you never can tell," said the sporting manager as he rushed up and grasped my hand.

Nor was that all. The picture then went to one of the big down-town theatres where it was scheduled for a week's run. It ran nine!

But we must not blame the studio. For years, they had made successful comedies based upon cataclysm and custard, and they did not know there could be another idiom of humor—the quiet, slow-moving, deliciously satirical humor of Will Rogers.

Will is extremely sensitive and his adventures in two-reelers have not been happy, but some day perhaps he can be lured away from his pen and lecture platform, and his amusing duties as "Mayor" of Beverly Hills, long enough to make a few comedies in his own whimsical idiom. If so, the cinema will see something new in humor.

## Smile, Darn You, Smile!

(Continued from page 21)

with the grin wins. Oh, they have other expressions, too—they can act, and everything. But the reason you take them to your hearts, if you'll think it over; the reason that you love them like a brother, or like a boy friend or a girl friend, is because their smiles have won you over.

Of course, there are smiles and there are toothpaste ads. You can tell in a minute which is the real thing. I can, anyway. The dental smile shows a swell set of teeth and that's all. But the smile—yep, "the smile that belongs to you"—is the result of an inner radiance; it can't help itself; it shines through—that's the smile for you.

You know as much as I do about the smile-sales-talk the stars give you from the screen. But wouldn't you like to know what kind of smile your favorite reserves for his very own, his private life—supposing the poor darling has such a thing, what with personal appearances and picture premiers and all? When a star is off-duty, he is pretty apt to give himself away—to show you his real self, minus make-up, stripped of sham. I've had a chance to watch, and I know. Lucky me!

The first screen smile I ever saw—off-duty—was Doug's. Not smile—grin. It was, and is, the most infectious he-grin I ever saw. When Fairbanks smiles, you do, too. Can't help yourself and don't try. He grins when he is interested; he smiles

when he talks—and he's always alert and almost always talking. Somehow Bill Haines' grin reminds me of Doug's. There's something of the same exuberance, the same "Don't mind me, I can't help it" sort of thing. Eternally boyish. When they're old men-of-the-world, thinking how cynical they must be, both Bill and Doug will smile like that, and give themselves away!

Tommy Meighan's—that's different. Tommy doesn't go around grinning. He saves up his smiles, it seems, and then lets 'em loose all at once. He has a slow, quiet, winning smile—not typically Irish, just typically Tommy. But when you see it, you can understand why the boys at the Lambs Club in New York made Tommy their Shepherd and why he's one of the most popular men stars on the screen. That smile suggests the rugged strength, the honest dependability that is Tommy Meighan. You can lean on that smile!

You've heard people say, "Why, I never thought that girl was pretty until she smiled!" That's the way it is when Lois Wilson smiles. Lois once won a beauty contest and everybody knows she is a very pretty girl. But somehow she doesn't stand out in a crowd—until she smiles. Then she's transformed. She's a small riot. That smile of hers sold her new personality. It expresses all the gaiety, the humor, and the pertness in hiding for so long; and it's

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one of the prettiest smiles I ever saw. Lois doesn't seem to know its power. She is just as prodigal of it when she's talking to a girl friend as when she is surrounded by famous male stars. Maybe its charm; who knows?

Did you ever have an encounter with a very fresh kid who, after perpetrating some outrage on your dignity, such as tripping you up or dropping a live frog in your lap, suddenly smiled at you—a fresh, impish, wholly irresistible smile? If so, then you know how I felt when Louise Brooks first turned her smile on me. I'd just met her and she was talking in a very bored, blase, Broadway way. I didn't like her very much. Then the conversation turned to dogs; and Louise told me about a wire-haired terrier she had—that she couldn't keep because she had to be at the studio all day; so she gave it to a nice-looking chauffeur standing at the door of a Park Avenue limousine, because, as she said, chauffeurs always seem to be taking dogs out for walks. Then she smiled—for the first time that morning. If she weren't a beauty, her smile would be a grin. It's really a very nice smile—frank, disarming, and very young. Any time you get to thinking of Miss Brooks as a very sophisticated beauty, just wait until she smiles again; and you'll like her as much as I did. She's only twenty by the calendar; but merely ten by that smile.

The first time I ever saw Ronald Colman off the screen was at a very swell film luncheon at the Ritz. Ronald was supposed to be the guest of honor—or one of them. There was a place reserved for him at the head of the long table, among the Mag-nates. The time, incidentally, was just after he had made his first great success; and the Colman fans wouldn't speak to the John Gilbert fans. Mr. Colman slipped in late at that luncheon and, instead of going to his appointed position at the head of the table, as any other star would have done, he sat 'way down at the foot—next to me. So, after that, can you blame me if I like his smile better than any star's? It's worth watching for. It's the kindest smile I ever saw. It's—don't laugh—it's a sort of saintly smile! There's very little of ego in it, or pride; or vanity. It's tolerant and it's wise. Watch for it in his next film, and see if you think that my opinion was formed hastily because he smiled when he passed me the celery.

That school-boy grin that Johnny Hines uses before the camera is all part of the day's work for Johnny. He takes his work seriously—all comedians do, and don't let anyone tell you different. Making comedies is a painstaking business, and Johnny can turn his smile on and off at will—his own, or his director's. His private smile is a whole lot nicer; it's more spontaneous. Incidentally, here is one funster who never laughs at his own jokes. He leaves that to you. Johnny, like Harold Lloyd, is first, last, and always a business man—a smile-salesman.

Of course, if you want dazzling smiles—flash of white, white teeth and red, red lips—well, there is Gloria's. And there is Jack Gilbert's. It seems to me they have the same smile-technique. And don't you think their personalities are alike—both romantic, dashing, daring? I do. Jack's smile is the sort that takes your breath away, a little—if you're a girl. And Miss Swanson's is the kind that sweeps you off your feet if you're a man. They're—strenuous smiles; and they express strange, picturesque personalities.

On the other hand, or face, there's Norma Shearer's smile. I'd call it the most radiant smile that ever brightened an already de-



HOTEL AND TRAVEL

HOTEL AND TRAVEL



Ursula Fisher, who is playing in "The Joy Girl".

lightful face. You've read of these smiles that are like sunbeams breaking through the clouds? I'd never believed in them, either; but Norma's is a smile like that. I'd like to be able to see it every rainy day—as I did when she was in New York last and invited me to lunch with her. Oh, but it was a day—just one of those days, with traffic piled up to the accompaniment of slush and sleet and swear words. I was late and sat waiting for her for half an hour. I'd about given her up when in she came into the hotel lobby—and she brought California sunshine with her. She'd been delayed by the traffic, too; and she'd been posing at the photographer's all morning; but when she smiled—everything was all right. She wasn't tired or ruffled; she hadn't lost her sense of humor. She smiled. And I think—I don't know, mind you—that she's one of these rare creatures who's in a good humor even before breakfast, and whose serenity of soul spares her all the trouble of worrying over such trifles as weather and flat tires. With a smile like hers, who *could* worry?

Did you ever see a kitten smile? They do, too!

Ask Carl van Vechten. Ask anybody who's ever played with a fat, contented, jovial little kitten. I can tell you that kittens smile, when they're happy; and a kitten's smile is the most roguish thing in the world. It's an arch, over-the-shoulder smile; it invites you to join in the fun, to drop your cares and come along and smile too. I don't know how Renee Adoree will like it, but I just have to make a catty comparison. I don't know whose smile I'd rather watch, Renee's or the kitten's. They're both so friendly, so confiding; they're infinitely coquettish and wholly charming. In the same category is Phyllis Haver's smile. Don't you love it?

Betty Bronson is still remembered as the Peter Pan Girl. But did you know that Mal St. Clair calls her "the most sophisticated girl in pictures"? Since Mal started it, I'll continue, and confess that I find Betty's smile a mocking one. Go ahead and

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jeer. But just you watch out for it. At first glance it's just a nice, girlish gurgle; and then it becomes something much, much more. In fact, were I casting for "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci", I should pick little Miss Bronson for my Mona Lisa. There!

For sheer Irish humor, I recommend Alma Rubens' smile. Alma does not go about wearing a broad grin; quite the contrary; she smiles seldom. But when she does, it's a joy to watch. It's the quintessence of Irish wit. It's expressive of the real Miss Rubens rather than the cool and stately young lady you see on the screen. And I like it. While on the subject of wit, we can't forget Marion Davies, who has one of the world's most famous smiles; and perhaps the most expressive of honest, old-fashioned good humor.

When you have met Colleen Moore, and have shaken hands with her, and talked to her a while, you'll feel as if you've known Colleen all your life—grown up with her, in fact. And do you know why? Because Colleen is genuinely friendly. And that spirit of frank friendliness shows in her smile. Colleen convinces you she's not

really a million-dollar movie star after all, but just another girl who likes the same things you like, works as hard as you do, and gets the same kick out of accomplishment. Her smile is companionable. It's everyday—homey. And it holds the secret of Colleen's success—a success which rivals that of Mary Pickford. Colleen makes friends easily—and honestly, too. She's an everyday girl at heart, and that's why she can play everyday girls so successfully on the screen. The whole world is smiling with Colleen.

Lois Moran has the sweetest; Estelle Taylor the friendliest; Dolores Costello the most seductive; Lya de Putti the most impish smile. Bill Powell's smile has the most menace—some girls say! Lillian Gish's slow, sweet smile is unique—it's as if Lillian had a little secret joke with herself. Corinne Griffith has a reluctant, sad smile on the screen, but in real life Corinne's lovely lips curve in a smile half the time—her sense of humor is always working. Patsy Ruth Miller's smile is brilliant—as scintillating as Patsy herself.

How's yours?

## The Kindly Monte Blue

(Continued from page 37)

nervous and perhaps regret the chance he had taken. The door was being opened, and before she knew it the green little interviewer was putting one of those icy hands into a big warm one, and gazing up into the understanding eyes of Monte Blue.

And just as quickly as those eyes met hers she read in them sympathy, tolerance and humaneness. Here was a real person! She felt her hands grow warm, and relax. Then, "You certainly are sporting," she heard herself say. A slow, deep voice as kindly as his eyes answered her, "Bless your

heart," and somehow she felt as if she had been blessed.

She waited a few minutes while he dictated a letter to a young friend who was faced with failure at school. It was a letter full of all the encouragement and advice of a man who had himself faced failure, and then reached the heights. The letter completed he rose slowly, quietly, always perfectly at ease, and, what is more the test of a true gentleman, making everyone else feel at ease, smiled down at the young writer, who by now you have guessed is I,



and invited me to visit the studio. He showed me so much, told me so much, my dazed mind grasped only one fact—that here was the most sympathetic, likeable and gentle man I had ever met.

His manners are not of the flamboyant type; rather he wears them casually, carelessly, like an old garment of fine weave but simple cut. If one thing is outstanding in Monte Blue's makeup it is simplicity. In him one feels the great, calm mind that seems so serious, yet so carefree; but a mind that would at all times be ready in an emergency.

"What type of pictures do you prefer, Mr. Blue?" I asked him.

Thoughtfully, but without hesitation he replied. "Personally, I prefer the subtle, delicate type after the manner of 'Kiss Me Again', and 'So This is Paris'. The world of sophistication most interests me, where the raise of an eyebrow, the shrug of a shoulder is pregnant with meaning, with significance. Like all actors, I want to do things which remain in the public mind as worthwhile and lasting. One cannot always play the same sort of role, however. To have the public say, 'When you have seen one of Monte Blue's pictures, you have seen them all'—that would be bad. If variety is the spice of life it is also the test of true histrionic ability.

"I love the lasting and the beautiful in everything", he continued. "Books and art, for instance. I have a wonderful library and read incessantly. I am a self educated man. What knowledge I possess came through hard study. To read, to act in plays with a degree of finesse; all that sort of thing helps to broaden one."

"You have certainly succeeded in what you strove for," I assured him in all sincerity. "Yet you do not pose, you do not affect anything."

"No, that affectation doesn't go. I know if I should fail tonight, now, I could share pottage with any of these fellows." (He indicated the workmen on the sets.) "I could not say this if I attempted to highbrow them. I was one of them once; I have not forgotten it. Why should I?"

I knew by the "Hello Monte", and the smiles I saw on every side that he spoke the truth. The simple understanding heart and ready smile of Monte Blue have endeared him to everyone on the sets, from directors to carpenters.

Suddenly the seriousness of his face, like a mask brushed aside, was twinkly with little smile-lines as the famous "Blue" grin appeared to greet Patsy Ruth Miller, who is at work on their new picture, "Wolf's Clothing". After introducing us, he kidded the delectable Patsy about the little bristly black hairs which appeared on her neck below her blonde wig, threatening to use "dad's razor" on her. He warned Patsy she looked altogether too much like a "movie actress" with all the fake jewels she had donned for her role.

Patsy gone, Monte again became serious. "Are there any questions you would like to ask me?" he enquired helpfully.

"Yes, how did you get into pictures," I asked. "I have heard so many different tales."

"Well, I was a laborer working on a set at the old Triangle studios," he answered frankly. "The men threatened to leave because of some disagreement. I faced a hungry winter if we quit so I argued with them to stay, and, well D. W. Griffith saw me and engaged me as a 'heavy'. In those days directors thought all actors must be the same size, so Griffith didn't think I could act. He called me and Wally Reid, and two other fellows the 'Big 4'. I played along with 'D. W.' until Cecil De Mille

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saw me and spent some time asking me why I thought I was a 'heavy'. He gave me a small part in 'We Can't Have Everything'. That broke the ice for me. I stayed with De Mille until Mary Pickford decided I should be Pieface Vibbard in her war time romance 'Johanna Enlists'."

"And, Mr. Blue," I asked in all innocence, "what was your first starring part?"

"Star! I am not a star," and the brown eyes seemed just a little graver, the voice just a little gentler.

"Well, who was the star of 'So This is Paris'?"

Again the crinkly lines about his eyes and mouth, as Monte Blue's whole face joined in his infectious merrymaking. "Why, Lubitsch!" he exclaimed with delightful, spontaneous boyishness.

"Then you have it ahead of you. It is bound to come soon," I assured him.

"Bless your heart; that is dear of you to say," he replied—and I felt right there that no matter who your favorite actor on the screen is, I know who would be off screen!

"Do you know, some people think we are paid too highly," he remarked, apropos of something. "However, when one considers how short-lived is our career—ten, twelve years at most—it is not much. An actor can never tell when his popularity is going to diminish. Two or three poor stories and he is done for. He may die in a condition bordering on poverty unless he has prepared himself for some other branch of the industry."

"What will you do when your period of acting is over," I wanted to know.

"I? I hope to direct; I have been studying it for ten years now. When my candle is burning near its base, I shall quit and turn to directing."

"But will you know when that occurs—few do."

His face grew intense, the Indian blood showing in every line. "You just bet I will know. I can feel the pulse of the public's regard for me!"

The interview over, I turned to go, so interested and thoroughly satisfied with the afternoon that I forgot to ask for photographs. Monte Blue walked with me to the gate.

"If you get stuck anywhere on this interview you just call me up. I'll help you all I can," he offered.

"I will."

"Good luck," he called. Like his "God bless you" his "Good luck" rings as true as the man himself.

"He's a peach," I said to myself as I boarded the "double-decker" on Sunset boulevard.

## "Stark Love"

(Continued from page 19)

the South Seas'. This may be because the mountaineers lack "It", or it may be that Mr. Brown, the director, tried too hard to point out the drama. There's drama, all right, but it's supplied by Ma Nature, bless'er.

Just the same, you should see it. Helen Mundy, the high-school girl who became a movie actress for this picture, is refreshing. Without any make-up at all, and made to wear a long, scraggly wig that should have been saved for the Chief Witch's use in "Macbeth", Miss Mundy is still interesting. The mountain-boy hero is surprisingly expressive, while the "villain of the piece", another real mountaineer with the amazing name of Silas Miracle, has as much real menace as any of the Hollywood boys.



# The Fascinating Marian Nixon

(Continued from page 33)

position that he can turn the clock back at will, he added, "A girl with eyes like yours couldn't have been late."

If Marian had been a character in fiction she would have stiffened with lofty scorn at this caddish display of personal favoritism and told the fellow, in pompous language, to go fly a kite. But she was just a regular working girl to whom a dollar was a dollar, so she smiled and said, "Thank you."

"Do you dance, Miss Nixon?" he wanted to know.

"No, I never do."

"Do you like the theatre?"

"It's against my religion," she replied disdainfully.

"Do you—now don't try to tell me you never eat," he challenged, holding up a forefinger in fair warning. She thought she heard one of the girls behind her whisper. "Sickenin'!"

"Yes, I sometimes eat," she admitted.

"How about to-night?"

"Can't. My mother is down from Superior visiting me for a few days."

"Superior? Is that where you're from?"

"Yes. I was born and raised there."

"Just come down here this summer?"

"No. I've been here for some time. I've been going to High School in Minneapolis."

The floorwalker leaned forward, his elbows resting on the counter. His broad smile broadened and his face lighted triumphantly with a forthcoming wisecrack. But the remark that was destined to be the most brilliant lady killing nifty in the floorwalker's young life was never made, for just as he was about to speak a rough voice at his elbow said, "Here's the chiffon".

He of the varnished hair turned disgustedly and gave way to the chiffon buying male who was crowding him out. The man, who was accompanied by two attractive women, was perfectly groomed, but perhaps a trifle overdressed. He carried himself with the peculiar flair of a showman. The good looking young women with him were likewise covered with the theatric aura. Ten to one they were with a show of some sort. It no longer seemed funny that the man should be buying chiffon. Actors were strange people and they did

strange things.

However, there are limits even to the strange acts of actors, and the floorwalker was not prepared for the thing that this actor did.

He seemed to be less interested in chiffon than he pretended to be, and more interested in the pretty saleslady than the floorwalker was willing that he should be. All the time he fingered the flimsy material a spirited conversation was going on between the customer and the girl behind the counter. She was bubbling over.

"Oh, yes! I just KNOW I could!" she replied to one of his questions.

The floorwalker could not hear what the actor said next, but his face wilted like a leaking hot water bottle when Marian Nixon replied eagerly, "Oh, I just LOVE the theatre!"

She had just gotten through telling him that for her the theatre was taboo. It was more than he could bear, but a moment later he was called upon to bear more. The showman asked her another question and she trembled with eagerness as she exclaimed, "Dance? Why, I do nothing BUT dance."

The glossy haired young executive could endure it no longer. His youthful springiness was gone as he turned into one of the side aisles and dragged himself out of the picture.

When he returned a few minutes later the show people had left. Marian looked happy—hence approachable. He leaned toward her as before and started in where he had left off. "Well then, how about next week?"

"I'm afraid I won't be here next week," she replied, "I'm going on the stage."

"No!"

"Yes. With Paisley Noon and Company in vaudeville. It's a dancing act on the Pantages Circuit. You know I have already done some prologue dancing in the theatres here in Minneapolis. Oh, isn't it WONDERFUL!"

So Marian Nixon became a full fledged trouper.

Her vaudeville tour, in which she became noted as a toe, ballet, eccentric and ballroom dancer brought her to California. She fell in love with the Coast country and decided to remain permanently. Curiosity brought her to Hollywood, where she was seen by a motion picture official who gave her a small role.

When the finished picture was screened, her small bit stood out so well that she was given better parts and soon she made an enviable name for herself in the film colony.

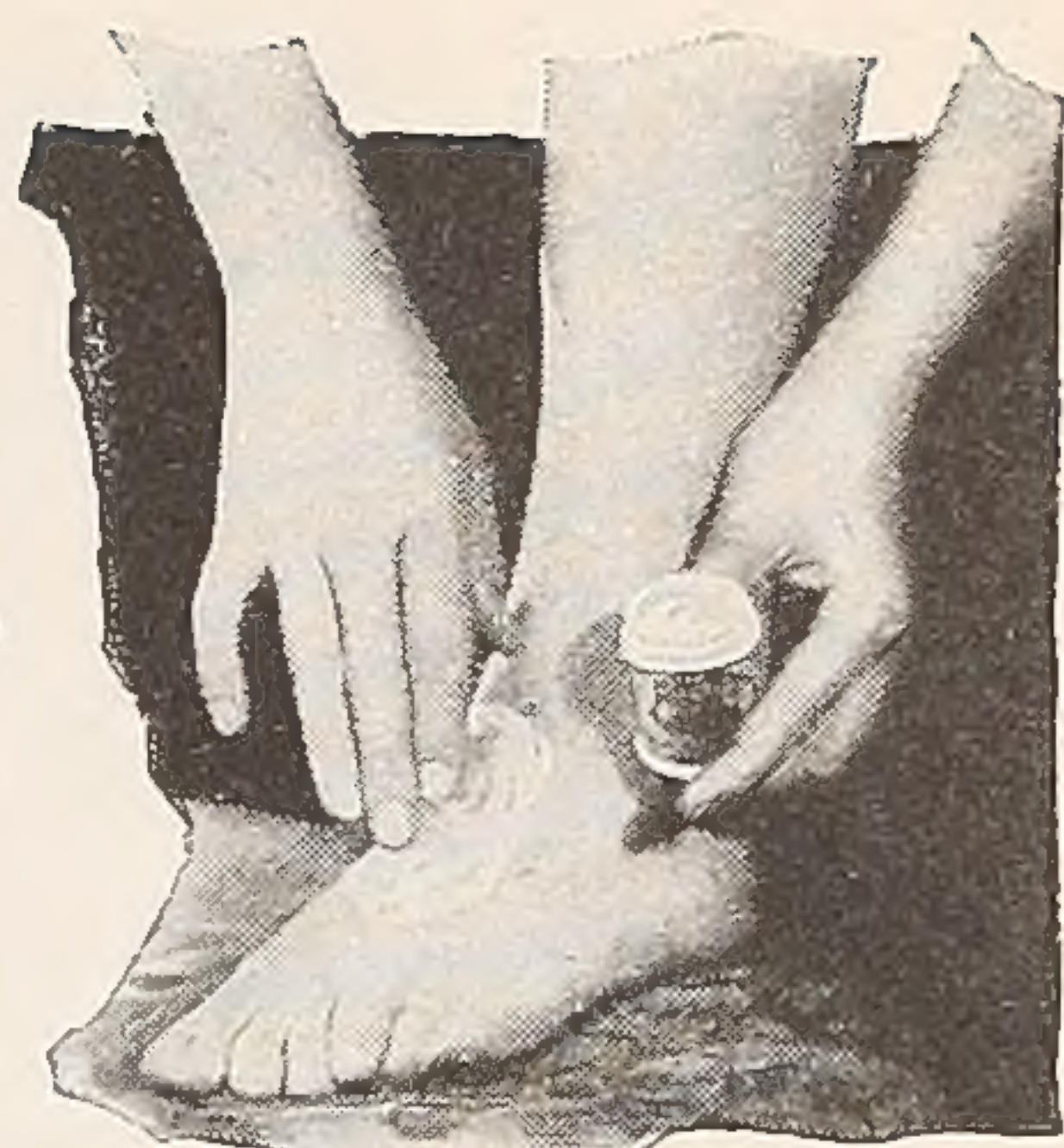
Now she is under a five year contract with Universal. She appeared in the leading feminine role opposite Bert Lytell in "Sporting Life", in support of Reginald Denny in "Where Was I," "I'll Show You The Town," "What Happened to Jones" and "Rolling Home." She then co-starred in "Spangles" with Pat O'Malley and followed this with the great laugh hit, "Taxi Taxi." with Edward Everett Horton.

Miss Nixon is an excellent banjoiste and often regales her friends at home on that instrument. She is an omniverous reader and has a fine library, but she is particularly partial to Knut Hansen, Galsworthy and DeMaupassant. She is five feet tall, has brown eyes and hair, which is yet unbobbed. Among her close friends she is still known as "Micksy" a nickname that is peculiarly befitting her diminutive stature and the impish twinkle in her large eyes.



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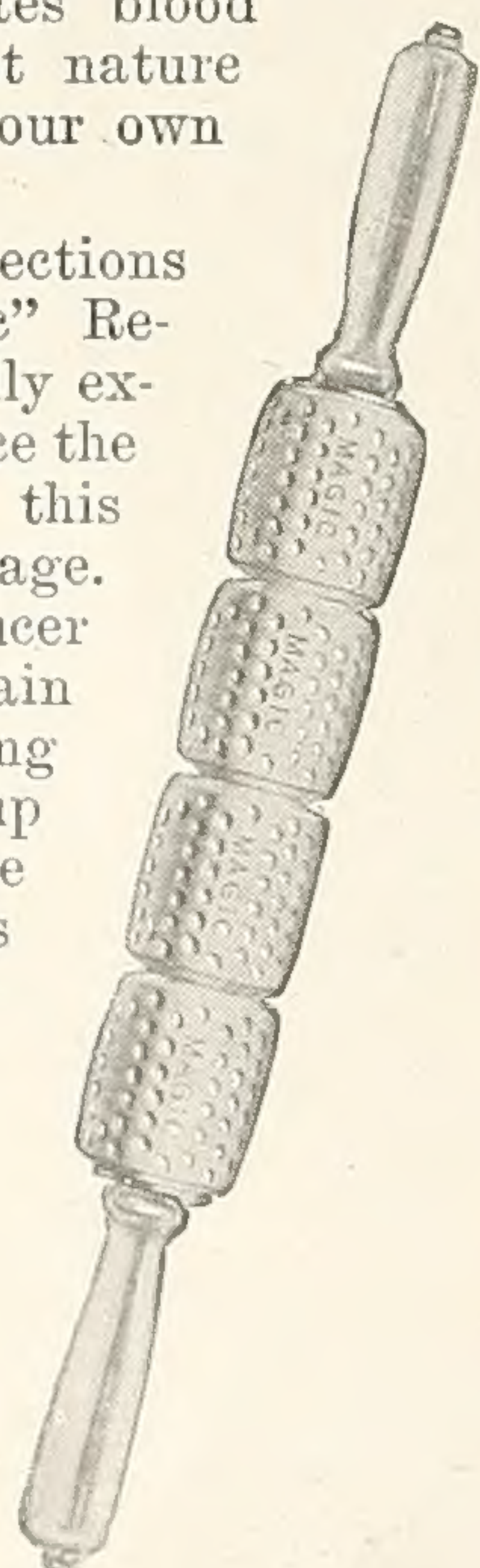
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## The Real "Camille"—Continued from page 8

folds of her petticoat to the curls of her black hair. Her gloved hands made you think you were looking at a picture, her handkerchief, marvelously trimmed with costly lace, while in her ears two pearls glistened, which might have made a queen jealous.

"The last time I saw her, she was sitting in a box at the opera. She was acquainted with a great many gentlemen of the upper classes. From the mere movement of her opera glasses you felt that the fair looker-on could have told more than one story concerning these young men of the highest rank. She indiscriminately directed her glass first here and then there, without bestowing more attention on one than on another, as if indifferent to all, while everyone repaid her notice by a smile, a rapid gesture, or a sharp and quick glance. Lastly, as if by chance, she directed her opera glass on the recognized female leaders of Parisian society. There was suddenly in her attitude a certain indescribable air of resignation and humility that was painful to behold.

"The gentleman who accompanied her was a handsome young man, obviously proud of being with Marie Duplessis and not sorry to increase his own importance by showing that she was really his, and by annoying her by those many marks of attention so dear to a young creature when they come from a man she loves and so disagreeable when they are addressed to a mind otherwise occupied. She listened to him without hearing him; she looked at him without seeing him.

"This fair sinner, surrounded by the admiration and homage of youth, was weary. Lassitude was the great misfortune of her life. She had seen so many of her affections shattered, had been compelled by necessity to enter into ephemeral 'liasons,' to pass from one love to another, without knowing why she stifled quickly of a partiality just springing up and feelings of tenderness just dawning, that she had become quite indifferent to all things, forgetting the love of yesterday, and scarcely thinking any more of the love of today than of the passion of tomorrow.

"What an unfortunate creature! She had need of solitude and she was besieged by admirers, she would have longed to be loved and she was told she was beautiful! She abandoned herself, therefore, without resistance, to the vortex which was swallowing her up.

"At the conclusion of the opera, the beautiful creature left. I saw her leave her box and wrap herself up in a cloak lined with costly ermine. I even recollect I assisted her to lift her cloak on one of her shoulders, which was very white, and she looked at me, without recognizing me, with a gentle, mournful smile, which she transferred to the tall young man, who was at that moment engaged in paying the box opener and in making her change a five-franc piece. 'Keep it all Madam,' she said to the woman, bowing to her politely. I saw her come down the grand staircase on the right, her white dress standing out against her red cloak."

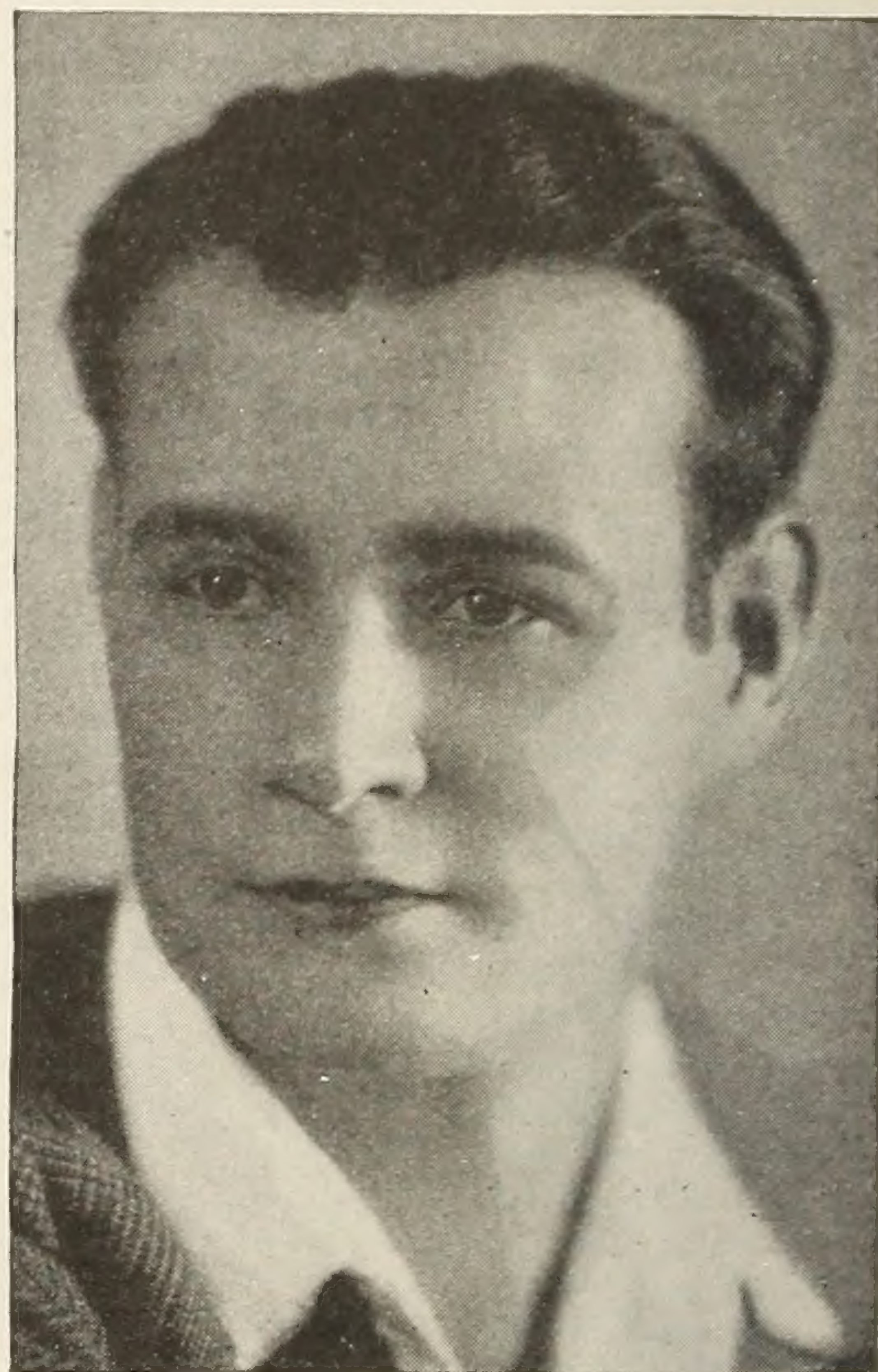
The astonishment was general when people heard that so young a creature was so seriously ill, the doctors recommended quiet, rest, sleep and silence. On hearing this advice she began to smile, she knew that everything was possible for her except keep-

ing those hours to herself which certain ladies can keep.

Soon she became the life and soul of all parties. She made the orchestra play her favorite airs, and when night would come, when a little sleep would have done her so much good, she terrified the most intrepid gamblers by the heaps of gold she piled up before her, and lost at a single stake, as indifferent to gain as she was to loss.

She fell desperately ill without complaining, and she found kind assistance and protection among the passionate adorers of her happy days.

Thus she died, gently lulled to sleep. She had no longer any lovers, but she had never had so many friends.



Victor Varconi is playing  
around with "The Little  
Adventuress."

Her death produced a sensation and was talked about everywhere. At the expiration of three days, the door of her house was unlocked. The tall windows looked out on the Boulevard opposite the Church of the Madeleine. Not a single odor of death remained amidst those silky curtains, in those long draperies, with their ever-changing colors or on the Gobelin carpets, where flowers seemed to spring up scarcely touched by her childlike feet. The bed in which she had died scarcely bore a mark that anybody had slept in it. At its head a stool retained the impression of the knees of the friend who had closed her eyes.

She died silently, as reserved in her death as she had been in her life. She expressed only one wish: she wanted to be buried at the break of day, without fuss and without noise.

She now lies in the Montmartre Cemetery in Paris.

For years afterward the demi-mondaines of Paris visited her grave, leaving the camellias that she loved on the mound that bears her name, often putting their name and address on the cards. Poor creatures, in the midst of death, they had to think of living . . .



## Ask Me---Continued from page 6

**Julia, Brooklyn.** I can grant your first request but I can't publish a picture of William Boyd. I can ask the Editor if he will. I did, and he said there was a whole interview with pictures in March number of SCREENLAND. Bravo, bravo! Ben Lyon is American—he was born in Atlanta, Ga., educated Baltimore Park School and Balto. City College, Md. He made a hit on the stage as a juvenile actor. His screen success did not come all at once; he played a variety of secondary roles, including the younger brother in "The White Moth" with Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle, before First National signed him for "Flaming Youth" and eventually, stardom. Ben has dark brown hair and deep blue eyes. He's five feet eleven, weighs 160. And since Marilynn Miller has emphatically denied she is engaged to Ben Lyon, why, I guess Ben Lyon isn't engaged, that's all.

**Laura Snow.** Have you seen Phoebe lately? But she was before your time, I suppose. Patsy Ruth Miller hasn't been engaged for a week or two. What's the matter, Pat? She's a Warner Bros. star. Marie Prevost's lovely dark curls are all her own. Your other questions are answered elsewhere. Come again.

**Tony.** If you get a photo from Lon Chaney, you're in luck. I understand that Lon pays no attention whatever to his fan mail, let alone answering it. The old meanie! But try, anyway—Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.—also for Lew Cody. Jack Holt may go with M-G-M when his Famous Players contract expires. No, he doesn't get tired of westerns. He'd rather ride the range any day than doll up for a drawing-room picture. Jack is a real outdoor fellow; he raises cattle as a side line to acting, did you know that? He's married and has three charming children. By the way, when I say Paramount, Lasky, and Famous Players—it's all the same company. The Paramount eastern studio in Astoria and the Lasky plant in Hollywood bow to the same big bosses, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky.

**Jersey Gentleman.** Sounds like a new



"The King of King's" completed, Jacqueline Logan steps right into "One Hour of Love".

brand of canned corn. Virginia Browne Faire was married in Los Angeles, February 6, to Jack Daugherty, the Universal athletic star; the same Daugherty who was once the husband of the late Barbara La Marr. Here's wishing them happiness.

**Edward Fox.** Child, I can't send you the addresses of "all the different stars." Surely you must have some favorites. Write and let me know who they are and I'll be glad to help you. As a starter—how about Doug? Most every boy likes him. Address Douglas Fairbanks at the United Artists Studio, Hollywood, California. Write again, Edward.

**A Friend.** So you immediately conjure up a vision of a "young, very snappy girl" when you hear the name "Miss Vee Dee"? Well, Friend, I can only admit that you're right. Snappy in a nice way, I suppose you mean? I hope so. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, thirty-one years ago. Ricardo Cortez was born in New York City, I believe, although one report says Vienna. Anyway, he was brought up in New York City. Cortez is an assumed name. Write to him at Lasky's.

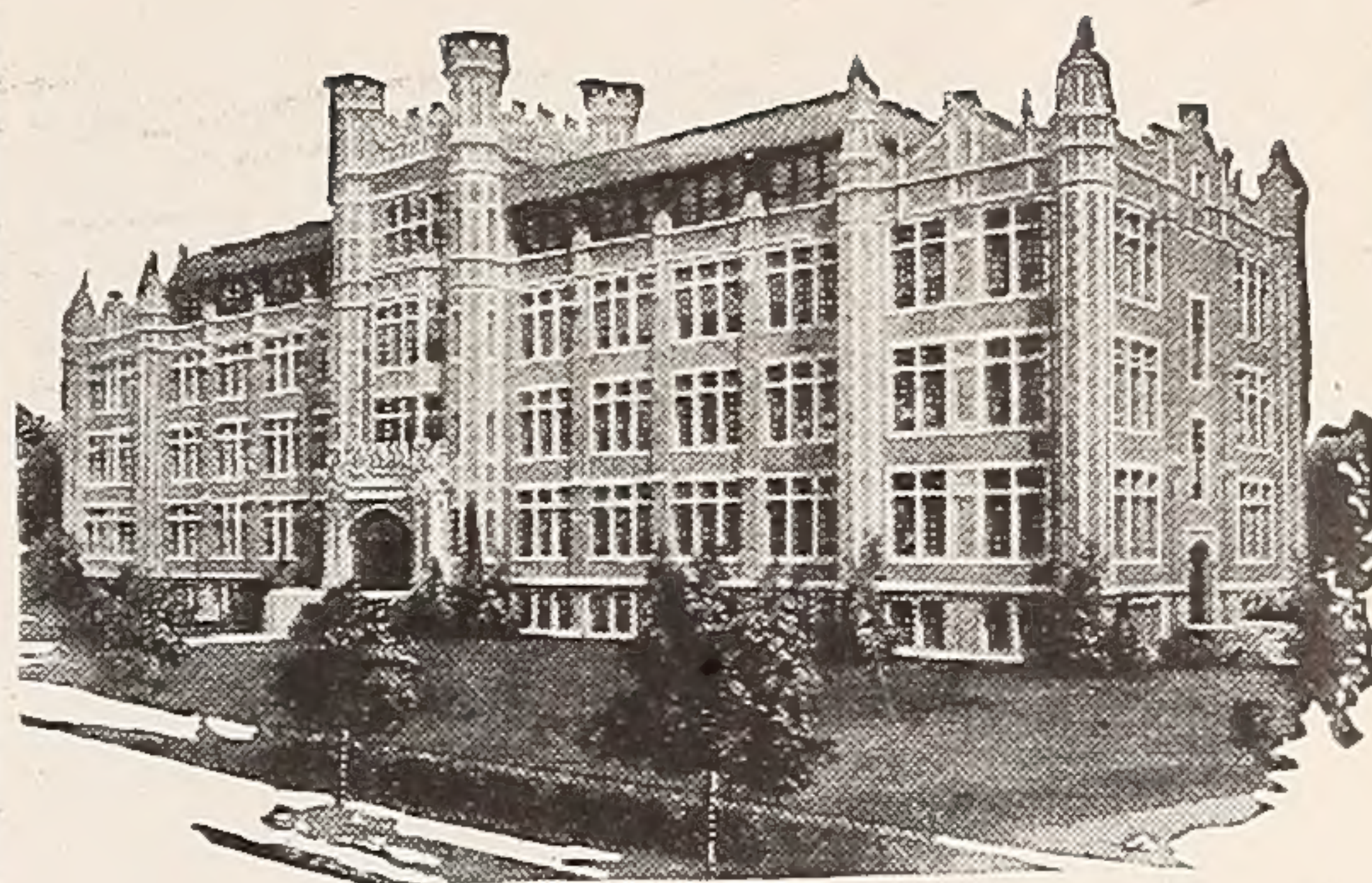
**Grace D. P.** Buck Jones on the cover of Screenland? But Grace—the cover is the prerogative of the lovely ladies, and you wouldn't want them to be crying their pretty eyes out, now, would you? Address Buck at the Fox Studio in Hollywood, Cal. Maxine Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs., seems to resemble both parents. At any rate, she's a very pretty little girl, and may be in the movies herself, some day.

**Janet Robinson.** Roy D'Arcy and his smile seem to have hypnotized you. Roy smiles and sneers for Metro-Goldwyn. He's been seen lately in "Valencia", "The Temptress", and "Bardelys the Magnificent". He's married to Laura R. Duffy, daughter of an M-G-M executive. Others are answered elsewhere. Please look for them. Thank you.

**Jasmin.** Don't blame me if you don't see John Roche more often. It's reported that John was offered the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Gish in "Madame Pompadour" but turned it down. Tony Moreno took it and went to London to make the picture. Mr. Roche is quite a singer, you know, and may have thought that the London atmosphere might have a bad effect on his voice. (English readers, please skip. I'm only in fun, anyway.)

**Vera Taylor.** Thanks for all the nice things you say about us. I hope you'll be a steady customer. I'm sorry I can't give you Leatrice Joy's home address but a letter to her care Cecil deMille Studio, Culver City, Cal., will surely reach her. Yes, I've met Leatrice and I can tell you she lives up to her last name. John Gilbert's latest are "The Day of Souls" and "Twelve Miles Out". Please call on me often, Vera—if you don't mind my calling you that, she added in a refined manner.

**Burton Wilson.** Now I call you downright fussy! You get a nice letter from Vilma Banky and then worry because the signature may not be her own! I ask you, does Vilma look like the kind of girl who would let anyone else sign her letters for her? Doris Kenyon is now Mrs. Milton Sills. Address Mister and Missus at First



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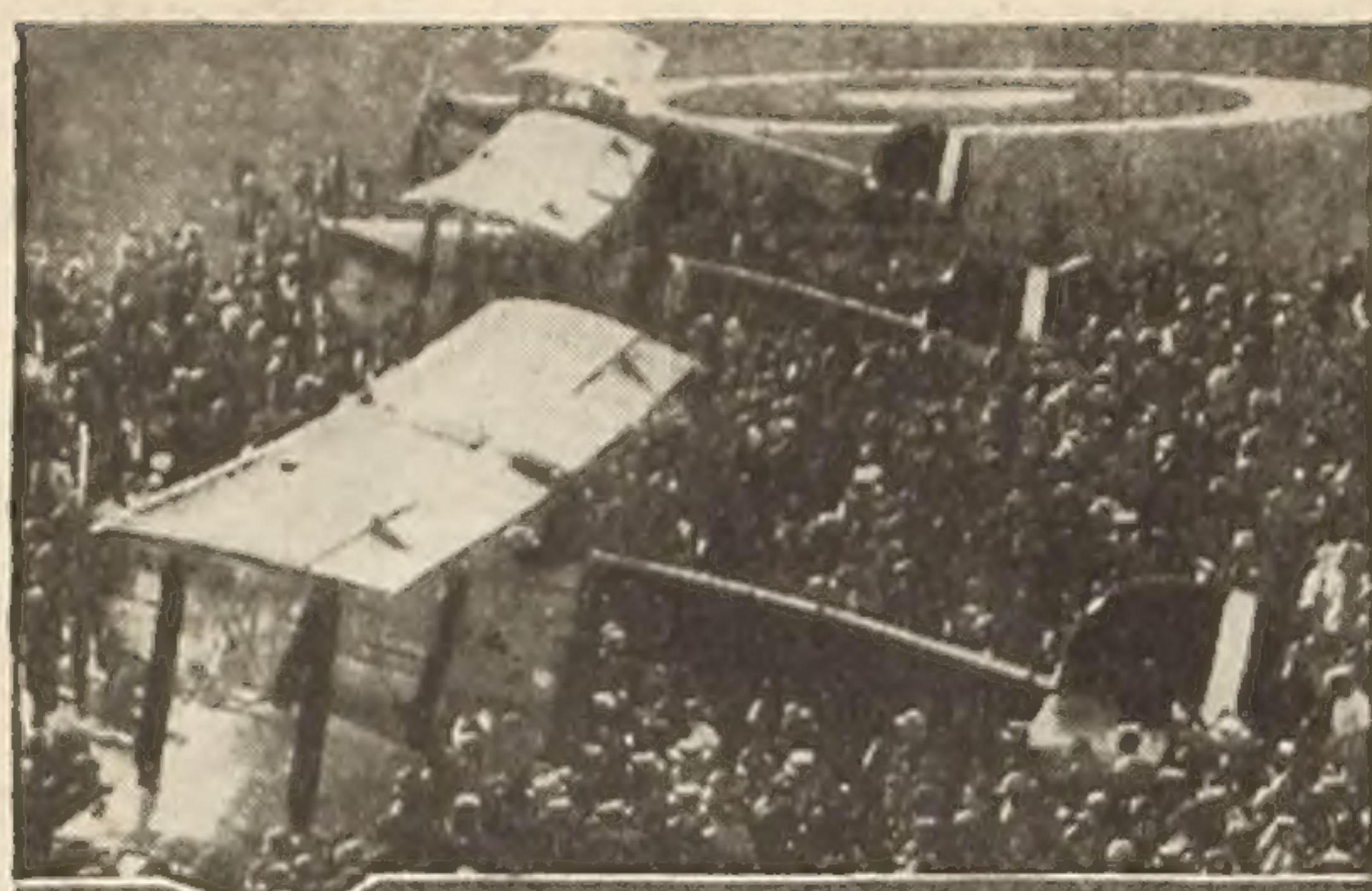
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Miss Vee Dee telling Leila Hyams all about it.

National Studio, Burbank, Cal. So you heard that Mary Pickford has red hair and freckles? Someone's been kidding you, Burton. Mary's hair is golden and she has a beautiful pink-and-white complexion. Rin-Tin-Tin is still going strong and may be addressed care Lee Duncan, Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Duncan is his owner and trainer. Rinty is married and the proud father of a growing family.

**Cherie.** The reason you didn't see your answer sooner was because there were so many ahead of you. I try to give everyone an answer in these columns, but sometimes there are so many requests for the same player's address that I can answer it only once. So please read my department thoroughly, won't you? As if you need to be urged! Antonio Moreno is married to Daisy Danziger, member of a wealthy and aristocratic California family. They have a home in Beverly Hills. Tony and Mrs. Tony are abroad at this writing, where Tony is making a picture; but they'll be back soon.

**Mary L. S., Tampa.** Rod La Rocque finished his rôle in Tolstoy's and Edwin Carewe's "Resurrection", in which he plays opposite Dolores del Rio, the Mexican beauty, and then he sailed for a vacation abroad. His permanent address is care C. B. deMille, Culver City, Cal. Rod is not married. Jack Mulhall's wife is Evelyn Winans, who used to be in pictures but is now content to be Mrs. M. They have no children. Jack will soon be seen in "The Poor Nut"—it offers a dandy part for him, but he has to appear in specs—regular Harold Lloyd goggles. How will you like that, I wonder? Jack is crazy about it; he likes parts which offer opportunities for characterization. He's now a featured player, having risen rapidly in the past year. Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. — Metro-Goldwyn. May McAvoy is now a Warner star. George O'Brien will be seen in "Sunrise", for Fox, under Murnau's distinguished direction, opposite Janet Gaynor. And that's all for you this time, Mary. And no wonder.

**Lumber Jack of the Great Northwest.** So you beg to disagree with Delight Evans about her "Fillies" story in the November issue and believe that the ingenue race is between Norma Shearer and Patsy Ruth Miller. Well, these two girls have already arrived; that story was mostly about the girls who had not yet achieved stardom. See? No hard feelings, I hope. Ella Hall has retired from the screen. She is Mrs. Emory Johnson in private life—or she was; I'm not sure whether they are divorced or not. Your other question is kind of hard to answer. There is no specific "early to bed and to rise" clause in any stellar contract that I ever heard of; but every star knows that if he can't face the camera in the morning with a clear conscience and a clear eye his contract won't last long, anyway. There is no profession which demands more wholesome living than screen acting, let me tell you. Write to me again, Jack; and give my regards to those men who always get theirs, 'way up there in that Great Northwest.

**"Adanac" Mack.** I have your list of film people who were born in Canada and have compared it with mine and I am unable to add any to yours. So Bert Lytell said he was born in Canada. According to my records, Bert was born and brought up in little old New York. Suit yourself.

**Duke, Phoenix.** Conway Tearle is now a free-lance player and so is rather hard to keep track of. The latest information about him is that he is making a picture for F. B. O. Studios in Hollywood, Cal., called "Hello, Bill"—I think it's a picture about the Elks. Hurry and you may catch Conway there. Yes, he's still married to Adele Rowland. Billie Dove is now a star for First National—at Burbank, Cal., studios. Virginia Valli is with Fox; Virginia is divorced and shows no signs of taking a new husband. My first name is not Bee. How could it be? Now will you be good? I hope to hear from you again, Duke; and if you can find Conway let me know and we'll trail him again; in other words—we'll co-star in a serial called "The Quest of Conway", and I'll bet we make good.